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- ART. I.—1. *English, Past and Present.* By R. C. TRENCH, D.D. 1859.
2. *Observations on some of the Dialects of the West of England.* By JAMES JENNINGS. 1825.
3. *Vocabulary of East Anglia.* By the late ROBERT FORBY. 1830.
4. *Provincial Glossary.* By F. GROSE, Esq. 1811.
5. *Supplement to GROSE's Provincial Glossary.* By S. PEGGE, Esq. 1814.

ONE of the greatest philologists of modern times* has said of our English tongue that it possesses 'a veritable power of expression such as perhaps never stood at the command of any other language of man.' He attributes its 'highly spiritual genius' and 'wonderfully happy development' to its having been formed by the intimate union of the two noblest languages in modern Europe,—the Teutonic and the Romanic; the former supplying the material ground-work, the latter, the spiritual conceptions; and, conceding to it the merit of being a world-language, he predicts for it a sway still more extensive than it has yet exercised in every part of the globe.

A happy result this, so far as it has gone, of the struggle which has been maintained for ages in the English mind, and therefore in the English tongue, between these two great ele-

* Grimm, *Ueber den Ursprung der Sprache*, s. 50.

ments,—the homely vigour of the north, and the refined idealism of the south. They met first not only as strangers, but as enemies, in the persons of the Saxon and Norman races on the field of Hastings. The Norman conquered, and took possession. Its language was forthwith installed in all the high places of the land; in the monarch's palace; in the baron's castle; in the halls of justice; in the records of state; even in the boys' grammar schools, where whoever was deemed fit to learn Latin was expected to construe it only in Norman French. The rough, familiar Saxon, dear to the conquered people, was maintained among them as a means of their common intercourse, probably with less and less attention to grammatical accuracy; and thus the two proceeded, side by side, but sullen and apart, to fulfil their respective vocations.

In process of time, however, the Saxon, applying himself to the gainful arts of industry, rose to wealth and consideration. As he attained to a community of ideas with the lords of the soil, he gradually assimilated his speech to theirs; and not more certainly did he become acquainted with their superior culture, their elegant arts, and refined pleasures, than he adopted words from their vocabulary to polish and enrich his own. The Norman, on the other hand, becoming more and more precluded from intercourse with France, came to feel that England was his permanent home. The gradual equalization of civil condition and privilege led to the fusion of the races once so antagonistic; and, finally, the wars of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, between England and France, inspiring the nobility with a chivalrous hatred of every thing French, disposed them to adopt and cultivate the improving language of the English. The reign of Edward III., which witnessed the victories of Cressy and Poitiers, marks also the period in which the English language gained the day in its struggle for ascendancy over Norman French in this country. The following, from Robert of Gloucester, exemplifies the transition state:—

‘ And the Normans ne couthe speke the bote her owe speche
 And speke French as dude atom, and here chyl dren dude also teche.
 So that hey men of this lond, that of her blod come,
 Holdeth alle thulke speche that hii of hem nome.
 Vor bote a man couthe French, me tolth of hym wel lute,
 Ac lowe men holdeth to Englyss, and to her kunde speche ghute.
 Ich wene ther ne be man in world contreyes none,
 That ne holdeth to her kunde speche, bote Engeland one.
 Ac wel me wot vor to conne bothe wel yt ys,
 Vor the more that a man con, the more worth he ys.’

This belongs to the following century :—

'In Englis tonge I shal ghow telle,
Ghyf ghe so long with me wyl dwelle;
Ne Latyn wil y speke ne waste,
Bot Englisch that men uses maste,
For that ys ghoure kynde langage,
That ghe hafe here most of usage;
That can ech man untherstonde
That is born in Englonde;
For that langage ys most schewed,
Als wel mowe lereth as lewed.
Latyn also y trowe can nane,
Bot tho that hath hit of schole tane;
Som can Frensch and no Latyne,
That useth has court and duellt therinne,
And som can of Latyn aparty,
That can Frensch ful febylly;
And som untherstondith Englisch,
That nother can Latyn ne Frensch.
Bot lorde and lewde, old and ghong,
Alle untherstondith Englisch tonge.
Therefore y holde hit most siker thanne
To schewe the langage that ech man can;
And for lewethe men namely,
That can no more of clergy,
Tho ken tham whare most nede,
For clerkes can both se and rede
In divers bokes of Holy Writt,
How they schul lyve, yf thay loke hit:
Tharefore y wylle me holly halde
To that langage that Englisch ys calde.'

MS. Bodl. 48, f. 48.

After the middle of the fourteenth century the practice of construing Latin only through French was generally discontinued by the teachers of youth. In 1362 a statute was passed, by which it was decreed that all pleadings in courts of justice should be conducted in English; and that the public records should be kept in the native language. About the same time numerous translations of Norman tales and romances appeared; and after English had sustained the genius of Chaucer, no one could maintain that it was not fit for a gentleman to speak, or a poet to sing.

In the transformation which had passed on the language, which now emerged from its long obscurity, the influx of French words is the thing least remarkable. A much more important fact is, that almost all the inflexions of the Anglo-Saxon language, its declensions, moods, and tense formations, had dis-

appeared. It seems to be the tendency of all languages to diminish rather than increase their grammatical forms as they advance towards perfection; but the process seems to have been stimulated in English by the difficulty of adapting the Saxon forms of grammar to the French roots. The tacit arrangement seems to have been that the new comers should not bring their own grammatical forms with them, but neither should they be subject to the Saxon ones. The liberty thus granted to the foreign words extended through time to the native ones; and now there is not a language of modern Europe so free from grammatical inflexion as our own. This is the secret of its greatness; for there is nothing which it cannot adopt and assimilate on principles so simple. There are a few familiar Saxon nouns, such as *goose*, *geese*, *child*, *children*, that have persisted in retaining their old plurals; a few adjectives that are still compared by *er* and *est*; and a goodly number of verbs which, like *write*, *wrote*, *written*, keep the old past tense and participle: but we receive and naturalize any noun by merely giving it an *s* in the plural; we make a verb of anything, and put it through every mood and tense, without other change than the addition of *s*, *ing*, or *ed*. This is the sum total of all the grammatical inflexion that any word, not being of the old Saxon stock, is obliged to submit to. We exhibit almost endless shades of mood and tense by auxiliaries, which apply to all verbs alike; display the relations of case by prepositions, which suit all nouns alike; and satisfy the exigencies of comparison by *more* and *most*, placed before every adjective of foreign extraction.

Such are the principles on which our language has proceeded to gather spoil from almost every nation under heaven. But to return.

The English language, having obtained a fair start towards the end of the fourteenth century, had completely superseded the Norman ere the close of the fifteenth. True, it was not yet deemed a fit vehicle for science; but neither was its aristocratic rival, or any other of the modern languages of Europe, whether Romanic or Teutonic. The most advanced of them were used for no higher literature than popular verse, and short tales in prose, while cultivated thought and serious argument were embodied only in Latin. A new sphere of usefulness, however, was opened to the English language with the first dawnings of the Reformation; and it entered the lists with a superior rival for the occupancy of that sphere. Those who sought to deliver the people from the thralldom of Romish superstition, perceived that it was to be done by committing Divine truth to the lan-

guage 'understood by the people;' by causing the vernacular, in which every man talked with his fellow, to be also the language in which he spoke to his God, and heard his God speak to him. The use of the Latin as the language of worship and instruction had been the great instrument by which a corrupt priesthood had held itself in the position of a necessary medium; and to abolish this was the first care of the earliest Reformers. Wycliffe did not ask whether the English language had acquired grammatical fixity enough, and copiousness, and precision, and dignity to be the vehicle of Divine revelation; but he used it as he found it; and our vernacular had the honour of being the first of modern languages that embodied a whole Bible. That Wycliffe's version was calculated to be thoroughly popular, that it was down to the ordinary level of the vulgar tongue of his day, may be gathered from the complaint of one of his enemies. 'Christ delivered His Gospel,' says Knyghton, 'to the clergy and doctors of the Church, that they might administer to the laity, and to weaker persons, according to the states of the times and the wants of men. But this Master John Wycliffe translated it out of Latin into English, and thus laid it out more open to the laity and to women who could read, than it had formerly been to the most learned of the clergy, even to those who had the best understanding.' By this extreme condescension to the vulgar mind it was felt that the dignity of religious truth had been compromised, as well as the privileges of the priesthood invaded. 'That which was before precious both to clergy and laity is rendered as it were the common jest of both. The jewel of the Church is turned into the sport of the people.'

The English had now to compete with the Latin tongue for dominion in the provinces of religion and science, and this struggle also it had to maintain for ages; but it triumphed, as before, by gradually adopting the vocabulary of the superior language, and increasing the precision of its own, till it came to pass that no subject was so deep, or high, or subtle, but it could be treated in our language as adequately as in any other.

It is not given us to trace the successive steps of this development with any degree of precision. During the ages which it occupied, there was no standard of language by which progress could be marked. No academy of *littérateurs* ascertained its rules, determined its boundaries, watched against innovations, and decided on the admission or rejection of every word that offered itself to public attention. Every author did that which was right in his own eyes; and every book was, in a philological point of view, an experiment as to what would prove an acceptable addition to the native tongue. Probably almost every

writer used terms unknown before, or employed old ones in a new sense. Succeeding generations either adopted or rejected each innovation, not, as it would seem, according to any acknowledged rules of criticism, but guided by those instincts which, if trusted, seldom lead astray. Though we have no means of ascertaining, except incidentally in a few cases, at what date each novelty appeared, or what author introduced it to our literature, it is possible to mark some great stages of progress, and a few general results.

For about a hundred years after Chaucer and Wycliffe there was a rush for Latin transplants. Numbers of these were badly chosen, and afterwards perished, in company with *facundious*, *tenebrous*, *sutatious*, *pulchritude*, *consuetude*, *spelunc*, *jument*, *irreligiosity*, which may be considered as fair specimens from Lydgate, Hawes, and other versifiers of the fifteenth century. But a great many took root, and flourish to this day.

Another very important, but of course very gradual, work of the same age, was to settle the respective functions of Norman-French and Anglo-Saxon words, which originally were synonyms and rivals. For instance: to *receive* was the French word for to *take*, and Wycliffe uses them quite indifferently. Hence:—

Rom. v. 17: 'for if in the gilt of oon, deeth regned thorugh oon: myche more men that *takyng* plente of grace and of *geuyng* & of rigtfulnesse schulen regne in liif bi oon ihesus crist.'

Rom. xiv. 1-3: 'But *take* *ge* a sike man in bileue, not in demengis of thoughtis, 2. for another man lyueth that he mai ete alle thingis, but he that is sike: ete wortis, 3. he that eteth, dispise not hym that etith not, and he that etith not deme not hym that etith, for god hath *take* hym to hym.'

1 Cor. xv. 3: 'for I bitook to *you* at the bigynnyng that thing whiche also I haue *resceyued* that crist was deed for oure synnes, bi the scripturis.'

2 Cor. vii. 2: '*take* *ge* us, we han hert no man, we han apeired no man, we han bigilid no man.'

In like manner, Wycliffe recognised the word *honour*, for he uses it; yet he employs worship, clearness, glory, honour, with very little distinction:—

John xii. 26: 'if ony man serue me, sue he me, and where I am, there my mynystre schal be, if ony man serue me: my fadir schal *worship* hym.'

John v. 23: 'that alle men *onoure* the sone: as thei onouren the fadir, he that onourith not the sone: onourith not the fadir that sente hym.'

41: 'I take not *clerenesse* of men.'

44: 'hou moun *ge* bileue that *resceyuen glorie* eche of other, and *ge* seken not the glorie that is of god alone?'

John viii. 49: 'ihesus answerid & seide, I haue not a deuel, but I honour my fadir: and ge hau vnhonourid me.'

54: 'ihesus answerid, if I glorifie mysilf: my glorie is nougt, my fadir is that glorifieth me: whom ge seien that he is goure god.'

These terms and many more had their respective functions determined before Tyndale's Bible appeared in 1534.

The next great start for new words was when the revival of ancient learning, which reached this country about the time of Henry VIII., rendered the masterpieces of antiquity comparatively familiar, and suggested necessities in our vocabulary never felt before, with the means of supplying them at hand. We learn from Puttenham that *method*, *methodical*, *function*, *politician*, *conduct*, *idiom*, *signification*, *numerous*, *penetrate*, *penetrable*, *indignity*, *savage*, *figurative*, *obscure*, *scientific*, *delineation*, *impression*, *dimension*, were quite recent when he wrote, which was in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Another writer somewhat earlier expresses his disapproval of *despicable*, *destruction*, *homicide*, *obsequious*, *ponderous*, *portentous*, *prodigious*, as 'inkhorn terms smelling too much of the Latin.' About the same time a translator of Pliny's Natural History deemed it needful to insert *acrimony*, *austere*, *bulb*, *consolidate*, *debility*, *dose*, *ingredient*, *opiate*, *propitious*, *symptom*, with a number more equally familiar to us, in a glossary of 'words of art,' as he calls them, adding a careful explanation to each.

The rage for new words seems to have continued and even increased till after the middle of the seventeenth century; for we find Dr. Heylin saying, in 1658, 'Many think that they can never speak elegantly or write significantly except they do it in a language of their own devising; as if they were ashamed of their mother tongue, and thought it not sufficiently curious to express their fancies. By means whereof more French and Latin words have gained ground upon us since the middle of Queen Elizabeth's reign than were admitted by our ancestors not only since the Norman, but since the Roman, conquest.'

Meanwhile the powers and influences evoked by the Reformation of religion very shortly after the revival of classical learning had supplied a counter operation, unfolding the popular side of the language, and developing the latent powers of the Saxon. The hope and strength of the Reformers lay in the Teutonic element of the national character. They appealed to the strong homely sense of the masses in the way of popular preaching and discussion; and in doing this were obliged to improve the resources of the vulgar tongue, and make it go as far as possible in explaining and enforcing Divine truth. A single example may suffice to illustrate this. Our earlier divines were at a loss

for a word to express that undue love of self which leads men to sacrifice the interests of others to their own. Some had tried *philauty*, from φίλος and αὐτός, but it had not met with acceptance: others had resorted to the Latin, and characterized the sin in question as *suism*, while they called the sinner a *suist*, many years before *suicide* was coined; but neither had this succeeded. Some Puritan writer, however, invented *selfish*, and *selfishness*, which found favour immediately, and which even those on the other side in controversy did not disdain to use, though marking its origin as from the 'new mint' of the Reformers.

Whether it was that the Restoration supplied a check to the needless multiplication of strange words by introducing us through French literature to rules of criticism and literary art, making us as it were a province of the great republic of European letters, instead of an independent and somewhat anomalous kingdom; or whether it was that the impulses which we have described had worked themselves out, and there succeeded a reaction of native instinct against what was unsuitable to the genius of the English language; certain it is that a host of vocables disappeared from and after the end of the seventeenth century, though they had borne the credentials of such illustrious authors as Shakspeare, Milton, Hooker, Fuller, Baxter, Drayton, Barrow, Jeremy Taylor, Beaumont, Hacket, and Bishop Hall. The following are some of the words alluded to; each found in one or more of the above authors:—*torve*, *tetric*, *cecily*, *immanity*, *insulse*, *insulsity*, *splendidious*, *pervicacy*, *lepid*, *sufflaminat*, *immorigerous*, *clancular*, *ferrity*, *ustulation*, *stultiloquy*, *pauciloquy*, *multiloquy*, *lipothymy*, *hyperaspist*, *immarcescible*, *exility*, *spinosity*, *incolumity*, *solertiousness*, *lucripetous*, *inopious*, *eluctate*, with hundreds more at least as strange and displeasing to our ears.

The French tastes which were brought to England through the return of Charles II. and his courtiers from exile gave us a number of new words; and probably to this period may be referred that pretty large class of French terms which we easily recognise as not belonging to the Old Norman, and yet not so recent as to be still printed in Italics and indulged with their native pronunciation. Such words are *repartee*, *embarrass*, *chagrin*, *grimace*, which we infer from Dryden's plays were novel and affected in his time. A stranger proceeding was, that we began to pick up a number of terms that had long gone out of use. A Glossary, published in A.D. 1667, explains a long list of 'old and obscure words in Chaucer;' and we are surprised to find among them *anthem*, *chaplet*, *carol*, *deluge*, *franchise*, *illusion*, *problem*, *sphere*, *transcend*, with many others no longer

obsolete, and which must therefore have been restored to our literature since that date. In another list of 'obsolete words,' published in A.D. 1671, there are found *phantom, glare, masquerade, oriental, plumage*, and such like.

In the earlier ages both orthography and pronunciation were very unsettled. As they gradually became fixed, two or more words were often created by the different spelling or accentuation of one. Gentle and genteel, custom and costume, human and humane, are examples of mere difference of accent resulting in different words with a distinct meaning to each. So with abbreviation: as *spirit, sprite; courtesy, curtsey; ordinance, ordnance; history, story*. Sometimes the difference depends on an internal vowel, which once would have been of no consequence; as *float, fleet; sweep, swoop; snake, sneak; neat, nett; mister, master*. Often it depends on initial consonants once interchangeable: as *phial, vial; thrice, trice; chattel, cattle*. Or on a slight difference in the final consonant: as *poke, poach; dyke, ditch; clod, clot; wake, watch*. Besides a difference in spelling only: as *draught, draft; plain, plane; check, cheque*. Dean Trench enumerates above two hundred terms added to our vocabulary by these modes of splitting words which were originally the same in meaning, though liable to slight variations of form.

New words thus multiplied in the course of ages, as they were found needful either to embody ideas altogether new, or to express old ones with more precision or greater brevity. At the same time a great many ancient ones, besides the tentative words already alluded to, gradually perished from the way; good old Saxon ones worthy to have lived. Is not *wanhope* a beautiful term for *despair*? And would not *afterthink* save half the explanations of many a sermon on *repentance*? These and thousands more of greater or less merit are now to be found only in the provincial dialects, and have come to be regarded as mere vulgarisms.

During the present century the progress of science has necessitated a multitude of new terms, chiefly from the Greek; but with respect to words not strictly technical, there has been considerable jealousy of fresh importation. Unless a really new thing, as a photograph, or telegram, appears, we look shyly at a word altogether novel. When Mr. Grote's *History of Greece* came out a few years ago, it was severely criticized for embodying such terms as *hegemony, hoplite*, and about a dozen more hitherto unknown to our literature; unjustly reprehended, as we think, because the kind of headship which was conceded to one Greek state by the rest could not be precisely expressed by

any other word than hegemony ; nor could the panoplied citizen warrior whom he calls a hoplite, and to whom Greece owed its liberty and fame, have been otherwise distinguished from various other classes of fighting men in the same age ; and so of the rest. The terms are strictly technical ; they belong to no other subject, and therefore cannot properly be deemed innovations in the general literary language. On the other hand, the cultivation of precise thought and the study of intellectual, social, and political economy have led within a very recent period to the formation of a large number of vocables from others previously in use. Let any man of fifty or sixty years of age glance over the pages of a first-class newspaper, and he will find in this sense a large number that he never saw or heard when he was a youth—unconscious as he may be of the fact till his attention is excited towards it. There is no change perhaps of which we are so little sensible as this ; because, if a word appears obviously a legitimately formed one, useful to give effect to some shade of meaning, and withal perfectly intelligible, we scarcely challenge it as new ; every one, unless he is very sure of his philological knowledge, takes it for granted that it existed before, though he never observed it. For instance : *educational* was deemed a dubious, if not offensive, novelty about twenty-five years ago ; but since it has held its ground, any writer adds *-al* to any word in *-tion*, and no one objects. So we have *inflexional*, *emotional*, *denominational*, *international*, and a host of others that Samuel Johnson never dreamed of. In like manner *-ism* is freely and almost unobservedly employed to form new nouns from previous adjectives, and *-ate* to make verbs—hence *socialism*, *differentiate*. In fact, the only required condition appears to be, that the formation be made in a manner sanctioned by usage, and from a word already well established.

While this practice is tending much to the precision of disquisitions on abstract subjects, there is nevertheless on the whole a growing regard for the Teutonic side of the language ; a disposition in our most popular writers and speakers to prefer a Saxon word to a Latin or Greek one of similar meaning, as well as to revive the English idiom, eschewing stately periods and classically formed sentences. It is almost certain that Shakespeare, Spenser, and even Chaucer, are more intelligible to us than they were to the contemporaries of Dryden ; our general literature resembles theirs much more than did that which prevailed one hundred and fifty years ago.

Such are a few of the salient points in the history of our literary English. The changes it has undergone and is undergoing prove that the vital formative energy has been continually

at work, and is even yet in full vigour. 'A living language,' says Dean Trench, 'is one which is in the course of actual evolution; which is appropriating and assimilating to itself what it anywhere finds congenial to its own life, multiplying its resources, increasing its wealth; which at the same time is casting off useless and cumbersome forms, dismissing from its vocabulary words for which it finds no use, rejecting from itself by a reactive energy the foreign and heterogeneous which may for a while have been forced upon it. I would not assert that in the process of all this it does not make mistakes; in the desire to simplify it may let go distinctions which were not useless, and which it would have been better to retain; its acquisitions are not all gains; it sometimes rejects words as worthless, or suffers words to die out, which were most worthy to have lived. So far as it does this, its life is not perfectly healthy; there are here signs, however remote, of decay and death approaching; but still it lives, and even these misgrowths and malformations, these errors, are themselves the utterances and evidences of life.'

This is true chiefly of the life of a literary language; it is continually moving on in one direction or other, sometimes in the way of healthy progress, sometimes in vicious paths which lead to deterioration; its course being altered here or accelerated there by the fortune of political events, or the leadings of individual genius. Meanwhile, the true vulgar tongue, the patois of the uneducated, is transmitted from generation to generation with comparatively little change. There are secluded valleys in England where most of the inhabitants now in occupation are the descendants of those who lived on the same spot in the days of Chaucer, and who, whether they have read English books or not, speak among themselves the lingo which they learned from their mothers, and repeat traditional tales which have been handed down from age to age in the same phraseology.

It is from a recognition of this truth that for several years past there has been among our most eminent philologists an earnest relenting towards the provincial dialects of England. It is agreed that they embody old rather than bad English; that they have not in the main corrupted the language so much as they have preserved its ancient remains. It is believed that in districts where the peasantry have been for ages devoted to husbandry, where they have enjoyed few facilities for intercourse with strangers, and have been tempted with few inducements to change their locality, there are to be found remnants of the Anglo-Saxon tongue in its least altered condition. Among those who most highly prize our literary English, there is a misgiving

that our present polished phrase and fashionable pronunciation are in many cases false and corrupt innovations; and that the peasantry who disdain our refinements, and cleave with tenacious affection to their strong and expressive dialects, have been the true conservators of the purity of the ancient language. Philologists are now turning to these vulgar tongues as the store-houses in which are laid up many of the treasures which the literary English has cast away; and though there may be no serious desire of restoring them to their former functions, there is an anxiety to preserve them as antique curiosities, not only interesting in themselves, but serving to illustrate and explain much that is otherwise difficult in the matter and history of our literary English. 'Probably,' says Mr. Forby, 'no one dialect has issued from the Anglo-Saxon fountain in a full and uncontaminated stream; but in every province some streamlets flow down from the fountain head, retaining their original purity and flavour, though not now relished by fastidious palates. None can boast that they retain the whole language unimpaired, but all may prove that they possess strong traces of it.'

The varieties which are found in these dialects are probably co-eval with the first establishment of the Teutones in Britain, and depend on differences which even then existed between the several sections of Jutes, Angles, Saxons, that successively obtained a settlement in the country.

It would be extremely difficult, if not impossible, now to determine for each provincialism the bounds of its habitation, or to trace its origin in the history of those who employ it; but doubtless much more might be done than has yet been attempted in the way of settling the relations of each to the parent stock, either as true derivatives or mere corruptions. We presume not to enter on this field of inquiry; but merely to glance in a very cursory way over the most striking features of our local dialects.

The section of immigrants called in our histories West-Saxons, were those which obtained the ascendancy over the whole country about the beginning of the ninth century; and though there is no reason to believe that their dialect was generally used beyond the district where they originally settled, yet it was doubtless that which was cultivated by Alfred the Great, and those other writers before the Conquest from whom we have remains. It formed, in short, the basis of the literary Anglo-Saxon. It is for this reason that so much interest attaches to the dialect of Somersetshire and the adjacent counties, which with all its uncouthness is said to approach more nearly to the literary Anglo-Saxon than any other existing dialect in England. The

leading peculiarities here are—the *a* is pronounced long as in father; the *e* like *a* in pane; *th* is sounded like *d*, so that *through* is pronounced *droo*. There is a tendency to invert the order of some of the consonants: thus—*thrush*, *brush*, *rush*, are pronounced *dirsh*, *birsh*, *hirsh*; and *clasp*, *hasp*, *asp*, are sounded *claps*, *haps*, *aps*. One syllable is often made two; as, *boath* for both. The soft sound of *z* is used for *s*, and *v* for *f*.

Mr. Jennings, who is the chief conservator of this dialect, has collected and explained about one hundred and fifty Somerset words not found in our modern literary English. A considerable number of them, however, occur in Chaucer and other old writers. He gives the following dialogue as a specimen.

'FARMER.—"Jan! why dwon't ye right my shoes?"'

'JAN.—"Bin, maester, 'tiz zaw cawld, I can't work wi' tha tacker at âll; I've a brawk it ten times, I'm shower ta dâ—da vreeze za hord. Why, Hester hanged out a kittle-smock ta drowy, an in dree minits a war a vraur as stiff as a pawker; an I can't avoord ta keep a good vier—I wish I cood—I'd zoon right your shoes an withers too—I'd zoon yarn zum money, I warnt ye. Can't ye vine zum work vor me, maester, theaze hord times? I'll do any thing ta sar a penny. I can drash—I can cleave brans—I can make spars—I can thatchy—I can shear ditch, an I can gripy too, bit da vreeze za hord. I can winny—I can messy or milky nif ther be need o't. I ood'n mine dreavin plough or any theng."

Somersetshire may be considered in point of language as the centre of a district including at least Devon, Cornwall, Dorset, Wilts, Hants, and Gloucestershire. The above specimen is from the eastern part of Somersetshire, the dialect of which graduates into that of Gloucester and Wilts, while west of the Parret river it displays some peculiarities in common with Devon and Cornwall. One of these is the uniform use of *th* in the verb, corresponding to the usage in our authorized version of the Bible;—he *loveth*, not he *loves*. Here as elsewhere the pronouns are what, in a grammatical point of view, diverge most from our usage. *Ise* or *er* is used for *I*; *er* for *he*; *her* for *she*, the nominative and objective cases being interchangeable. 'Har'th a doo'd it;' for 'she has done it.' 'A zed a'd do it'—'I said I would do it.' *I* is *yes*. Throughout the whole of the district the present tense of the Saxon verb 'to ben' is regularly preserved: *I be*, *thou beest* or *bist*, *we be*, &c.; *I war*, &c.

The following notice, said to have been stuck up at the Market-House of Taunton, exemplifies the dialect west of the Parret:—

'Lost, a hempty zack we another zack in un; a guse; a wet-stun; and a pekie ov taters. Eny boddy vinding the zame and oll bring un to Varmer Dusson at the Nag's Hid, shall ha drie shilling gied to un, and a heeep o' drink.'

The counties of Berks, Surrey, Sussex, and Kent, are poor in dialectic characteristics, obviously from their proximity to the metropolis; and a similar condition throughout the midland counties is explained, if, as Mr. Latham judges, the language of our standard authors originated from the Mercian or Midland English, rather than from the literary Anglo-Saxon; which, as we have seen, approximates most to the dialects of the south-west. Mr. Latham considers Huntingdonshire as the centre of the Mercian dialect, and gives the following as a specimen:—

'Our Polly is a sad sloot, nor heeds what we hev taught her;
I wonder any man on eerth should ivver rare a daughter;
For she mun hev both hoods, and gowns, and hoops, to swell her
pride,
And scarves, and stays, and glooves, and laece, and she'll hev men
beside;
And when she's drest with carr and cost, so temptin, foyne, and gay,
As men should sarve a cowcumber, she flings hersen away.'

Passing from the midland to the eastern counties, we find a very peculiar dialect most strongly marked in Norfolk and Suffolk, somewhat less so in Essex, Cambridge, and Lincoln. We are much indebted to Mr. Forby for his description of it, to which he has added a vocabulary of 1,900 East-Anglian words, not previously recorded, either in Mr. Grose's Collection of 2,500 for all England, or Mr. Pegge's Supplement of 1,000 to Mr. Grose.

Not content with describing the East-Anglian peculiarities, Mr. Forby assiduously, and as it appears to us successfully, finds a parallel for almost every peculiarity in some of the oldest English authors. He maintains that it is an absurdity to imagine that the vulgar fabricate language for their own ordinary use, and asserts concerning every vernacular tongue, that 'its forms, be they as many and as various as they may, are all in substance remnants and derivatives of the language of past ages, which were at some time or other in common use; though in long process of time they have become only locally used and understood.'

The general and pervading characteristic of the East-Anglian is narrowness and tenuity of enunciation, often accompanied with a shrill whining recitativo. For this narrowness, he cites as precedents *wæx* for *wax* in Spenser; *hes, hest, heve*, for *has, hast*, and *have*, in Percy's Ballads; *ketch* and *shet* in Chaucer for

catch and *shut*. Consonantal peculiarities are *f* for *v*, while *v* and *w* are commutable; the *w* being used for *v* by the rustics, and *v* for *w* by those whose diction has been polished by town-breeding. The *g* is always hard after *n*, so that they say *bring-ging-g-in*, *fling-ging-g-out*. *R* is invariably added between two vowels to prevent hiatus:—‘Set the vinder open;’ ‘lawr and justice;’ ‘Annar is not at home.’ Some final syllables are uttered in a careless, slurring manner:—*Eshup*, *muckup*, *wuddus*, for ash-heap, muck-heap, wood-house. Some terminations, however, are accented and drawn out:—*expensive*, *lamentable*, *certainly*, *possibül*. Words are run together in a way most puzzling to a stranger:—*tut*, *dut*, *wat*, *het*, *tebbin*, for to it, do it, with it, have it, it has been. So also *cup*, *gup*, *gout*, *gin*, *giz*, for come up, go up, go out, go in, give us. This abbreviation can be practised on a larger scale. A girl employed to keep cows called herself a *galcobaw* (girl-cow-boy). The East-Anglians use *weak* where we have strong preterites, always saying *selled*, *telled*, *teached*, &c., for sold, told, &c. On the other hand, they have retained some of the old, strong preterites, as *rise*, *riz*, *sit*, *sot*, *give*, *guv*, *bring*, *brung*.

In striking contrast with the dialects both of the south and east, is the broad, sonorous, mouth-filling northern, which in England has many subdivisions. Its extreme is found in Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmoreland, where it differs very little from Lowland Scotch, which is admitted on all hands to be a Saxon dialect, and to have been cultivated by popular poets at least as early as the southern English. Its departures in pronunciation from standard English consist chiefly in broad vowel sounds. In such words as *man* the *a* is as long as we pronounce it in *father*; the *e* in *men*, as ours in *there*; the *o* in *rock* like that in *rose*; while, contrariwise, a *rose* is a *rause*; the short *i* is either *ee*, as *peen* for *pin*, or it sounds *u*, as *wuth* for *with*. The sound of *oo* is much like the French *u*; and *ow* is like *oo*. On the other hand, there is no confusion or interchange, as in almost every other part of Britain, between the sounds of *f* and *v*; of *z* and *s*; of *h* aspirate and *h* mute. *R* is always trilled or burred where it occurs, but is never introduced gratuitously at the end of a word. And, in opposition to the south and east, the *g* after *n* never receives a hard sound; it is lost in present participles, *thinkin* for *thinking*, and is a mere nasal in such words as *single*, pronounced *sing-l*, not *sing-gle*. So *gh* has always that Teutonic guttural sound which seems to have been utterly lost among all our southern dialects. The North British is a vast treasury of old Saxon words, long lost to our literary language. The poems of Burns and the novels of

Sir Walter Scott have brought the Scotch section of it into a degree of notice which has been enjoyed by no other dialect. The similarity of that of Cumberland can be judged from the following:—

WATTY.

'If ye ax whar I cum frae, I say the Fell-seyde,
Whar fadder an mudder an honest fwok beyde;
An my sweetheart, O bless her! she thowt nin like me,
For whun we shuik hans, the tears gushed frae her e'e:
Siz I, "I mun e'en git a spot if I can,
But whatever betyde me I'll think o'te, Nan!"

'Nan was a parfet beauty, wi' twee cheeks like codlin blossims;
t'varra seet on 'er meade my mooth aw watter. "Farrs-te-weel,
Watty!" siz she; "too's a wag amang t'lasses, an I'll see te nae
mair." "Nay, dunnet gowl, Nan!" siz I.

* * * * *

'At Carl I stuid wi' a strea i' my mooth,
An they tuik me, nae doot, for a promisin yooth.

'T'weyves cam roon me in clusters: "What weage dus te ax,
canny lad?" sez yen.—"Wey, three pun an a croon; wunnet beate a
hair o' my beard." "What can te dui?" sez anudder.—"Dui! I
can prow, sow, mow, sheer, thresh, deyke, milk, kurn, muk a byre,
sing a sam, men cargear, dance a whornpeype, nick a naig's tail, hunt
a brok, or feight ivver a yen o' my weight in aw Croglin perish."

There are, however, numerous divisions and subdivisions of the northern dialect. That of South Lancashire has become well known through 'Tim Bobbin,' which, however, is a caricature. Here is a notice said to be a genuine specimen from the North Riding of Yorkshire.

'This is te gie noatice, Jamz Pickersgill yats his yune te morn
t'morn, te morn t'nean, an te morn t'neet an ne'er langer, se lang as
storm hoads, coz he caen't get eldin.'

That is:—

'This is to give notice, James Pickersgill heats his oven to-morrow
at morn, to-morrow at noon, and to-morrow at night, and not longer,
so long as the bad weather lasts, because he can't get fuel.'

Staffordshire is likewise reckoned a branch of the Northern.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN A STAFFORDSHIRE CANAL BOATMAN AND
HIS WIFE.

'WOMAN.—"Dun yo know Solden mouth Summy?"

MAN.—"Eees: an' a 'neation good feller he is tew."

WOMAN.—“A desput quoiyet mon! but he loves a sup o' drink. •
Dau yo know his woif?”

MAN.—“Know her, ay. Hoo's the very devil when hoo's spirit's up.”

WOMAN.—“Hoo is. Hoo uses that mon shameful; hoo rags him every neet of hoo's loif.”

MAN.—“Hoo does. Oive known her come into the public and call him all the names hoo could lay her tongue tew afore all the company. Hoo oughts to stay till hoo's got him i' the boat, and then hoo mit say wha her'd a moind. But hoo taks aiter hoo's feyther.”

WOMAN.—“Hew was hoo's feyther?”

MAN.—“Whoy, singing Jemmy.”

WOMAN.—“Oi don't think as how oi ever know'd singing Jemmy. Was he ode Soaker's brother?”

MAN.—“Eees, he was. He lived a-top o' Hell Bouk. He was the wickedest, swearnist mon as ever I know'd. I should think as how he was the wickedest mon i' the wold, and they say he had the rheumatiz so bad.”

Between Robert Burns and other poets for Scotland, Mr. Collier, Mr. Forby, and Mr. Jennings for England, we have probably a pretty fair representation of the leading dialects which have descended in the vulgar line from the Anglo-Saxon stock. Not being all on the same subject, however, but, on the contrary, exhibiting almost as great a diversity of thought as of expression, they afford but imperfect means of comparison. Meanwhile, an illustrious foreigner, the Prince Lucien Bonaparte, has been travelling through the length and breadth of the land, inquiring personally into the peculiarities of each representative district, and procuring in each a version of the same theme. He has been in Somersetshire, where the lingua which we reckon about the most uncouth is deemed, as we have said, the nearest approach to the ancient literary Anglo-Saxon; he has been in Edinburgh, to obtain the standard lowland Scotch; and we have heard of him in the most northern of the Shetland Isles, where the Scandinavian element has been more abundant than in any other part of Her Majesty's dominions. We understand that the practice of His Imperial Highness has been to obtain a translation of the ‘Song of Solomon’ in each of the leading dialects, and the ‘Parable of the Sower’ in the subordinate ones. We are at a loss to account for this choice of themes, which, at first sight, does not seem particularly happy; because the Oriental turn of thought and imagery in the Canticles cannot easily be familiarized so as to appear at home in Anglo-Saxon dialects; and the ‘Parable of the Sower’ includes very few of those words in which vernacular pecu-

liarities appear most strongly. The reason of this selection probably is, that there are some very ancient Anglo-Saxon, English, and other versions of the Canticles; and there has been a large collection already made of translations of the 'Sower' in the Teutonic and Scandinavian dialects of the Continent, both ancient and modern. Hence we conclude that the object chiefly in view is a comparison of our existing dialects with those of former ages and kindred languages.

Mr. Pegge, who wrote about one hundred and thirty years ago, devotes his services to vindicate the dialects in general, as he found them brought together among the lower classes of the metropolis, including, of course, the true cockney, of which he says the most striking and offensive error in pronunciation lies in the transpositional use of the letters *w* and *v*. But his chief anxiety is to clear the grammar of the vulgar from the imputation of being a departure from good English, by showing that it is the educated classes who have departed from the ancient usages. He characteristically entitles his introduction 'An Address in behalf of some old unfortunate and discarded Words and Expressions turned out of the World at large by Persons of Education, and acknowledged only by the humbler Orders of Mankind, who seem charitably to respect them as decayed Gentlefolks that have known better Days.'

The double negatives which we deem to be each other's destruction, he shows to have been a peculiarity of our language seven hundred years ago: witness a proclamation of Henry V.: 'Be it known as Sir John Oldcastle refuse nor will not receive nor sue to have none of the graces,' &c. Double negatives are common in Chaucer, very frequent in Shakspeare, and in various authors between these. Double comparisons, as *worser*, *lesser*, are found in Spenser, Shakspeare, Dryden, and Addison; *most highest*, *most straitest*, in our Bibles and Prayer-books; *most boldest*, and *most unkindest*, in Shakspeare.

A countryman *axes* pardon. This form of *ask* is found from Chaucer till the middle of the sixteenth century. In Anglo-Saxon, the verb *learan* meant both to learn and to teach; the vulgar use it so still, and have a precedent in the fourth and fifth verses of the twenty-fifth Psalm. Chaucer uses it thus, and so does Shakspeare:—'You must not learn me to remember.' The words *ourn*, *yourn*, *hisn*, are Saxon pronouns corresponding with *mine* and *thine*; but the *n* of the genitive like that of the plural was softened into *s* as the Anglo-Saxon merged into the English. The *-en* which terminated the plural of verbs especially in the past tense, not indeed in the Anglo-Saxon, but in the English from Chaucer's time to Spenser's, is still found in

Derbyshire, and other counties bordering on the northern. At a vestry-meeting in Derbyshire, a churchwarden asks, 'What sayen you to this affair?' Answer. 'Why, we tellen them that we thinken otherwise; and that they talken nonsense.' These peculiarities might be pursued much further, but the above may suffice.

It has not been without an important practical object that we have thus invited attention to the progressive tendency of our literary language and the stationary character of the vulgar tongues. It must be obvious even from this extremely cursory glance that our English, enriched with French, Latin, Greek, and other words, and formed into complicated sentences by rules of grammatical construction, is an unknown tongue to the masses, especially in some districts. It is probably at least as unintelligible to them as the Latin of literature was to their ancestors in the Middle Ages; perhaps more so. When it is remembered that at one time the two great universities each included about thirty thousand students, using Latin for their daily colloquial intercourse as well as in all their studies; and when we have added to these all the priests, monks, and others already educated; there must have been in proportion to the population a greater number of persons acquainted with Latin, such as it was, than there are now capable of using literary English. It is not merely the peasantry of rural districts that are thus ignorant. The lower middle classes of our large towns are deplorably so, and many of higher position too; but because they can express themselves tolerably in speaking or writing on the business of their every-day life, which requires no extensive vocabulary or complicated paragraphs, it is taken for granted, that they understand all that can possibly be said to them in the language which we call English. We doubt much whether throughout the religious congregations of England, established and nonconformist, there is more than a small average capable of intelligently following one-half of every sermon that is preached by an educated minister. The paragraphs of regularly composed discourses require the thought to be sustained and the mind carried forward in a way of suspension which the majority of the hearers cannot manage, and presuppose at least a practical knowledge of the grammatical dependence of words which they have never acquired. This, with the occurrence of numerous words of which they comprehend not the meaning, to say nothing of a polished elocution, renders the greater part of the sermon little better to them than the emissions of a 'sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.'

It does not follow, however, that these hearers are not pro-

fited. If there is a certain solemnity in the preacher's manner, they catch by sympathy the serious feeling; if there is an earnestness which forces them to believe him sincere in his own faith, and anxious to share his happiness with others, it is much more than half the battle. Moreover, there is a short sentence here and there, it may be a single, simple ejaculation, which fastens on the memory. We believe this to be the usual amount of what a large number of tolerably attentive hearers take in—for we will not even say carry away—from each pulpit discourse. It is little wonder if their religion generally begins in mere emotion: however, if led by any means to seek after God, they presently obtain by Divine teaching an acquaintance with the things signified; and it is marvellous how rapidly then they improve in the knowledge of the language which expresses those things. Nevertheless, the style of regularly composed sermons must continue to be generally beyond their comprehension.

If such is the case with reference to the language of religion, which the persons in question are hearing weekly, if not almost daily, it must be much worse on the unwonted topics of physical and social science, which are now so generally urged on the attention of all classes of the community. It has been agreed with scarcely a dissentient voice, that the children even of the lower orders should be taught something of geography, history, and natural science, as well as systematic theology; and that books of information on these subjects should be placed within the reach of the adult population. But it has scarcely been made a question whether this knowledge should be or can be conveyed to them in any intelligible language. An extreme case may illustrate this.

Many years ago we heard one of the most eminent orators in the Church of England making a speech over the foundation stone of an institution for the education of the deaf and dumb. When he had affectingly set forth the hapless condition of these poor children, cut off by their misfortune from all the ordinary opportunities of improvement, he triumphantly announced that by the simple invention of a finger alphabet we had obtained complete access to their minds, and could imbue them with all sorts of knowledge, secular and religious. The impression on his own mind evidently was, that the master had but to teach the children the letters on their fingers, and then communicate what he pleased to them; and probably there was not one in fifty of the auditors that knew it to be a fallacy. Even those most deeply interested in the new institution were little aware of the difficulty lying in the way of instructing deaf-mutes,

arising from the fact that, previous to education, they have no word-language whatever, and that no knowledge can be communicated to them unless we either first teach them the words in which we embody our ideas, or else convey our information by a system of signs, which, as every one knows, can go but a very short way. It is a process of extreme difficulty and delicacy to teach the use of words to the deaf further than as they are the simple names of objects, or actions, or qualities which they can see. Infancy is the time divinely appointed for the acquisition of language, and hearing is the medium. To impart it afterwards through the eye requires peculiar skill and special training on the part of the teacher, in connexion with an aptitude in the pupils which is not always found. We were not surprised to learn that a year or two afterwards the Committee of the institution in question were greatly dissatisfied with the progress of the children, especially in religious knowledge. One gentleman had asked, 'What is grammar?' and could obtain no answer whatever. Another had made inquiry about the *form* of baptism; but the boy looked from the bench on which he was sitting to the querist, to convey, as well as intelligent looks might do it, that this kind of seat was what he understood by a *form*, and he could not perceive any connexion between it and the ceremony of baptism. A third had asked a pupil, 'Are you good?' and the little fellow had pointed to himself, smiled complacently, nodded, and stuck up his thumb perpendicularly, which is the sign which deaf-mutes use for 'right,' 'well,' or 'good.' What deplorable ignorance of the doctrine of original sin and the utter depravity of human nature! It was explained by one of the Committee, better informed than the rest, that it was unreasonable to expect answers to questions like these. He said, 'These children are foreigners to us; the most barbarous Esquimaux are not so much so; their natural language is that of signs, and the teacher does much if during the four years that the pupils remain under his care, he enables them to translate their sign-language into words, and imparts to them the power of forming these into sentences. Any attempt to convey religious or other knowledge by words which cannot as yet be understood, must not only be useless as mere memoriter work, but positively hurtful, as it tends to confuse the mind and disturb the process of acquiring word-language. Some Divine truth may be conveyed, meanwhile, through symbolical signs, of which the pupils gather the import with more or less distinctness; but not till their education in language is far advanced, if even then, could they receive abstruse doctrines through our ordinary religious phraseology.' The Committee were not to be per-

sued by such statements, and they dismissed the master forthwith.

The case of deaf-mutes is an extreme one, but it is well calculated to illustrate what, in a greater or less degree, occurs in every attempt to communicate knowledge to the illiterate; and the unreasonableness of this Committee is a fair type of what is too often displayed by the benevolent promoters of schools, Mechanics' Institutes, churches, and chapels. Our fathers did not thus expect bricks without straw. When at the era of the Reformation the Homilies were set forth by authority, to be read in the churches, it is recorded that a great number both of the clergy and laity could not understand them; 'and therefore sometimes when they were read in the church, there would be such talking and babbling that nothing could be heard.' It was not expected in those days that people would sit mute, and reverently listen to what they could not comprehend. But now it was felt necessary to raise them to the proper level; and with this view Grammar Schools were established in various parts of the country, to take up the work of education as soon as reading in the mother tongue had been acquired. The title reveals the intention,—Grammar, not Latin, Schools. The object, doubtless, was not chiefly to make the pupils acquainted with Latin as such, but with language; and with Latin only because the structure of language and the higher materials of our own could be known through no other medium. Knowledge could in no other way be made accessible to the people, because it was embodied either in Latin or a Latinized English, quite distinct from the vulgar tongue, there being probably very few even religious books written in such plain language as the English Bible. As time rolled on, the Grammar Schools, through changing circumstances which need not be minutely detailed, ceased to answer their original design. They became mere Latin schools, less and less intimately associated with the great end of opening the treasures of knowledge to the people. Their endowments came in many cases to be used for the maintenance of teachers of the higher classes of society; and Acts of Parliament were obtained for teaching the whole circle of the sciences, with writing, drawing, and modern languages, in those institutions which were originally founded for the purpose of familiarizing literary language among the people. The subordination, if not abolition, of this their function has no doubt done much to produce a general impression that a thorough training in language is not necessary as preparatory to science. But it is one question whether schools should be maintained for the mere purpose of teaching Latin and Greek classics to the children of the lower

orders, and quite another whether it is desirable that there should be cheap Grammar Schools in the sense which would now properly attach to the term; that is, schools devoted to the teaching of literary language, by which means alone the masses of the people can attain to an understanding of the sermons which weekly issue from our pulpits, and the books which contain our treasures of science, whether physical, moral, or social.

The lower classes in Scotland are confessedly very superior to the English in general intelligence, and particularly in the power of comprehending what we may, for variety, call with the vulgar 'book-learning.' In the Scotch parochial system every school-master is appointed to teach English and Latin; and in the larger towns, till of late years, when English notions have become prevalent, the routine of education was uniformly this. All the children except the very poor were sent first to the reading or English school maintained by the town; and here they learned nothing but to read the mother-tongue with a broader or finer pronunciation, according to the polish of the master, but generally somewhat at least above their colloquial usage. Having attained to this, the boys whose parents could afford it were transferred to the town grammar school, called the High School, where nothing but Latin and Greek was taught for four hours a day. The girls were at the same time sent to sewing schools, which were not maintained in perfect silence, but were enlivened by general conversation, story-telling, or light reading; chiefly the last. Books of knowledge would not have been listened to in a sewing school; nothing but an interesting narrative could command attention. The girls, who at this stage of life were learning no kind of lessons, were thus obtaining a practical acquaintance with general language, while the boys were gaining a theoretical one. The principle might not be adverted to, but the fact was there. Writing and arithmetic were learned at another school for an hour or two daily, contemporaneously with Latin and sewing; but such matters as geography, history, English composition, or physical science, were never thought of till after this second period; then the wealthier studied them at more advanced seminaries, while the rest were left to pick them up as they could from books that might fall in their way.

At the present day the prevailing opinion is, that as soon as child or man can read at all, he may and ought to derive substantive knowledge through the medium of books; and it is considered one of the great triumphs of modern methods of education that geography, history, and natural science are taught to the youngest children. As far as this can be done in words

which they understand, it is well. But it is sheer cruelty to oblige a peasant child to learn these things in the usual language of text-books.

Most of the lesson-books which now teem from the press have been compiled with a view to afford correct information and salutary instruction; but apparently with little reference to the question whether they can be apprehended, and with little knowledge of the calibre of mind that has generally to apprehend them. They might almost as well be in Latin, so far as their power of conveying ideas is concerned. This may not be, experienced, at least to the same extent, in the metropolis, where these books are chiefly composed: but it is the case generally throughout the country, and especially wherever there is little intercourse between the illiterate classes and those of superior education. The result of using such books is, that the children contract a habit, not easily broken in after-life, of reading and repeating as a purely mechanical process, without attaching, or attempting to attach, a single idea to the words. It may, indeed, be doubted whether half of all the children in our elementary schools know that they ought to attach ideas to the words of books. In many cases they put letters together to make words, and words to make sentences, just as they cast up columns of units, tens, and hundreds, without dreaming of any obligation to settle in their minds whether these numbers represent apples or oranges, men or horses. Hence such scenes as the following may at any time be witnessed. A girl of thirteen is directed to 'say her geography' to a visitor. After she has with great fluency repeated the boundaries of several countries, the visitor asks, 'What is a boundary?' Anxious to acquit herself, she thinks a moment, and replies, 'The wages for the year.' The word 'boundary' could suggest nothing to her mind except the terms on which the workmen in that part of the country are usually *bound* to their respective employers for a twelvemonth. A class has read a lesson, of which the subject is Greenland. Visitor inquires if any one knows what the whales are which are mentioned in this lesson. After a considerable pause, an earnest-looking boy cries out, 'What goes on ca-arts!' Taking it as an isolated term, the child is right. 'Whales' (*Anglicè*, wheels) are what go on carts in Dorsetshire. If the natives knew anything of the cetaceous monsters of the deep, they would call them *whauls*, as in the north, or something else that would not be confounded with cart-wheels.

In another school a smart little boy stands up and reads from the Testament Matthew ix. 1: 'And He entered into a ship, and passed over, and came into His own city.' Visitor asks,

'What did He enter into?' 'Don't know, thank you, Sir,' replies the boy, politely. 'Read it again. Now what did He come into?' 'Don't know, thank you, Sir.' How should the child know? Not one of the three predicates, *entered*, *passed*, *came*, belong to his vernacular. If he had seen the transaction, he would have narrated it by means of *gaed* and *coomed*. Probably not one in five of the elementary schools in England, taking public and private together, would be found to display greater intelligence than in these examples.

It may be said, the teacher ought to explain the words of the lesson. So the best of them endeavour to do; but such teaching is at best as though one put a Latin geography into a child's hand, and made him understand it, so that he was acquiring Latin and geography at the same time, but each of course less perfectly than if it had been the sole object of study for the time being. The meaning of terms peculiar to any subject may and ought to be learned when the subject is entered upon; but if the general language of the lesson in hand is not previously understood, there can be little progress. Likewise it is quite fair that a preacher should have to explain theological terms in his discourse; but if his hearers do not comprehend such words as *go*, *went*, *came*, must he not be a barbarian to them?

It would be a great point gained if those who have the superintendence of popular education were fully alive to the necessity of teaching language as a matter apart from communicating other knowledge. There may be a difference of opinion about the mode. Some respectable authorities do not encourage the system of initiating children of the poorer class in Latin roots and the formation of various words from them. On the other hand, the repetition of definitions or synonyms may become merely an exercise of memory without judgment. The humblest, however, might be trained in a partial way, as deaf-mutes are—made to put the same word into various sentences, till its use is familiar, and to turn sentences upside down in the way of question and answer, till the mutual relations of the words are felt, though they cannot be technically described. It is to be regretted that while there are plenty of books and cards progressive as to the art of reading mechanically, there seem to be none framed with the express view of introducing the pupil gradually and systematically to an acquaintance with the language of books. It might thus be readily acquired in childhood by mere usage, but it is otherwise in maturer years. If it is not learned in early youth, it will probably never be learned at all; at least it will never become a familiar and agreeable medium.

This subject has an important bearing on one of the edu-

cational questions which are now exciting considerable interest, namely, what length of time is really necessary for the schooling of the labouring population. The arts of reading, writing, and arithmetic may be acquired in a very short time under good tuition; and there may be a difference of opinion as to whether geography, history, and other branches of substantive knowledge ought to be insisted on at school, or may be left to be obtained by subsequent reading. But there still must remain the question, How long does it generally require for a child to gain that familiarity with literary language which will enable him to understand an ordinary book or sermon? If he has not this, the mere mechanical art of reading will profit him little, and will easily fall into disuse, and the hearing of sermons will produce a general and often erroneous impression. It is to be feared, that very few at present attain to this knowledge during their school life; and whether they do afterwards or not depends much on the casual circumstances of their lot. A maid-servant told us some time ago, that she could read and write, adding complacently, that she had been at a *natural* school for six years; 'at least,' she added, apprehending she had made some mistake, 'it was a kind of sort of natural school.'

It is quite Utopian to imagine that the general spread of education will ever abolish the vulgar dialects; or to hope that if the present race of children were taught book-language, it would not be necessary to teach the next generation the same thing. We could point to districts in England, to say nothing of Scotland, where education has been so long and so efficiently maintained, that the adult population, with scarcely an exception, understand any ordinary English book; but they still use the local dialect as their every-day medium, and it would be considered the height of affectation to do otherwise. Consequently, each generation of children finds the language of books for a time strange, though with the advantage of interpreters at hand. 'Mither kent t' wy an' gaid t' meenen,' ('Mother knew the way and gave the meaning,') said a well-educated boy in answer to an inquiry about his own early difficulties in this respect. Montaigne, who was born during that rage for ancient classics which followed the Renaissance, tells us that when he was an infant his father engaged, not a nurse-maid, but an eminent scholar to carry him about and talk Latin to him; so that as soon as he spoke at all, he used the language of Cicero, and knew no more of French than of Chinese. It is recorded also, that Oberlin thought to get the low *patois* of Steinthal suppressed by establishing an infant school in which not one word of it was permitted. Such processes, however, can never be carried on

effectively on an extensive scale: we must accept it as a fact, that every child learns its mother-tongue, and that this is seldom the English of polite literature. It is not so even as far as it goes, to say nothing of its deficiencies.

Granted, as it must be, how extremely desirable it is that the whole population should understand the language of our books and sermons, yet as this is not actually the case, and cannot be for many years, is there nothing that can be done in the mean time to bridge over the gulf which divides us from those who use the vulgar dialects? Might we not go some way to meet them on their own ground? When we send the Gospel to a heathen land beyond the sea, our Missionaries do not wait till the people learn English; but they earnestly strive to acquire the native tongue, imperfect as it often is, and seemingly unworthy from its rudeness and poverty to be the vehicle of Divine truth. Is there any reason why we should not thus deal with the poor of our own country who are perishing for lack of knowledge? This is done to a considerable extent in the Sunday Schools throughout the country; and doubtless it is one reason that those of the Nonconformists are so much more popular than those of the Established Church. The teachers are generally plain, earnest members of the congregation, little, if at all, above the scholars in social position, and using their own dialect—often a very uncouth one—for the inculcation of sacred truth. Whereas the Church Sunday Schools are generally supplied with volunteers from the families of the clergyman or the squire, who would disdain to use such means of gaining access to the vulgar mind. To a similar cause may probably be attributed, at least in part, the superior success which has always been deemed to attend Scotch education. The better classes in Scotland all understand the *lingua* of the people, and use it in their intercourse with them, without feeling it to be the slightest compromise of their own dignity. A Scottish parish school-master employs an English text-book just as, fifty years ago, Ruddiman's Grammar was committed to memory and repeated in Latin; but whenever he begins familiar explanation or extemporary teaching of any kind, he speaks as broad Scotch as is necessary for being understood. So does the Minister in conversation with his parishioners, the landlord with his tenants, Counsel with his witness, the lady with her domestics, and every one with the poor whom he undertakes to befriend,—always, with true delicacy, avoiding the use of any broader style than that used by the inferior party. Till within the last fifty or sixty years it was not unusual for parish Ministers in rural districts to preach their whole sermons in lowland Scotch; that is, using

not merely the broad pronunciation, which is still usually done, but the dialectic phraseology of the common people; and this, not because their hearers could not understand better language, but because the familiar dialect came home more closely to the heart. We have heard of a Minister who many years ago was preaching to the Sunday School children of a large town, and waxing earnest exclaimed, 'Children, will none of you *gang* to heaven?' The poor children thought he had done preaching, and had descended to colloquy; whereupon one, and another, and another replied, 'I'll gang,' and presently the church was in an uproar with eager volunteers, each anxious to make himself heard, while the preacher stood confounded at the effect of his own condescending eloquence. We have heard, too, of a good Rector in Dorsetshire, who described the conduct of Zachæus by telling his rustic congregation that 'er climmit up a tree to see un;' but probably this is a rare instance in England. Much more usual is it to darken in an attempt to dignify the sacred narrative by Latinized vocables; as did the Curate who, not long ago preaching on the same passage, said that 'Zachæus ascended the branches of a sycamore to escape from external pressure.'

It is a principle inherent in human nature, that nothing tends so much to alienation of feeling as difference of language; nothing comes home to the affections like the mother-tongue; and in no way can a rich man so acceptably lessen the distance between himself and a poor one as by addressing him in his own dialect. With all his intended kindness and condescension he seems proud if he talks fine.

The question is sometimes asked, Why has Wesleyan Methodism never gained much ground in Scotland? The answer is,—Partly, at least, for the very reason just referred to. The Ministers sent to labour among them are generally Englishmen, and they usually appoint the Local Preachers and Class-leaders from among the English settlers, not being able to draw out and appreciate the gifts of the natives. We have seen a good deal of Scotch Methodism; but we never heard a Methodist sermon, an exhortation, a public prayer, honestly delivered in the vernacular, though we thought we could have enjoyed it richly. We have been at Class-meetings where the Leader looked at us in helpless distress for an interpretation of what the poorer members were saying, not being able even to catch the general sense, so as to give a relevant answer. Others have tried to conceal their ignorance by framing a general exhortation, which too truly betrayed that they had understood none of those simple outpourings of heart which were addressed to them.

There can be no question about the propriety of Ministers using provincial dialects in their stated ministrations; but there are some who think that when laymen, natives of the locality, stand up to address small companies, wholly of the humbler classes, it would be infinitely better to use the vernacular in the way of familiar exposition and exhortation, than to attempt a style of composition which they cannot manage without blundering. These good men might do much also as the teachers of the people even in the matter of language, bridging over the gulf we have alluded to, by translating the language of Scripture into their own, and explaining the words most commonly used by Ministers in the pulpit, which happened to be unlike their vernacular modes of speech. So did the coadjutors of Ezra, when 'they read in the book of the law of God distinctly, and gave the sense, and caused the people to understand the reading.' That is to say, they interpreted the words of the law which were written in Hebrew, into the Chaldee, which was now the dialect of the children of the captivity.

Another labour of love in this respect would be the circulation of religious tracts in provincial dialects. We are not aware that this has ever been practised to any extent. The managers of the Religious Tract Society say that those in the dialogue form are by far the most popular. How much Divine truth might be embodied in a dialogue between two Norfolk farmers, or Durham colliers, or Dorsetshire graziers, without compromising the dignity of sacred things! Likewise, select portions of Scripture, such as short narratives, or parables from the Gospels, might be printed in the vulgar tongue, with the authorized version in opposite columns. This would be a great boon to many a half-educated Christian; and we commend the suggestion to those whom it may concern. Only, of course, there should be no caricaturing of the dialect; no extreme that would render the sacred truth contemptible to the natives themselves. The style adopted should be that of the well-doing and intelligent lower middle classes, which in any case would well bear comparison with the version of Wycliffe, which, uncouth and homely as it is, no one dares to despise. Did not the Bible Society, about thirty years ago, print a Negro-English Testament; a mixture of English, Dutch, and African, modified by the genius of Negro-slavedom, the leading characteristic of which is excessive childishness? Witness the commencement of John ii.

'Drie deh na bakka dem holi wan bruiloft na Cana na Galilea: en mamma va Jesus ben de dapeh. Ma dem ben kali Jesus nanga hem disciple toe va kom na da bruiloft. En teh wieni kaba mamma va

Jesus takki na hem; dem no habi wieni morro. Jesus takki na hem: mi mamma hoeworko mi habi nanga joe? Tem va mi no ben kom jette.'

That is to say:—

'Three days after back, them hold one marriage in Cana in Galilee, and mamma of Jesus been there. But them been call Jesus with him disciple too, for come to that marriage. And when wine end, mamma of Jesus talk to him: them no have wine more. Jesus talk to him: my mamma, how work me have with you? Time of me no been come yet.'

Our home dialects are nothing like this. They are homely remains of the old Saxon, making up in vigour much of what they want in polish, and including nothing which can appear contemptible to the truly enlightened.

It might do ourselves good to improve our acquaintance with these dialects. The English we so highly value derives its strength from the Teutonic element; its variety and polish from the classic and romantic. Ever since we parted company with the German family, above a thousand years ago, we have scarcely ever deigned to replenish our vocabulary from that quarter; but continuing to draw from the south, we have been every now and then in danger of crowding our language with useless puerilities; of introducing so many foreigners that, as Dryden expresses it, they seemed as if intended not to assist but to conquer the natives. The best preservative against this tendency for the future is to maintain our acquaintance with the remains of the indigenous race still living obscurely among us; and if now and then we can raise a sturdy native from the degradation of ages, instead of enlisting a more elegant but effeminate foreigner, we shall do good service to the language which we proudly call our English.

ART. II.—1. *Travels, Researches, and Missionary Labours during an Eighteen Years' Residence in Eastern Africa: together with Journeys to Jagga, Usambara, &c., Shoa, Abessinia, and Khartum; and a Coasting Voyage from Mombaz to Cape Delgado.* By the REV. DR. J. LEWIS KRAFF, Secretary of the Crishona Institute at Basel, and late Missionary, &c., in Eastern and Equatorial Africa. With an Appendix, &c., by E. G. RAVENSTEIN, F.R.G.S. 8vo. London: Trübner and Co. 1860.

2. *The Lake Regions of Central Africa: a Picture of Exploration.* By RICHARD F. BURTON, Captain H.M.I. Army,

- Fellow and Gold Medallist of R.G.S. In Two Volumes. Svo. Longman and Co. 1860.
3. *Travels in Eastern Africa, with the Narrative of a Residence in Mozambique.* By LYONS M'LEOD, Esq., F.R.G.S., &c., late H.M. Consul at Mozambique. Two Volumes. 12mo. Hurst and Blackett. 1860.
 4. CAPTAIN J. H. SPEKE's *Journal of a Cruise on the Taganyika Lake, Central Africa: Discovery of the Victoria Nyanza Lake, the supposed Source of the Nile.* (*Blackwood's Magazine for September, October, November, 1859.*)
 5. *The Sources of the Nile: being a General Survey of the Basin of that River, and of its head Streams, with the History of Nilotic Discovery.* By CHARLES T. BEKE, Ph.D. London: James Madden. 1860.
 6. *Le Nil Blanc et le Soudan: Etudes sur l'Afrique Centrale: Mœurs et Coutumes des Sauvages.* Par M. BRUN-ROLLET, Membre de la Société de Géographie de Paris, &c. Paris: L. Maisson. 1855.
 7. *Church Missionary Intelligencer.* February, 1860.

MICKLE's poetical translation of Camoens' *Lusiad*, published in 1775, contributed not a little to make the English reading public of that day acquainted with the Portuguese discoveries in Eastern Africa. The history and dissertation prefixed to the work may yet be read with pleasure and profit by those who would never be tempted to peruse the poem itself as paraphrased by Mickle, or 'done into English' by Mitchell. Bartholomew Diaz first passed the Cape of Storms without seeing it, and anchored at the mouth of the Fish River, (Rio del Infante,) A.D. 1487; and Vasco de Gama, ten years later, followed in his track, and prepared the way for the establishment of the Portuguese Empire in Eastern Africa and India. That Empire has now passed away, though by the courtesy of European policy the eastern coast of Africa, from Delagoa Bay to Cape Delgado, is supposed to belong to the dominions of the King of Portugal. During three centuries and a half of uninterrupted possession, the Portuguese have not succeeded in establishing any flourishing colony on either side of the continent. Their settlements are mere trading stations, and until within the last few years other European nations knew little more of intertropical Eastern Africa, than was known by Vasco de Gama in the fifteenth century. Its coast line had been laid down with tolerable accuracy, and the Portuguese and Arab settlements were occasionally visited by our traders; but the inland mysterious empires of Adel, Ajan, Mocaranga, Monoma-

tapa, Maenemugi, &c., and the unreachable Lake Maravi, existed on our maps rather as monuments of our geographical faith in the exaggerations of Portuguese historians, than as actual realities, attested and proven by creditable travellers.

Now, however, our map of Eastern Africa is correct as far as laid down. Livingstone has opened the country between Kolobeng and the Zambezi; Krapf and Rebmann have discovered the snowy mountains of Kilimanjaro and Kenia; Burton and Speke have visited the great inland lakes which antiquity and theory have already connected with the sources of the Nile. Egyptian Pachas, French traders, Austrian Missionaries, and English explorers, especially the late Consul Petherick, have diligently examined the most accessible feeders of the Nile, and the ground is narrowing every year around the concealed fountains of this mysterious river. Very soon this vexed question of geographers must be settled, and then happy will it be for Africa if, when our curiosity is satisfied, we direct a larger share of our attention to efforts on behalf of the spiritual and intellectual improvement of the African race.

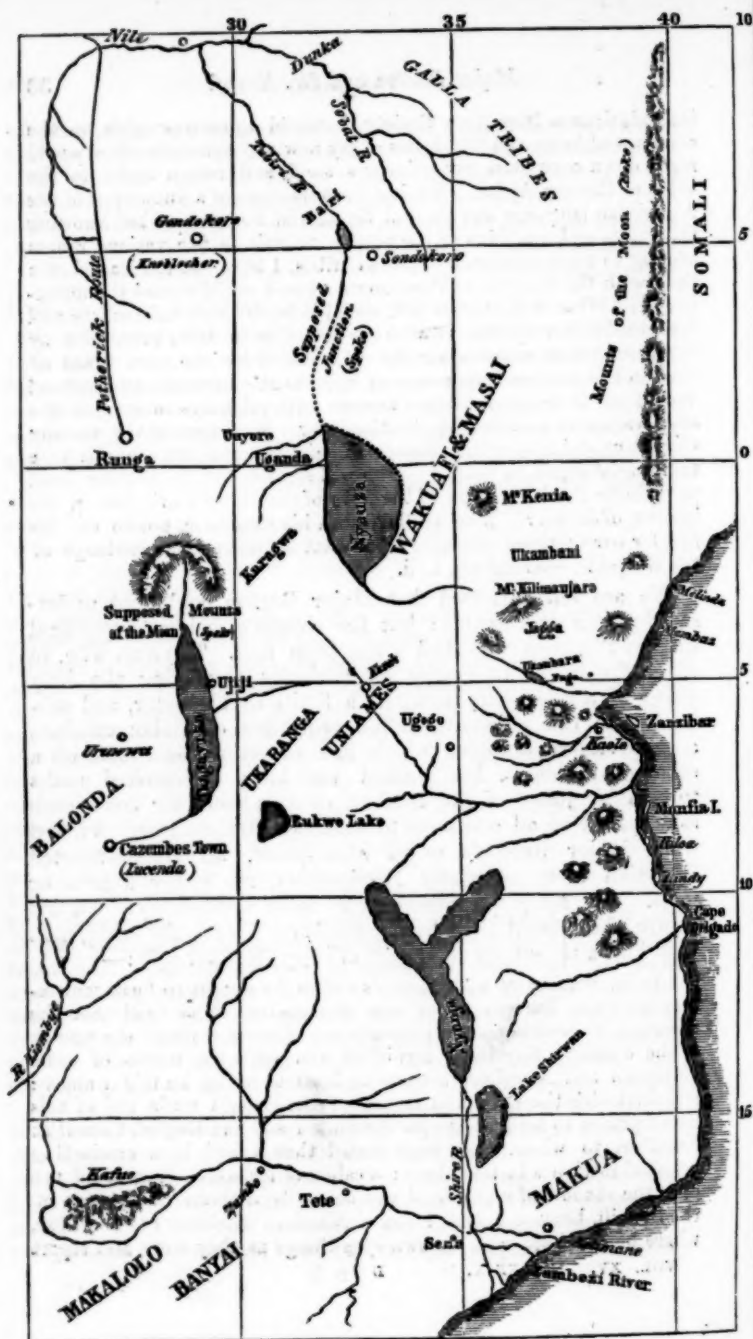
Dr. Krapf, a German, born at Tübingen (1810), was in 1837 sent by the Church Missionary Society to Abyssinia, and the result of his labours in that country has long ago been given to the world. Compelled to leave by the intrigues of the Romish party, he visited Zanzibar (1844) and its neighbourhood, endeavouring to ascertain the possibility of access to the Galla tribes, whose country he supposes to extend from Abyssinia to the fourth degree of south latitude. Mombaz appeared to him 'best suited for the establishment of a Missionary Station, especially as the Gallas are to be met with a few days' journey to the north of it.' His subsequent labours and those of his colleague, Rebmann, among the Wanika, and the record of sundry journeys which led to the discovery of the snowy peaks of Kilimanjaro and Kenia, occupy the larger portion of the volume, the leading idea of which is very properly the Galla Mission. Failure of health obliged him to return to Europe in 1855, and, being now settled in a position of comfort in his native land, his missionary fervour is not yet quenched, and he casts longing looks towards the sphere of his past labours and sufferings. Who can read unmoved his appeal to 'wealthy Christians' and 'friends of Missions' in his Introduction?

'But last, and above all, I would urge the searching out of the numerous Christian remnants, scattered over several countries in the south of Abessinia, as in Gurague, Kambat, Wolamo, Kaffa, and other places. I am indeed so much interested in this great object, that, had I a sufficiency of private means, or were I supported by a private

individual, or a Missionary Society, I would to-morrow give up the comforts of home and the duties of my new and agreeable office, would reach down once more my pilgrim's staff, and return again to the wilds of Eastern Africa. Having the advantage of a knowledge of the Abessinian language and those of Equatorial East Africa, and knowing the habits and condition of the people, as well as the various routes leading to those scattered Christian tribes, I have not the least doubt that, with the blessing of Providence, success would attend the undertaking. What a glorious object would it be, if those unfortunate and benighted fellow Christians, who are closed in in their mountains by barbarous tribes, could be sought out, revived by the pure Word of God, and be rendered the centre of light to the surrounding heathen! Would not these revived tribes become spiritual rivers to irrigate the arid wastes of surrounding heathenism? Who among the wealthy Christians and among the friends of missions and science will take this special object to heart? Who will stretch out his helping hand to rekindle the dying lamp of the faith of our fellow Christians in the interior of Africa? Who will lay down his substance, not to say his life, for our brethren perishing from want of the saving knowledge of the Gospel?—*Krapf*, pp. l., li.

We are not surprised that Major Burton could not understand such a man as this; but the charge of being 'a political intriguer' comes with bad grace from him. The man who, in order the better to gratify his curiosity respecting the holy places of the Moslem, assumed a fictitious character, and submitted to the rites and public profession of Mahometanism, an hypocritical apostasy which had not even the excuse of a seeming necessity, has walked too long in crooked paths to be a fair judge of the conduct of men who, for conscience sake, prefer on all occasions to walk in a straight line. Viewed from Major Burton's moral *stand-point*, all simple-hearted Christian men, especially Missionaries, are either knaves or fools. Dr. Krapf's explanation is most satisfactory. On his return the second time from Usambara, Kmeri, the King, sent with him a messenger in charge of ivory, &c., for sale:—

'As, in conformity with Kmeri's orders, he sought to form connexions with the European merchants at Zanzibar, so as to obviate the necessity of disposing of the products of Usambara through the agency of the cheating Suahili, I furnished him with the names of some European and American mercantile firms to which he might apply; and forthwith the envy and malice of the Suahili made use of this circumstance to traduce me to the Sultan and the English Consul at Zanzibar, to whom they represented that I had been conducting political intrigues in Usambara; a calumny for which they could not offer the shadow of a proof. I was naturally a thorn in the side of the Suahili, because I had taken a Mkafiri (unbeliever) to Zanzibar, where he could see with his own eyes things as they were, and report



to his master at Fuga. In this way an exposure was made, once for all, of the deception practised by the Suahili, who do their utmost to prevent the inhabitants of the interior from knowing what is going on at the coast, as well as Europeans from coming personally in contact with the natives of the interior, because they fear that such intercourse would give a blow to their monopoly of the trade with the interior, from which it would never recover.'—*Krapf*, pp. 404, 405.

The GALLAS, whom Dr. Krapf endeavoured to reach, first through Abyssinia, next through Shoa, and lastly, by preliminary labours among the Wanika tribes on the coast near Mombaz, are probably among the most populous and powerful nations of Central East Africa. He considers them 'destined by Providence, after their conversion to Christianity, to attain the importance and fulfil the mission which Heaven has pointed out to the Germans in Europe.'

'In the course of time the Gallas have taken possession of a large section of Eastern Africa. Separated into many tribes independent of each other, they extend, so to say, from the eighth degree of north to the third degree of south latitude, numbering, in the whole, from six to eight millions, an amount of which scarcely any other African race can boast. When in the sixteenth century Mohammed Graga overran and destroyed the land, coming from the south with their innumerable horsemen, the Gallas seized on some of the finest portions of Abessinia, This movement may have been part of a more general one in the centre of Africa, which drove the tribes of the interior towards the coast, the Gallas migrating towards the north and east; and it would seem to have been providentially ordained by this migration of the Gallas to oppose a barrier to the onward rush of the Mohammedans from Arabia, and so at one and the same time to punish the abominable heresies of Christian Abessinia, and the wild fanaticism of the Mohammedans. Had not Providence brought the Portuguese by sea to the eastern coast in the fifteenth century, and afterwards impelled the Gallas forward from the interior, the fiery and proselytizing Islams would probably have overrun equatorial Africa from east to west, as they once threatened to overrun Europe. The name "Gallas" in their own language means immigrants, and has been given them by the Arabs and Abessinians. They call themselves "Orma," or "Oroma," strong or brave men; and their language they call "Afan Orma," the mouth of the Ormas; so, as the Gallas have no general name to indicate their nationality or its seat, I propose to include both under the designation of Ormania.

'I have heard several very different accounts given of the origin of the Gallas, or, as I would call them, the Ormas; but, whatever it may have been, it is certain that on their first appearance in Abessinia they were a very wild and warlike people, who united under one head might have conquered not only Abessinia, but the whole of Africa. After having occupied, however, the finest provinces of Abessinia, they

began to make war upon each other, which checked their further progress, and made it easy for the Abessinians to subjugate one tribe after another. With their horsemen, notwithstanding their numbers, the Gallas found it difficult to conquer the mountainous highlands of Abessinia.

'In general the Gallas have a manly appearance; are large and powerfully built, but with savage features, made still more savage-looking and fierce by their long hair, worn like a mane over their shoulders. They are principally of a dark-brown colour, by which, no less than by intellectual capacity and teachableness, they are so advantageously distinguished from all other East Africans, that the Galla slaves, especially the young women, are much sought after by the slave-dealers, and in Arabia fetch from 100 to 150 dollars each. Their bodies, and long upper-garment in form like the Roman toga, are besmeared with a thick crust of butter, giving an unpleasant odour, which strangers scent from afar. The women wear a short gown of leather fastened round their loins by a girdle, on the skirt of which a number of pieces of coral are hung by way of ornament. The more wealthy wear also a large upper-garment over this gown, which gives them the appearance of European women. The weapons of the Gallas are a spear, sword, and shield, and they all ride on horseback; even the women gallop beside or behind their husbands; for among them it is considered degrading to go on foot.

'The Galla horses are very small, but beautiful in colour, and extremely swift, though horse-shoes are unknown. The Gallas in the neighbourhood of Abessinia are tillers of the soil as well as breeders of cattle, while their brethren under the Equator are merely pastoral; and lead a nomadic life. Those of the Equator, moreover, have no horses, and are altogether far behind the others, presenting the genuine type of the original Gallas, especially in their religious notions. Where the Gallas follow agriculture, the men plough, sow, and reap, while the women look after the oxen, cows, horses, sheep, and goats, and take care of the house and its concerns. Rye, wheat, barley, and Indian corn, grow in such great abundance in the Galla countries, that for a dollar you may buy almost more barley or rye than a camel can manage to carry. The climate of most of these countries is remarkably beautiful and healthy; the average temperature being 56° Fahrenheit—the highest 70°, and the lowest 46°. The Gallas occupy vast and noble plains, which are verdant almost all the year round, and afford nourishment to immense herds of cattle. Their houses or huts are round and cone-shaped, covered with roofs of grass, and mostly enclosed by a low stone wall for security against sudden attack. The villages or hamlets are for the most part in groves or woods, on heights, or on the sides of mountains and rivers. The land is rich in springs and brooks, well supplied by the tropical rains which last for three months; besides which there is a second short rainy season. Wooded mountains and hills also abound, which serve for places of refuge to the inhabitants in time of war; and the tall juniper is among the most remarkable of the trees which adorn these forests. What a

noble land would Ormania be if it were under the influence of Christianity and European culture! What a pity that the course of our emigration is not directed to those regions! No doubt the time will come, when the stream of European enterprise which now flows towards America and Australia shall be exhausted. Abessinians will then attain the cosmopolitan standing to which it is entitled by its geographical position.

'Like most savage tribes the Gallas are great talkers, and for hours together they can make speeches, with an expression and play of gesture which are very amusing to a European. The language is very harmonious, and reminds one of Italian. On the whole, five chief dialects may be distinguished in Ormania, although the difference between them is not so great that the most southern Galla cannot pretty easily understand his most northern brother.

'The Gallas have priests, called Lubas, as distinguished from the Kalijas, who are their magicians, exorcists, and medicine men. As in the case of most heathens, so with these people, a tree has an important place in their religious ceremonies. Under the shadow of the Woda sacrifices and prayers are offered up; a higher spirit even is supposed to dwell within it, on which account the Woda is esteemed holy, and no one dare fell or harm it without losing his life. Of the greatest sanctity is the tree Worka (*Ficus sycamorus*), Woda Nabi, by the river Hawash, where the Gallas every year offer up a great sacrifice, and pray to their highest deity. Waka, sacrificing oxen and sheep to him, and drinking plenty of beer and smoking tobacco. In their prayers, which have no fixed formula, they say, "O Wak, give us children, tobacco, corn, cows, oxen, and sheep. Preserve us from sickness, and help us to slay our enemies who make war upon us, the Sidama (Christians), and the Islama (Mohammedans). O Wak, take us to thee, lead us into the garden, lead us not to Setani, and not into the fire." On this occasion, the Lubas, or priests, augur from the entrails of goats whether victory or defeat is to accompany the Gallas in the coming year. The Luba lets his hair float wildly, carries a bell in his hand, and a copper frontlet encircles his brows when he performs this rite, which reminds one of that of the ancient Romans. If the entrails are very red the Gallas are to be conquered by the Sidama. The Kalijas cast out spirits and devils from the sick, every malady being ascribed to an evil spirit. The number of evil spirits is eighty-eight, which are governed by two chiefs, each of whom has forty-three under his orders. An evil spirit is called Sar. The Kalija hangs dried entrails of the goat round his neck, carries a bell and a whip in his hand, offers a sacrifice to a serpent which is being fed in the house on milk, rubs grease on the sick man, smokes him with aromatic herbs, cries aloud with a horrible noise, gives him at the same time some smart strokes with the whip, and thus endeavours to cast out the evil spirit and to cure the patient.

'Like the Abessinians the Gallas live on meat and bread, and drink beer and mead as much as they choose. They do not eat fish nor fowls, considering the former to be of the serpent, and the latter of

the vulture species. The serpent, as already mentioned, is considered sacred by the Gallas, and milk is set before it. The Gallas have honey in superabundance; and when the bees swarm the people set up a shout to make them settle: and the interior of the hive is smeared with fragrant substances, that the bees may be enticed not to abandon it.

'If a Galla kills a man of his own tribe, the manslayer must pay a fine of one thousand oxen; if a woman is killed, the penalty is only fifty oxen, an ox being estimated at from one to two dollars. As respects the abode of the dead, the Gallas believe that Christians, Mohammedans, and Ormas go to separate places in the lower world, where each is rewarded by Waka or punished by fire. They consider Waka to be an invisible and beautiful being. It is, however, difficult to discover the original religious notions of the Gallas, as in the neighbourhood of Abessinia they have heard many scriptural conceptions, so that a laborious inquirer like Dr. Beke is inclined to consider them degenerate Christians, a theory to which I cannot assent.'—*Krapf*, pp. 72-79.

The incursions of these warlike races, and their steady spread in all directions, have produced great changes in the relative position and power of most of the tribes in their neighbourhood, especially those on the coast, whom they exclude from all communication with the interior. How far a nearer acquaintance with them may correct the impressions made by our present scanty information future discoveries will decide: their position in the heart of the continent, and in the very portion which we are just now most anxious to explore, is no doubt a great obstacle in the way of African discovery.

What the GALLAS are inland, the natives of the SOMALI coast (along which Dr. Krapf voyaged on his way to Zanzibar) are to shipwrecked mariners, whom they plunder and sell for slaves. This arid territory, called by the Arabs Dar-Ajam, because no Arabic is spoken in it, is the AJEN of our maps. Its interior, for aught we know to the contrary, may be as fertile as the rest of Eastern Africa; for the shore line of no country is to be taken as a fair sample of its capabilities. The SUAHILI coast, which commences at Magadoxo, (longitude 45° east,) extends as far as Mombaz. Its inhabitants, estimated at half a million, are, like the Somali, Mahometans, and cultivate rice, maize, millet, pepper, &c. The coast is generally low, stretching some leagues back inland, where there are chains of hills from 800 to 1,200 feet in height, beyond which agricultural heathen tribes are found. From time immemorial Phœnicians, Egyptians, Jews, and Arabs have visited this coast as traders; and all the trading marts now existing there originated with the Moslem Arabs in the eighth century of our era. The principal of them are

Magadoxo, Kiloa, Barava, Melinda, Mombaz, and Zanzibar, all of which were visited by Dr. Krapf. **MOBBAZ**, situated on a small island, has a harbour suitable for large ships, a fortress, and a population of about 10,000, mostly Suahili. A few houses are of stone, but the majority are wooden huts. **ZANZIBAR**, also situated on an island, has a population of 100,000, chiefly Suahili; but there are a large number of Arabs, and about twenty Europeans. Here Dr. Krapf had an audience of the Imaum of Muscat, Sultan Said-Said, who is nominally the Lord of the Coasts of Eastern Africa as far as Cape Delgado.

‘His palace lies outside the city, and its exterior reminds the visitor of a German or Swiss manufactory. When the consul appeared with me at the entrance of the palace, the Sultan accompanied by one of his sons and several *grande*es came forth to meet us, displaying a condescension and courtesy which I had not before met with at the hands of any oriental ruler. He conducted us into the audience-chamber, which is pretty large and paved with marble slabs; American chairs lined the walls, and a stately chandelier hung in the middle of the room. The Sultan bade us be seated, and I described to him in Arabic, his native language, my Abyssinian adventures, and plans for converting the Gallas. He listened with attention and promised every assistance, at the same time pointing out the dangers to which I might be exposed. Although advanced in years he looked very well, and was most friendly and communicative. Sultan Said-Said ascended the throne in 1807, and lived at Muscat up to the year 1840, when he removed the seat of government to Zanzibar, chiefly on account of its trade. He was early brought into connexion with the English, who in 1819 helped him against the fanatical Wahabis, in Arabia, and the pirates of its waters; hence his devotion to that people. He claims in Arabia the whole coast from Aden to Muscat, and from Muscat to the Persian Gulf, with its islands; and, in Africa, asserts supremacy over the coast from Cape Guardafui to Cape Delgado, in the proximity of the Portuguese possessions of Mozambique. Hitherto no foreign power has contested the right to these enormous possessions; whilst the Arabs and Africans submit to his nominal pretensions, so long as their own old arrangements are not too stringently interfered with. They receive the Sultan’s governors and pay the dues which he levies from their ports; but beyond that Said-Said seems to have no hope of their further obedience and subjection.’—*Krapf*, pp. 122–124.

Both Zanzibar and Mombaz are unhealthy. Europeans on this coast must submit to a period of fever which often proves fatal, and is always dangerous. The Arab population here equals the Anglo-Saxon in enterprise and in the trick of ‘annexation.’

'These people craftily possess themselves by degrees of the lowlands of the Wanika, and, constructing small villages, here and there, along the mountain range, people them with their slaves, gain over the Wanika by trifling presents, and purchase their produce very cheaply. In the course of time new settlers arrive and bring a sheikh, who deals with the religious wants of the heathen. Thus they combine missionary work with trading speculations, and when soft words are of no avail they use force, or try to excite one tribe against another, so that they may be called on to act as mediators. In times of famine, which often occur, many Wanika are glad to become Moham-medans in order to save themselves from starvation; but throw off their new creed as soon as they have enough to eat. From this it may be seen how religion, politics, and trade are combined in the case of the followers of Mahomet.'—*Krapf*, pp. 138, 139.

Opposite Mombaz are the WANIKA, numbering about 60,000, and divided into twelve tribes. Here Dr. Krapf established his Mission at Rabbi-Mpia, and laboured with admirable perseverance. Kisuludini, the second station, was established by his colleague Rebmann. The coast people are termed Wamrima and Washinzi, and are considered a very inferior class by their neighbours. War and emigration have mixed up the various races near the coast, and have lessened the influence of national and tribal distinctions. Dr. Krapf's great object being to find access at some future period to the Gallas, he and his colleague undertook several journeys into the interior, until then unvisited by Europeans; and the result of these journeys we now give as briefly as possible. Although the Gallas have not been reached from this point, yet an interest has been created in them and in the tribes of South East Africa, which in due time will bear fruit.

Mr. Rebmann's *first* journey (October, 1847) was through the Teita country to the Mountain Kadiaro, *estimated* at thirty-six leagues from Mombaz. Passing for three days over a succession of plains, undulating, partly fertile and partly desert, Kadiaro, an outpost of the mountains of Teita, was reached. It consists of enormous masses of rock towering more than one hundred feet above each other, and almost destitute of vegetation. Kadiaro itself is 'a solitary mountain mass, stretching about one league and a half from south to north. The Teita people are supposed to be 150,000 in number, their dwellings, dress, ornaments, &c., resembling that of the Kaffir tribes. The Teita Mountains, part of the great lateral chain of South-East Africa, rise about 4,000 to 5,000 feet above the sea level. On this journey we have refreshing instances of the courage and fidelity of the genuine Missionary.'

'As we descended the slope from Endunguni, we found two magic

staves stuck in the ground by the way-side, about two feet long, burnt black, and wreathed round at the top with the bark of a tree. My people wished these to be carried with us through the wilderness, nor would they stir at my command without them; so I tore the bark off one of them and threw one of them away as far as I could; but they still demurred, and wanted to turn back and search for them, and only after a long controversy would they consent to proceed without them; for they told me what my Bible was to me the staves would be to them, a preservative against wild beasts and robbers. My caravan driver, too, held back, evidently determined to recover the one from which I had not torn the talismanic bark; but I was determined that whilst the men served me they should use none of these magic Uganga, and told him so, stating that on arriving at Teita, whither we were then journeying, the first thing I should do would be to teach the Teita the Gospel, and by its means destroy their Uganga, telling them that magic was sinful in the sight of Him who had sent His only Son, Jesus Christ, into the world to save all sinners, Europeans and Africans, Suahili, Wanika, Galla, and Wakuafi, if they would only believe and be baptized.'—*Krapf*, pp. 222, 223.

When the people of Maguasini, a village on Kadiaro, asked whether the Missionary had come to build a fortress on their mountain,—

'I answered that the only fortress which I had come to build for them, was one in which they might escape the wrath of God; for I had come to preach to them Christ, who had released all men from the power of sin, and from the wrath of God, and who had become our Saviour. In this and other ways I sought to sow the seed of the Divine Word in their hearts, and the manner in which they listened to me induced me to believe that I had not laboured in vain.'—Page 226.

Mr. Rebmann's *second* journey (April, 1848) was to the JAGGA country, (which he visited in all thrice,) about one hundred estimated leagues from Mombaz. The route was through the Teita country by Kadiaro, through a pathless wilderness abounding in elephants, giraffes, zebras, rhinoceroses, buffaloes, &c. 'There is great uniformity in the characteristic grandeur of this country, always repeating itself; great plains, then suddenly again high monotonous mountain masses.' The great fact of this journey was the view of MOUNT KILIMANJARO, with its cover of perpetual snow, of which there can be no reason to doubt.

'During the return journey, which was performed in the hot season, when the mountains are not enveloped in clouds as in the rainy season, I was able for the first time to see distinctly the lofty summits of the mountains of Jagga and the outline of their connexion and

separation. There are two principal summits placed upon a basis some ten leagues long and as many broad, so that the space between them forms, as it were, a saddle, which extends three or four leagues from east to west. The eastern summit is lower, and pointed, whilst the western and higher one presents a fine crown, which, even in the hot season, when its western and lowlier neighbour can no longer support its snowy roof, remains covered by a mass of snow. The snow of Kilimanjaro is not only the perpetual source of the many rivers (twenty, at least) which proceed from it, but even in the hot season, and indeed then more particularly, it is a continual source of rain, as may be daily observed, and as I have already described in alluding to the use made of the phenomenon by the sorcerers. The Suahili of the coast call the snow mountain Kilimanjaro, "mountain of greatness;" it may also mean "mountain of caravans" (Kilima, mountain,—Jaro, caravans), a landmark for the caravans seen everywhere from afar; but the inhabitants of Jagga call it Kibo, snow. On my first journey my guide had misinformed me, when he said that the people of Jagga had no word for snow; but when I asked the natives of Jagga themselves, their various statements,—for example, that the Kibo when put into the fire turns into water,—convinced me that they not only knew it as "Kibo," but knew no less well its nature and properties. They assented, too, when I told them that the river flowing by had its source in Kibo. I showed the Suahili that the white covering could not be silver, as they could see with their own eyes that on the one mountain it appeared and disappeared with the seasons, while on the other it increased and decreased, which could not be the case if it were silver.—*Krapf*, pp. 254, 255.

Add to this the testimony of Dr. Krapf.

'On the 10th of November, 1849, upon my first journey to Ukambani I also beheld it first near Mount Maungu, thirty-six leagues from Mombaz, and afterwards in Ukambani, whence from every elevation the silver-crowned summit of the lofty mountain was plainly visible. On my second journey to Ukambani in 1851, the mountain Njaro was not only easily discernible with the telescope, but also with the naked eye. In addition to this Mr. Rebmann slept at the base of the mountain, and even by moonlight could distinctly make out snow. He conversed with the natives in reference to the white matter visible upon the dome-like summit of the mountain, and he was told that the silver-like stuff, when brought down in bottles, proved to be nothing but water; that many who ascended the mountain perished from extreme cold, or returned with frozen extremities, which persons unacquainted with the real cause ascribed to the malignant influence of dshins or evil spirits. After all these corroborative circumstances what doubt could longer remain in our minds respecting the existence of snow in Eastern Africa?'—*Pp. 543, 544.*

There is also a second snow-capped mountain called KENIA, and near it a volcano or mountain from which smoke proceeds.

Kenia was seen by Dr. Krapf, December 3rd, 1849, most distinctly. The geographer Ravenstein places Kenia in $1^{\circ} 45'$ south latitude, 36° east longitude. Kilimanjaro $3^{\circ} 30'$ south latitude, 37° east longitude. The Jagga country is described in glowing terms;—vegetation increasing in richness towards the mountain, extensive pasture land, magnificent forests, plains intersected by numerous streams, land enough for thousands of families wholly unoccupied; while the highlands offer at once a healthy and picturesque residence. The inhabitants are a robust and powerful race, 'owing to the healthiness of the climate;' the Government is a despotism, in this respect differing from that of the Wateita, Wanika, and Wakamba. All male children as soon as they are beyond the mother's care are taken to live together, to be trained to labour either as guards, or in the construction of agricultural works, such as water courses, &c. Field labour, which is much increased by the practice of stable-feeding the cattle, devolves upon the women. There are no compact villages, but only isolated enclosures, separated from each other by open spaces, extending about the eighth of a mile. In other words the Jaggas occupy locations or farms, and live upon them as our farmers generally do in England.

Dr. Krapf then visited USAMBARA, a mountain region southwest of Mombaz. Fuga is the capital.

'In this East-African alpine land mountain succeeds to mountain, stream to stream, glen to glen. The marsh-land at the foot of the mountains is used as rice-plantations, the hills are covered with excellent sugar-cane and banana-trees, and the woods contain superior available timber.'—Pp. 276, 277.

The government is a despotism; the people are remarkably orderly and civil, as disobedient subjects are sold into slavery.

'The Wasambara are in general of the middle size, the colour of their skin is yellowish, and their frames strong enough for them to carry burdens. Their mode of life is of the simplest; the banana roasted or boiled is all that they require, and all that in many places they possess beside their herds. The cool mountain air, and the simplicity of their mode of life, contribute apparently to the excellent health which they enjoy; for, except in the shape of rheumatism and cutaneous disorders, illness is apparently unknown to them.

'The working men have not in an ordinary way more than one wife a-piece; not that they are forbidden to have more, but they are too poor to be polygamists. From its mountainous character, Usambara is a poor country, much poorer than Bondei and the lowlands, the inhabitants of which would be rich, if they were more industrious. Even the Wasambara might be better off if they knew how to avail themselves of the natural resources of their country. How many

mills and factories might be driven by the numerous streams of this region! Wood, indeed, is often scarce, so that in many places dried cow-dung has to be used for fuel; as in Abessinia and other parts of Africa.'—Page 388.

UKAMBANI (the land of the Wakamba) is a mountain country to the north of the Jagga country, which Dr. Krapf visited twice, the second time narrowly escaping with his life. The Wakamba are a fine powerful race; frequently emigrate to the coast; and trade in caravans into the interior. In the use of circumcision, and in most other respects they resemble the Kaffirs near the Cape Colony.

Beyond the more settled tribes, are found the WAKUAFI and MASAI tribes, who call themselves ORLOIKOB (Aborigines), and occupy the country from 2° north to 4° south latitude. They are nomads, living entirely on meat, milk, honey, and game, despising agriculture, and are engaged in continual forays upon their neighbours, by whom they are much dreaded.

'Where the Masai and Wakuafi abide for any length of time, they build a large town or Orlmamara—a smaller is called Engany, and a settlement which promises to be important and is large, is styled Enganassa—in which they construct huts, covered with cow-hides or grass, and surrounded by thorn hedges and ditches for protection against an enemy's attack. The town is guarded by the Elmoran, the young men of from twenty to twenty-five, who form a standing army, as it were, ever ready to ward off the attack of an enemy, and to make incursions into the territories of stranger-tribes. At their head stands the Oilkibroni, or chief, who must be distinguished by wisdom, fluency of speech, valour, pastoral riches, &c., and in conjunction with the Oilebon, magician, medicine-man, soothsayer, and augur, he conducts the affairs of the Wakuafi and Masai republics; but his dignity is not hereditary, for he can be deposed, and even put to death, if he is often defeated by the enemy.

'The subdivisions of age are more numerous with the Wakuafi and Masai than among the Wanika and other tribes. The children, Engera, remain with their mothers and old people, who tend the cattle and do the household work; the youths, Leiok, from fourteen to twenty, devote themselves to the national games and the pursuits of the chase; the young men, Elmoran, from twenty to twenty-five, who among the Wanika form the association of the Kambe, are the warriors; those older who are married and are designated Khieko, partly engage in war, partly in hunting elephants, buffaloes, &c.; whilst the aged men, who are termed Eekiulsharo or Eekiminsho, remain at home; and with their wisdom and experience enlighten their juniors, who pay them great respect. Maidens only marry when they have come completely to maturity, and the women are clad in dresses of leather, which descend below their knees. The Wakuafi and Masai marry several wives, whom the bridegroom purchases from the parents

by the payment of a number of black cattle. Each family recognises its herd by particular marks with which the cattle are branded.

'Like all East-Africans, the Wakuafi and Masai are passionately fond of tobacco, but use it more as snuff than for smoking, and procure it principally from Kikuyu, Jagga, and Usambara, countries with which they have some connexion. They also obtain tobacco, as well as cloths, glass beads, copper wire, &c., from the Suahili traders, who, in caravans from six hundred to one thousand men strong, and mostly armed with muskets, venture into the countries of the Wakuafi and Masai to fetch ivory, but are often nearly all slain.

'Olmara, hydromel, or honey-water, is a favourite beverage of the Wakuafi and Masai, who have honey in abundance. Their household gear consists chiefly of calabashes, leather bags, baskets, and pots, which are carried by the women, or borne on asses when the tribe wanders from one place to another.

'In the countries of the Masai and Wakuafi, there are many lions, elephants, buffaloes, rhinoceroses, leopards, hyænas, wild boars, and swine; giraffes, jackals, zebras, monkeys, many varieties of the antelope, crocodile, and hippopotamus.

'Towards beggars, blind men, and strangers of their own nation, the Wakuafi are said to act very liberally and kindly; but towards "Olmagnati," people of other races, they evince at once suspicion and hostility; the Suahili traders therefore, when they go near them, have both to exercise caution, and to appear in superior force. The Wakuafi and Masai do not make slaves of their prisoners, but kill men and women alike in cold blood, sparing only very young girls, and consequently do not traffic in slaves; but there are tribes in the interior, such as the Wandmoho, Elkonono, and Waman, who stand in the same relation to the Masai and Wakuafi, as the Dahalo do to the Galla on the coast of Malindi, who are forced to hunt elephants for the Masai and Wakuafi, and to perform other labour, such as the manufacture of spears, swords, and knives.

'In burying the dead, the Masai and Wakuafi do not appear to get up the howling, tumult, and dancing, as is the custom of the agricultural tribes of Eastern Africa; nor have they, it is said, any special days of rest like the Wanika, for instance, who do no work upon every fourth day, but spend it in feasting and carousing. Circumcision appears to be practised among the Wakuafi and Masai, as among the other tribes of Eastern Africa, where it has become the universal custom.

'As regards the religious notions of the Masai and Wakuafi, they appear, like other East-Africans, to have a vague idea of a Supreme Being, whom they call Engai. This Supreme Being dwells on the White Mountain, whence comes the water or the rain, which is so indispensable to their meadows and herds. But, according to the notion of the Wakuafi, there is an intermediary being between Engai and themselves, the Neiterkob, who is, as it were, the mediator between Engai and man; and it is, therefore, to him that the Wakuafi first turn to gain a hearing from Engai, when, as we have seen, they

pray for rain, health, victory, or cattle. What notions they entertain of evil spirits, and how far their souls are subjugated by a fear of these, I have not been able to learn, though probably they do not differ much from other Africans in this respect; for the dread of evil spirits is the invariable accompaniment of the worship of Baal, and of fallen man, as long as he does not learn to recognise a reconciled God and Father through Christ. Man must fear and serve the evil one, as long as he does not strive to become an habitation of God through the Spirit.'—*Krapf*, pp. 362–366.

The information collected in these journeys by Dr. Krapf and Mr. Rebmann respecting a large inland sea, was incorporated in a map published in the Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society, 1856, of which the most striking feature was a lake of a curious shape, extending through twelve degrees of latitude. The object of the expedition of Major Burton and Captain Speke was 'to test the accuracy of the data furnished;' and the result was complete success as regards this great object. Two large lakes or inland seas were discovered, the NYANZA to the north, and the TANGANYIKA to the south of the Nyanza, and three degrees further westward. Major Burton's volumes are a reprint of his Report, which first appeared in the Geographical Society's Journal for 1859, with some additional particulars of an amusing and racy character, which, however necessary to the character of an 'exclusively light work,' rather detract from its value. Sundry insinuations as to the inutility of missions, and disparaging reflections upon the labours of his colleague Captain Speke, are also serious blots in what is nevertheless a book of great interest. In justice to Captain Speke, we may remark, that his admirable papers in *Blackwood* lose nothing by comparison with Major Burton's volumes, and should always be read in connexion with them. His great fault, in Major Burton's eyes, appears to have been his forestalling him in the discovery of the Nyanza Lake.

The journey commenced 27th of January, 1857, at Kaole, a small town south of the Kingani River, opposite Zanzibar. The *personnel* of the expedition was as choice as circumstances would permit: 'bad enough the best.'

'As domestic servants I had brought from Bombay two Goanese "boys," who received exorbitant wages for doing a little of everything and nothing well; two Negro gun-carriers were also engaged at Zanzibar. Said bin Salim, the Ras Kafilah, had, as attendants, four slaves, a boy and an acting wife, whose bulky beauties engrossed his every thought. The Baloch escort numbered thirteen men till one died at Unyanyembe: sent to protect us, they soon deemed it sufficient labour to protect themselves. Twenty Negro slaves and twenty-five asses formed a mass of stubborn savagery which proved a severe trial

of temper; and finally thirty-six Wanyamwezi return porters, of whom two died of small-pox and two were left behind when unable to advance, carried the outfit. The party did not long continue compact; and the reader may derive some idea of my troubles from the fact that, during our eighteen months of travel, there was not an attendant, from Said bin Salim to the most abject slave, who did not plan, attempt, or carry out desertion.'—*Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, vol. xxix., p. 16.

The maritime region extending from the coast to Zungomero, about ninety-two miles, (in a direct line,) was crossed in about twelve days.

'The present road runs with few and unimportant deviations along the whole length of the fluviatile valleys of the Kingani and the Mgeta. Native caravans if lightly laden generally accomplish the march in a fortnight, one halt included. On both sides of this line, whose greatest height above the sea-level was found by B. F. therm. to be 330 feet, rises the rolling ground, which is the general character of the country. Its undulations present no eminences worthy of notice; near the sea they are short and steep, further inland they roll in longer waves, and everywhere they are covered with abundant and luxuriant vegetation, the result of decomposition upon the richest soil. In parts there is an appearance of park land; bushless and scattered forests, with grass rising almost to the lower branches of the smaller thorns; here and there clumps and patches of impassable shrubbery cluster round knots and knolls of majestic and thickly foliaged trees. The narrow footpaths connecting the villages often plunge into dark and dense tunnels formed by overarching branch and bough, which delay the file of laden porters; the mud lingering long after a fall of rain in these low grounds fills them with a chilly clammy atmosphere. Merchants traverse such spots with trembling: in these, the proper places for ambuscade, a few determined men easily plunder a caravan by opposing it in front or by an attack in rear. The ways are often intersected by deep nullahs and water-courses, dry during the hot season, but unfordable when rain falls. In the many clearings, tobacco, maize, holcus, sesamum, and ground-nuts, manioc, beans, pulse, and sweet potatoes flourish; the pine-apple is a weed, and a few cocos and mangoes, papaws, jack-fruit, plantains, and limes are scattered over the districts near the sea. Rice grows abundantly in the lower levels. The villages are hidden deep in the bush or grass: the crowing of the cocks heard all along the road, except in the greater stretches of wilderness, proves them to be numerous; they are, however, small and thinly populated. The versant, as usual in maritime Eastern Africa, trends towards the Indian Ocean. Water abounds even at a distance from the rivers; it springs from the soil in diminutive runnels and lies in "shimo" or pits, varying from surface-depth to ten feet. The monsoon-rains, which are heavy, commence in March, about a month earlier than in Zanzibar, and the duration is similar. The climate of the higher lands is somewhat superior to

that of the valley, but it is still hot and oppressive.'—*Burton*, vol. i., pp. 101, 102.

'About Zungomero rain is constant, except for a single fortnight in the month of January; it seems to the stranger as if the crops must infallibly decay, but they do not. At most times the sun, even at its greatest northern declination, shines through a veil of mist with a sickly blaze and blistering heat, and the overcharge of electricity is evidenced by frequent and violent thunder-storms.'—*Ibid.*, pp. 104, 105.

The mountain region, comprising the Usagara chain, consists of parallel ridges separated by plains; it begins at Zungomero and ends at the edge of the flat table land of Ugogo, a distance of about 85 geographical miles. The highest points of this part of the chain of mountains, which extends from the Cape to the Gulf of Aden, are from 5,000 to 7,000 feet above the sea level, and the climate is, of course, cold and damp.

The arid table land of Ugogo, the general level of which is 4,000 feet, reaches to the Eastern districts of the Unyamwezi, 155 miles, and is the counterpart of the Kalahari and Karoo deserts of South Africa. Excepting a few favoured spots, it has no cultivation, no wood, and no river. The great desert elephant ground Mgunda-mkali has to be crossed, a distance of 40 miles between Ugogo and Unyamwezi; the general aspect is a dull uniform bush, a trackless waste of scrub, alternating with thin gum forests. Blocks of granite and grey syenite, evidences of igneous agency, stud the surface, and 'at a distance the larger masses might be mistaken for cyclopean walls, towers, steeples,' &c.

Our travellers reached Kazeh, a principal town of the UNYAMWEZI, and an Arab depôt whence various trading routes diverge, on the 7th of November, 1857, 134 days from the coast. From Kazeh the land falls by a gentle decline westward. It is highly cultivated, and produces rice, sweet cane, &c.: cotton cloth is manufactured, and is in general use for the loose wrappers worn by the natives. Half-way between this point and the Lake Tanganyika, Major Burton was seized with paralysis of the lower extremities, accompanied by partial loss of sight. With indomitable perseverance he pursued his journey, carried in a hammock, and on the 2nd of February, 1858, was rewarded with a sight of the long-sought lake.

'Nothing, in sooth, could be more picturesque than this first view of the Tanganyika Lake, as it lay in the lap of the mountains, basking in the gorgeous tropical sunshine. Below and beyond a short foreground of rugged and precipitous hill-fold, down which the foot-path zigzags painfully, a narrow strip of emerald green, never sere and marvellously fertile, shelves towards a ribbon of glistening yellow sand, here bordered by sedgy rushes, there cleanly and clearly cut by

the breaking wavelets. Further in front stretch the waters, an expanse of the lightest and softest blue, in breadth varying from thirty to thirty-five miles, and sprinkled by the crisp east wind with tiny crescents of snowy foam. The background in front is a high and broken wall of steel-coloured mountain, here flecked and capped with pearly mist, there standing sharply pencilled against the azure air; its yawning chasms, marked by a deeper plum-colour, fall towards dwarf hills of mound-like proportions, which apparently dip their feet in the wave. To the south, and opposite the long low point, behind which the Malagarazi River discharges the red loam suspended in its violent stream, lie the bluff headlands and capes of Uguhha, and, as the eye dilates, it falls upon a cluster of outlying islets, speckling a sea-horizon. Villages, cultivated lands, the frequent canoes of the fishermen on the waters, and on a nearer approach the murmurs of the waves breaking upon the shore, give a something of variety, of movement, of life to the landscape, which, like all the fairest prospects in these regions, wants but a little of the neatness and finish of Art,—mosques and kiosks, palaces and villas, gardens and orchards,—contrasting with the profuse lavishness and magnificence of nature, and diversifying the unbroken *coup d'œil* of excessive vegetation, to rival, if not to excel, the most admired scenery of the classic regions. The riant shores of this vast crevasse appeared doubly beautiful to me after the silent and spectral mangrove-creeks on the East-African sea-board, and the melancholy, monotonous experience of desert and jungle scenery, tawny rock and sun-parched plain or rank herbage and flats of black mire. Truly it was a revel for soul and sight! Forgetting toils, dangers, and the doubtfulness of return, I felt willing to endure double what I had endured; and all the party seemed to join with me in joy.—*Burton*, vol. ii., pp. 42–44.

A large crescent-shaped mass of mountain to the north of the lake is considered by Captain Speke to be the true Mountains of the Moon. But Major Burton denies the existence of anything beyond 'a thin range of hills fringing the Tanganyika.'

The exploration of the lake occupied our travellers from the 10th of April to the 13th of May, 1858, and was accomplished with great difficulty.

'The Tanganyika occupies the centre of the length of the African continent, which extends from 32° N. to 33° S. latitude, and it lies on the western extremity of the eastern third of the breadth. Its general direction is parallel to the inner African line of volcanic action drawn from Gondar southwards through the regions about Kilima-Ngáo (Kilimanjaro) to Mount Njesa, the eastern wall of the Nyassa Lake. The general formation suggests, as in the case of the Dead Sea, the idea of a volcano of depression, not, like the Nyanza or Ukerewe, a vast reservoir formed by the drainage of mountains. Judging from the eye, the walls of this basin rise in an almost continuous curtain, rarely waving, and inflected to 2,000 or 3,000 feet above the water-

level. The lower slopes were well wooded: upon the higher summits large trees are said not to grow; the deficiency of soil, and the prevalence of high fierce winds would account for the phenomena. The lay is almost due north and south, and the form a long oval, widening in the central portions and contracting systematically at both extremities.

*.....The total of length, from Uvira, in S. lat. $30^{\circ} 25'$, to Marungu, in S. lat. $7^{\circ} 20'$, would then be somewhat less than 250 rectilinear geographical miles.....Assuming, therefore, the total length at 250, and the main breadth at 20, geographical miles, the circumference of the Tanganyika would represent, in round numbers, a total of 550 miles; the superficial area, which seems to vary little, covers about 5,000 square miles; and the drainage from the beginning of the great Central African depression in Unyamwezi, in E. long. $33^{\circ} 58'$, numbers from the eastward about 240 miles.

'By B. P. thermometer the altitude of the Tanganyika is 1850 feet above the sea-level, and about 2000 feet below the adjacent plateau of Unyamwezi and the Nyanza, or northern lake.'—*Burton*, vol. ii., pp. 137–139.

URUWWA, a country to the west of the lake, is the terminus of the Arab trade in that direction. The route is nine long or sixteen short stages.

*Kiyombo, the sultan of Uruwua, is at present friendly with the Arabs; he trades in ivory, slaves, and a little copper from Katata or Katanga, a district distant fifteen marches north-west of Usenda, the now well-known capital of the great chief Kazembe. The grandfather of the present Kazembe, the "viceroy" of the country lying south-west of the Tanganyika, and feudatory to Mwátá yá Nvo, the sovereign of "Uropua," was first visited by Dr. Lacerda, governor of the Rios de Sena, in 1798–99. The traveller died, however, after being nine months in the country, without recording the name and position of the African capital: the former was supplied by the expedition sent under Major Monteiro and Captain Gamitto in 1831–32; it is variously pronounced Lucenda, Luenda, and by the Arabs Usenda, the difference being caused probably by dialect or inflexion. According to the Arabs, the Kazembe visited by the Portuguese expedition in 1831, died about 1837, and was succeeded by his son, the present chief. He is described as a man of middle age, of light-coloured complexion, handsomely dressed in a Surat cap, silk coat, and embroidered loin cloth; he is rich in copper, ivory, and slaves, cloth and furniture, muskets and gunpowder. Many Arabs, probably half-castes, are said to be living with him in high esteem, and the medium of intercourse is the Kisawahili. Though he has many wives, he allows his subjects but one each, puts both adulterer and adulteress to death, and generally punishes by gouging out one or both eyes.'—*Burton*, vol. ii., pp. 147, 148.

The name of Unyamwezi is the origin of the fabulous Empire

of Monemugi, which was supposed to fill up the void between Monomotapa, Abyssinia, and Congo!

'There is the evidence of barbarous tradition for a belief in the existence of Unyamwezi as a great empire, united under a single despot. The elders declare that their patriarchal ancestor became after death the first tree, and afforded shade to his children and descendants. According to the Arabs the people still perform pilgrimage to a holy tree, and believe that the penalty of sacrilege in cutting off a twig would be visited by sudden and mysterious death. All agree in relating that during the olden time Unyamwezi was united under a single sovereign, whose tribe was the Wakalaganza, still inhabiting the western district, Usagozi. According to the people, whose greatest chronical measure is a Masika, or rainy season, in the days of the grandfathers of their grandfathers the last of the Wanyamwezi emperors died. His children and nobles divided and dismembered his dominions, further partitions ensued, and finally the old empire fell into the hands of a rabble of petty chiefs. Their wild computation would point to an epoch of 150 years ago—a date by no means improbable.

'These glimmerings of light thrown by African tradition illustrate the accounts given by the early Portuguese concerning the extent and the civilization of the Unyamwezi empire. Moreover, African travellers in the seventeenth century concur in asserting that, between 250 and 300 years ago, there was an outpouring of the barbarians from the heart of *Æthiopia* and from the shores of the Central Lake towards the eastern and southern coasts of the peninsula, a general waving and wandering of tribes which caused great ethnological and geographical confusion, public demoralization, dismemberment of races, and change, confusion, and corruption of tongues. About this period it is supposed the kingdom of Mtándá, the first Kazembe, was established. The Kaffirs of the Cape also date their migration from the northern regions to the banks of the Kei about a century and a half ago.

'In these days Unyamwezi has returned to the political status of Eastern Africa in the time of the *Periplus*. It is broken up into petty divisions, each ruled by its own tyrant; his authority never extends beyond five marches; moreover, the minor chiefs of the different districts are virtually independent of their suzerains. One language is spoken throughout the land of the Moon, but the dialectic differences are such that the tribes in the east with difficulty understand their brethren in the west.'—*Burton*, vol. ii., pp. 4, 5.

So much for the exploded grandeur of the Monemugi. Dr. Livingstone (page 617) had undeceived us respecting Monomotapa, and, to complete our enlightenment, Major Burton informs us that Ukaranga, a district east of the lake, is the origin of the empire of Mocaranga! We have but very few more delusions to unlearn in African geography. From the sea coast to UJJI on

the lake, travellers usually make from 85 to 100 stages, 540 miles direct, but about 955 travelled miles. Returning to Kazeh, Major Burton remained while Captain Speke went direct northward to the southern extremity of the large lake NYANZA, of which information had been received at Kazeh on the journey from the coast. Of this discovery Captain Speke has given a particular account in *Blackwood's Magazine* for September, October, and November, 1859; and Major Burton gives us the result of his inquiries, which may be compared with Captain Speke's.

'At the southern point, where the Muungwira River falls into the tortuous creek, whose surface is a little archipelago of brown rocky islets crowned with trees and emerging from the blue waters, the observed latitude of the Nyanza Lake is $2^{\circ} 24' S.$; the longitude by dead reckoning from Kazeh is $E. \text{ long. } 33^{\circ}$ and nearly due north, and the altitude by B. P. thermometer 3750 feet above sea-level. Its extent to the north is unknown to the people of the southern regions, which rather denotes some difficulty in travelling than any great extent. They informed my companion that from Mwanza to the southern frontier of Karagwah is a land journey of one month, or a sea voyage of five days towards the N.N.W. and then to the north. They also pointed out the direction of Unyoro $N. 20^{\circ} W.$ The Arab merchants of Kazeh have seen the Nyanza opposite Weranhanja, the capital district of Armanika, King of Karagwah, and declare that it receives the Kitangure River, whose mouth has been placed about the equator. Beyond that point all is doubtful. The merchants have heard that Suna, the late despot of Uganda, built matumbi, or undecked vessels, capable of containing forty or fifty men, in order to attack his enemies, the Wasoga, upon the creeks which indent the western shores of the Nyanza. This, if true, would protract the lake to between 1° and $1^{\circ} 30'$ of $N. \text{ lat.}$, and give it a total length of about 4° or 250 miles. This point, however, is still involved in the deepest obscurity. Its breadth was estimated as follows. A hill, about 200 feet above the water-level, shows a conspicuous landmark on the eastern shore, which was set down as forty miles distant. On the south-western angle of the line from the same point ground appeared; it was not, however, perceptible on the north-west. The total breadth, therefore, has been assumed at eighty miles,—a figure which approaches the traditions unconsciously chronicled by European geographers. In the vicinity of Usoga the lake, according to the Arabs, broadens out: of this, however, and in fact of all the formation north of the equator, it is at present impossible to arrive at certainty.

'The Nyanza is an elevated basin or reservoir, the recipient of the surplus monsoon-rain which falls in the extensive regions of the Wamasai and their kinsmen to the east, the Karagwah line of the Lunar Mountains to the west, and to the south Usukuma or Northern Unyamwezi. Extending to the equator in the central length of the

African peninsula, and elevated above the limits of depression in the heart of the continent, it appears to be a gap in the irregular chain which, running from Usumbara and Kilima-Ngao to Karagwah, represents the formation anciently termed the Mountains of the Moon. The physical features, as far as they were observed, suggest this view. The shores are low and flat, dotted here and there with little hills; the smaller islands also are hill-tops, and any part of the country immediately on the south would, if inundated to the same extent, present a similar aspect. The lake lies open and elevated, rather like the drainage and the temporary deposit of extensive floods than a volcanic creation like the Tanganyika, a long narrow mountain-girt basin. The waters are said to be deep, and the extent of the inundation about the southern creek proves that they receive during the season an important accession.'—*Burton*, vol. ii., pp. 211–213.

In the opinion of Captain Speke, founded on native information, a large river flows from the northern end of this lake, connecting it with the Tubiri, one of the principal sources of the Nile; but this is doubted by some distinguished geographers, and is flatly contradicted by Major Burton. The expedition returned to Zanzibar in safety on the 3rd of February, 1859.

Our space has not permitted us to introduce our readers to the Wazaramo, the Wasagara, the Wagogo, the Wanyamezi, the Wajiji, &c.: however, the well known general family likeness of all South African tribes renders this omission of little importance. Some interesting information collected from Arab traders, respecting the northern kingdom of KARAGWAH, UGANDA, and UNYORO to the west and north of Nyanza Lake, leads us to infer that Central Africa will be found to contain numerous despotisms similar to that which exists among the Balonda people with whom Dr. Livingstone came in contact; and that the glowing pictures of the African Empires found in the old Portuguese voyagers may have had some foundation in fact.

'Informants agree in representing the northern races as superior in civilization and social constitution to the other tribes of Eastern and Central Africa. Like the subjects of the Kazembe, they have built extensive and regular settlements, and they reverence even to worship a single despot, who rules with a rigour which in Europe would be called barbarity. Having thrown off the rude equality of their neighbours, they recognise ranks in society; there is order amongst men, and some idea of honour in women; they add to commerce credit, without which commerce can hardly exist; and they hospitably entertain strangers and guests. These accounts are confirmed by the specimens of male and female slaves from Karagwah and Uganda seen at Unyanyembe: between them and the southern races there is a marked physical difference. The heads are of a superior cast: the regions where the reflective faculties and the moral sentiments, espe-

cially benevolence, are placed, rise high; the nose is more of the Caucasian type; the immoderate masticating apparatus which gives to the Negro and the lower Negroid his peculiar aspect of animality, is greatly modified, and the expression of the countenance is soft, kindly, and not deficient in intelligence.'—*Burton*, vol. ii., pp. 174, 175.

KARAGWAH is bounded on the north by the Kitangure River, which is a great western affluent of the Nyanza Lake, not far distant from the equator, perhaps in latitude $1^{\circ} 14'$ south.

'The people of Karagwah, who are not, according to South African fashion, called Wakaragwah, are divided into two orders—Wahuma and Wanyambo—who seem to bear to each other the relation of patron and client, patrician and plebeian. Wahuma comprises the rich, who sometimes possess one thousand head of cattle, and the warriors, a militia paid in the milk of cows allotted to their temporary use by the King. The Wanyambo—Fellahs or Ryots—are, it is said, treated by the nobles as slaves. The men of Karagwah are a tall stout race, doubtless from the effect of pure mountain air and animal food. Corpulence is a beauty: girls are fattened to a vast bulk by drenches of curds and cream thickened with flour, and are duly disciplined when they refuse. The Arabs describe them as frequently growing to a monstrous size, like some specimens of female Boers mentioned by early travellers in Southern Africa. Fresh milk is the male, sour the female beverage. The complexion is a brown yellow, like that of the Warundi. The dress of the people, and even of the chiefs, is an apron of close-grained mbugu, or bark-cloth, softened with oil, and crimped with fine longitudinal lines made with a batten or pounding club. In shape it resembles the flap of an English saddle, tied by a prolongation of the upper corners round the waist. To this scarcely decent article the chiefs add a languti, or Indian-T-bandage of goat's skin. Nudity is not uncommon, and nubile girls assume the veriest apology for clothing, which is exchanged after marriage for short kilts and breast coverings of skin. Both sexes wear tiara-shaped and cravat-formed ornaments of the crimson abrus-seed, pierced and strung upon mondo, the fine fibre of the mwale or raphia-palm. The weapons are bows and arrows, spears, knobsticks, and knives; the ornaments are beads and coil-bracelets, which, with cattle, form the marriage settlement. The huts are of the conical and circular African shape, with walls of stakes and roofs so carefully thatched that no rain can penetrate them: the villages, as in Usagara, are scattered upon the crests and ridges of the hills.

'The Mkámá, or Sultan of Karagwah, in 1858, was Armanika, son of Mdagara, who, although the dignity is in these lands hereditary, was opposed by his younger brother Rumanika. The rebel, after an obstinate attack, was routed by Suna, the late despot of Uganda, who, bribed by the large present of ivory, which was advanced by Musa Mzuri of Kazeh, then trading with Armanika, threw a large force into the

field. Rumanika was blinded and pensioned, and about four years ago peace was restored. Armanika resides in the central district, Weranhanja, and his settlement, inhabited only by the royal family, contains from forty to fifty huts. He is described as a man about thirty to thirty-five years old, tall, sturdy, and sinewy-limbed, resembling the Somal. His dress is, by preference, the mbugu, or bark-cloth, but he has a large store of fine raiment presented by his Arab visitors: in ornaments he is distinguished by tight gaiters of beads extending from knee to ankle. His diet is meat and milk, with sometimes a little honey, plantains, and grain: unlike his subjects, he eschews mawa and pombe. He has about a dozen wives, an unusually moderate allowance for an African chief, and they have borne him ten or eleven children. The royal family is said to be a race of centenarians; they are buried in their garments, sitting and holding their weapons: when the King dies, there is a funeral feast.

'Under the Mkama is a single minister, who takes the title of Muhinda and presides over the Wakungu, elders and headmen, whose duty it is to collect and to transmit to the monarch one every month his revenues, in the shape of slaves and ivory, cattle and provisions. Milk must be forwarded by proprietors of cows and herds even from a distance of three days' march. Armanika is an absolute ruler, and he governs without squeamishness. Adulterers are punished by heavy fines in cattle, murderers are speared and beheaded, rebels and thieves are blinded by gouging out the eyes with the finger-joint of the right-hand, and severing the muscles. Subjects are forbidden to sell milk to those who eat beans or salt, for fear of bewitching the animals. The Mkama, who lives without state or splendour, receives travellers with courtesy. Hearing of their approach, he orders his slaves to erect four or five tents for shelter, and he greets them with a large present of provisions. He demands no black mail, but the offerer is valued according to his offerings: the return gifts are carefully proportioned, and for beads which suit his taste he has sent back an acknowledgment of fifty slaves and forty cows. The price of adult male slaves varies from eight to ten fundo of white, green, or blue porcelain-beads: a woman in her prime costs two kitindi (each equal to one dollar on the coast), and five or six fundo of mixed beasts. Some of these girls, being light-coloured and well-favoured, sell for sixty dollars at Zanzibar.'—*Burton*, vol. ii., pp. 181-184.

Fifteen stations beyond the Kitangure River is Kibuga, the capital of UGANDA, (probably latitude $0^{\circ} 10'$ south,) and the residence of the great Mkama, or chief of Uganda.

'Concerning its population and peculiarities the Arabs must be allowed to tell their own tale. "Kibuga, the settlement, is not less than a day's journey in length; the buildings are of cane and rattan. The sultan's palace is at least a mile long, and the circular huts, neatly ranged in line, are surrounded by a strong fence which has only four gates. Bells at the several entrances announce the approach of strangers, and guards in hundreds attend there at all hours. They

are commanded by four chiefs, who are relieved every second day: these men pass the night under hides raised upon uprights, and their heads are forfeited if they neglect to attend to the summons of the King. The harem contains about three thousand souls—concubines, slaves, and children. No male nor adult animal may penetrate, under pain of death, beyond the Barzah, a large vestibule or hall of audience where the King dispenses justice and receives his customs. This palace has often been burned down by lightning: on these occasions the warriors must assemble and extinguish the fire by rolling over it. The chief of Uganda has but two wants with which he troubles his visitors—one, a medicine against death; the other, a charm to avert the thunderbolt: and immense wealth would reward the man who could supply either of these desiderata."

'Suna, the great despot of Uganda, a warlike chief, who wrested dependent Unyoro from its former possessor, reigned till 1857. He perished in the prime of life and suddenly, as the Arabs say, like Namrud; whilst riding "pickaback"—the state carriage of Central Africa—upon a minister's shoulder, he was struck by the shaft of the destroyer in the midst of his mighty host. As is the custom of barbarous and despotic races, the event was concealed for some months. When the usual time had expired, one of his many sons, exchanging his heir-elective name "Sámunjú" for Mtesa, became King. The court usage compels the newly elected chief to pass two years in retirement, committing state affairs to his ministers; little, therefore, is yet known of him. As he will certainly tread in the footsteps of his sire, the Arabs may again be allowed to describe the state and grandeur of the defunct Suna; and as Suna was in fact the whole kingdom of Uganda, the description will elucidate the condition of the people in general.

"The army of Uganda numbers at least 300,000 men; each brings an egg to muster, and thus something like a reckoning of the people is made. Each soldier carries one spear, two assegais, a long dagger, and a shield, bows and swords being unknown. When marching, the host is accompanied by women and children carrying spare weapons, provisions, and water. In battle they fight to the sound of drums, which are beaten with sticks like those of the Franks: should this performance cease, all fly the field. Wars with the Wanyaro, the Wasoga, and other neighbours, are rendered almost chronic by the policy as well as the pleasure of the monarch, and there are few days on which a foraging party does not march from or return to the capital. When the king has no foreign enemies, or when the exchequer is indecently deficient, he feigns rebellion, attacks one of his own provinces, massacres the chief men, and sells off the peasantry. Executions are frequent, a score being often slain at a time: when remonstrated with concerning this barbarity, Suna declared that he had no other secret for keeping his subjects in awe of him, and for preventing conspiracies. Sometimes the King would accompany his army to a battue of game, when the warriors were expected to distinguish themselves by attacking the most ferocious beasts without

weapons: even the elephant, borne down by numbers, yielded to the grasp of man. When passing a village, he used to raise a shout, which was responded to by a loud flourish of horns, reed-pipes, iron whistles, and similar instruments. At times he decreed a grand muster of his soldiery: he presented himself sitting before his gate, with a spear in the right hand, and holding in the left the leash of a large and favourite dog resembling an Arab suluki or greyhound. The master of the hounds was an important personage. Suna took great pleasure in witnessing trials of strength, the combatants contending with a mixture of slapping and pushing till one fell to the ground. He had a large menagerie of lions, elephants, leopards, and similar beasts of disport, to whom he would sometimes give a criminal as a '*curée*': he also kept for amusement fifteen or sixteen albinos; and so greedy was he of novelty that even a cock of peculiar or uniform colour would have been forwarded by its owner to feed his eyes."

'Suna when last visited by the Arabs was a "red man," aged about forty-five, tall, robust, and powerful of limb, with a right kingly presence and a warrior carriage. His head was so shaven as to leave what the Omani calls "*el Kishshah*," a narrow crest of hair like a cock's comb, from nape to brow; nodding and falling over his face under its weight of strung beads, it gave him a fierce and formidable aspect. This tonsure, confined to those about the palace, distinguishes its officers and inmates, servile as well as free, from the people. The Ryots leave patches of hair where they please, but they may not shave the whole scalp under pain of death, till a royal edict unexpectedly issued at times commands every head to shed its honours. Suna never appeared in public without a spear; his dress was the national costume,—a large piece of the fine crimped mbugu or bark-cloth manufactured in these regions, extending from the neck to the ground. He made over to his women the rich clothes presented by the Arabs, and allowed them to sew with unravelled cotton thread, whereas the people under severe penalties were compelled to use plantain fibre. No commoner could wear domestics or similar luxuries: and in the presence, the accidental exposure of a limb led, according to the merchants, to the normal penalty—death.

'Suna, like the northern despots generally, had a variety of names, all expressing something bitter, mighty, or terrible, as, for instance, Lbare, the Almighty (?); Mbidde and Purgoma, a lion. He could not understand how the Sultan of Zanzibar allowed his subjects treasonably to assume the name of their ruler; and besides mortifying the Arabs by assuming an infinite superiority over their prince, he shocked them by his natural and unaffected impiety. He boasted to them that he was the god of earth, as their Allah was the Lord of Heaven. He murmured loudly against the abuse of lightning; and he claimed from his subjects divine honours, which were as readily yielded to him as by the facile Romans to their emperors. No Mgándá would allow the omnipotence of his sultan to be questioned, and a light word concerning him would have imperilled a stranger's life. Suna's domestic policy reminds the English reader of the

African peculiarities which form the groundwork of "Rasselas." His sons, numbering more than one hundred, were removed from the palace in early youth to separate dungeons, and so secured with iron collars and fetters fastened to both ends of a long wooden bar that the wretches could never sit, and without aid could neither rise nor lie. The heir-elective was dragged from his chains to fill a throne, and the cadets will linger through their dreadful lives, unless wanted as sovereigns, until death release them. Suna kept his female children under the most rigid surveillance within the palace: he had, however, a favourite daughter named Nasuru, whose society was so necessary to him that he allowed her to appear with him in public.

'The principal officers under the despot of Uganda are, first, the Kimara Vyona (literally the "finisher of all things"): to him, the chief civilian of the land, the city is committed; he also directs the kabaka or village headmen. The second is the Sakibobo or commander-in-chief, who has power over the Sávágáni, the life-guards and slaves, the warriors and builders of the palace. Justice is administered in the capital by the sultan, who, though severe, is never accused of perverting the law, which here would signify the ancient custom of the country. A Mhozi—Arabized to Hoz, and compared with the Kazi of el Íslam—dispenses in each town criminal and civil rights. The only punishments appear to be death and mulcts. Capital offenders are beheaded or burned; in some cases they are flayed alive; the operation commences with the face, and the skin, which is always much torn by the knife, is stuffed as in the old torturing days of Asia. When a criminal absconds, the males of his village are indiscriminately slain, and the women are sold—blood and tears must flow for discipline. In money suits each party begins by placing before the Mhozi a sum equivalent to the disputed claim; the object is to prevent an extensive litigiousness. Suna used to fine by fives or tens, dozens or scores, according to the offender's means; thus from a wealthy man he would take twenty male and twenty female slaves, with a similar number of bulls and cows, goats and kids, hens and even eggs.'—*Burton*, vol. ii., pp. 188–193.

UNYORO, part of which has been conquered by the chief of Uganda, lies to the north, north-west, and west of that country.

'The Wanyoro are a distinct race, speaking a language of the Zanzibarian family: they have suffered from the vicinity of the more warlike Waganda, who have affixed to the conquered the opprobrious name of widdu or "serviles:" and they have lost their southern possessions, which formerly extended between Karagwah and Uganda. Their late despot Chawambi, whose death occurred about ten years ago, left three sons, one of whom it is reported has fallen into the power of Uganda, whilst the two others still rule independently. The country is rich and fertile, and magnificent tales are told concerning the collections of ivory, which in some parts are planted in the ground to pen cattle.'—*Burton*, vol. ii., pp. 197, 198.

The chapters on village life in East Africa, and on the cha-

racter and religion of the East Africans, their government and slavery, will repay a careful perusal. Some deduction must be made in consideration of the author's peculiar views; and it is always necessary to guard against being carried away by the slashing philosophical generalizations of the race of *fast* travellers. We may observe, as an interesting illustration of the progress of African discovery, that Dr. Livingstone's recent explorations of the river SHIRE from the Zambezi, and his discovery of the lakes SHIRWAN and NYANJA, (the MARAVI of the old geographers,) to the north of that river, bring him in close connexion with the sphere of Major Burton's and Captain Speke's labours. Thus step by step we are filling up our map of Africa.

Before glancing at Dr. Beke's disquisition on the source of the Nile, we must give Major Burton's speculations on the mountain ranges of Central Africa.

'Karagwah is thus a mass of highlands, bounded on the north by dependent Unyoro, on the south by Usui, eastward by the tribes of Wahayya and Wapororo, upon the lacustrine plain of the Nyanza; on the south-west it inosculates with Urundi, which has been described as extending from the north-eastern extremity of the Tanganyika Lake. Its equatorial position and its altitude enable it to represent the Central African prolongation of the Lunar Mountains. Ptolemy describes this range, which he supposes to send forth the White Nile, as stretching across the continent for a distance of 10° of longitude. For many years this traditional feature has somewhat fallen into discredit: some geographers have changed the direction of the line, which, like the Himalayas, forms the base of the South African triangle from east and west to north and south, thus converting it into a formation akin to the ghauts or lateral ranges of the Indian peninsula; whilst others have not hesitated to cast ridicule upon the mythus. From the explorations of the "Mombas Mission" in Usumbara, Chhaga, and Kitui, and from the accounts of Arab visitors to the lands of Umasai and the kingdom of Karagwah, it appears that from the fifth parallel of S. lat. to the equator, an elevated mass of granite and sandstone formation crosses from the shores of the Indian Ocean to the centre of Tropical Africa. The vast limestone band which extends from the banks of the Burramputra to those of the Tagus appears to be prolonged as far south as the Eastern Horn, and near the equator to give place to sandstone formations. The line is not, however, as might be expected from analogy with the Himalayan, a continuous unbroken chain; it consists of insulated mountains, apparently volcanic, rising from elevated plains, and sometimes connected by barren and broken ridges. The south-eastern threshold of the Lunar cordillera is the highland region of Usumbara, which may attain the height of three or four thousand feet above sea-level. It leads by a succession of mountain and valley to Chhaga, whose apex is the "Æthiopian Olympus," Kilima-Ngao. From this

corner pillar the line trends westward, and the route to Burkene passes along the base of the principal elevations, Doengo Engai and Endia Siriani. Beyond Burkene lies the Nyanza Lake, in a huge gap which, breaking the continuity of the line, drains the regions westward of Kilima-Ngao, while those to the eastward, the Pangani and other similar streams, discharge their water to the south-east into the Indian Ocean. The kingdom of Karagwah prolongs the line to Urundi, upon the Tanganyika Lake, where the south-western spurs of the Lunar Mountains form a high continuous belt. Mr. Petherick, of Khartum, travelling twenty-five marches, each of twenty-miles (?), in a south-south-western and due-southerly direction from the Bahr el Ghazal, found a granitic ridge rising, he supposes, two thousand to two thousand five hundred feet above the plain, near the equator, and lying nearly upon the same parallel of latitude, and in about 27° E. long. Beyond that point the land is still unexplored. Thence the mountains may sink into the great depression of Central Africa, or, deflected northwards of the kingdom of Uropua, they may inosculate with the ridge which, separating the northern negroid races of Islamized Africa from their Negro brethren to the south, is popularly known, according to Denham and Clapperton, as el-Gibel Gumhr,—Jebel Kamar,—or Mons Lunæ.'—*Burton*, vol. ii., pp. 178–180.

Dr. Beke's work on the source of the Nile is what its title describes it to be, 'a general survey of the basin of that river, and of its head streams, with the history of Nilotic discovery.' It is an admirable text-book on this subject, in which full justice is done to all geographers from Ptolemy to our day. In the opinion of Dr. Beke, Nyanza and Tanganyika are the two lakes whence Ptolemy derives his two arms of the Nile; but the actual connexion of these lakes with the Nile is doubtful, though probable. If, as there is reason to believe, the longitude of the Tubiri affluent of the Nile at Gondokoro, an Austrian Romanist Mission Station, has been laid down three degrees in error towards the east, its connexion with the Nyanza Lake is all but impossible; but the position at the Sobat affluent of the Nile may be that hitherto ascribed to the Tubiri, and this branch of the Nile may be found to flow from the Nyanza. 'It is, however, of little avail to reason on insufficient data. This alone is certain, that all the head streams of the Nile must be thoroughly explored before it could be in our power finally and irrevocably to decide which among them is entitled to the designation of *the source* of the Nile. Till then we must remain content to own with the poet,—

*"Arcanum natura caput non prodidit ulli,
Nec licuit populis parvum te, Nile, videre."*

—Beke, p. 144.

M. Brun-Rollet's account of his explorations of the branches

of the Nile is illustrated by a map, which renders the text more intelligible. The original journals of the worthy trader would have been more satisfactory without the finish of the Parisian *littérateur*. The truthful narrative of Mr. M'Leod, late Consul at Mozambique, reveals to us (if such revelation were necessary) the complicity of the Portuguese officials in the slave trade, and the folly of any English official presuming to do his duty too zealously, and thus occasioning trouble to his superiors.

Few romances are half so interesting as the history of the trials and persecutions of this gentleman and his lady by the slave party which rules in this settlement of 'our faithful ally,' whom we credulously sympathized with as a martyr to French oppression in the affair of the '*Charles et Georges*,' because unwilling to connive at a modified slave trade under the designation of 'free labour emigration.' It would appear as if the *modification* which had the appearance of honest trade was that which rendered the scheme unpalatable, while an open undisguised slave trade, supported by French authority, would have met with welcome and cordial co-operation. Our suspicions of Portuguese aversion to legitimate traffic are confirmed by the last communication received from Dr. Livingstone, dated Zambezi, 12th of March, 1860:—

'You may possibly have heard of what we have been doing, though, from having been occupied very differently from what I expected, I have been unable to write to many of my friends. We have found an opening into the magnificent cotton field, through part of which I travelled far to the west, and the form and fertility of which, if I am rightly informed, have been confirmed by Burton and Speke. This discovery, however, has been at the expense of a vexatious delay—the produce of a fraud—to our proceeding to the Mokoloko country; but it has opened a field for direct influence on the slave trade in several parts on the east coast I never anticipated. There is little doubt but that the introduction of lawful commerce and the Gospel—the only balm for human woes—to the Highland Lake region would speedily effect a diminution of the traffic which now crosses Nyassa. We are trying to get freedom of navigation from the Portuguese to our discoveries. This is indispensable; for *they are of the lowest and most immoral class generally, and defile everything near them*. I hope that our statesmen may see the matter in the same light as we do. A small steamer on Nyassa would not only afford complete security to settlers, but effect more without firing a shot than many vessels on the ocean.'

We do not expect much from the action of our Foreign or Colonial Office in the matter, as it is obviously the present policy of our Government quietly though not ostensibly to abandon the high position once taken by this country in refer-

ence to slavery and the slave trade. There are no indications of any immediate pressure from without; the enthusiasm excited by Dr. Livingstone's discoveries has subsided, and our Lancashire manufacturers display no eagerness to invest capital in the discovery and civilization of regions which are not likely to produce much of the raw material for this generation of cotton-spinners. It is possible, however, that the necessity of watching French encroachments in the Red Sea, &c., may awaken the dormant interest of our political leaders. While it would be not only unbecoming, but unchristian, to grudge to any European nation a share in the trade of any portion of the civilized or uncivilized world, our interests in India and Africa are too important for us to contemplate with complacency the establishment of a dominant French influence in this part of the world. Our attention has been directed to the progress of our neighbour and ally (and we may add rival) in the very interesting Introduction prefixed to Dr. Krapf's book, written by E. G. Ravenstein, Esq., of Frankfort, F.R.G.S., &c., from which we extract the following:—

‘The endeavours of France to gain a footing upon the Red Sea may be traced back for a number of years. M. Combes, who in 1835 visited Adoa, purchased from Ubie, the regent of Tigre, the port of Ait for £300, obviously for the purpose of attracting to it the commerce of Abessinia, then, as now, carried on through Massowa. A French vessel sent there by a Bordeaux house was not, however, able to open commercial intercourse; they neither found purchasers for their ill-assorted wares, nor the expected caravans with ivory and gold-dust. For a long time afterwards French interests in Abessinia were intrusted to the Romish Missionaries, and to a Consul, who took his residence at Massowa, a port with which France had no intercourse whatever. In 1840 the naib ceded to the consul a small plot of ground at Mokullu, close to Massowa, upon which the missionaries built a chapel in 1848, and they also extended their operations to a Christian tribe of the Shohos, dwelling above Zula, and to the Bogos, to the north of Abessinia. The consul gave the Turkish governor much trouble, and has of late insisted upon considering the mainland as independent. When Kassai had succeeded in making himself master of Abessinia, and a prospect of a stable government was at hand, France, who in this most probably saw the downfall of her own schemes, sowed disunion by rendering her support to Ubie, and subsequently to Yeh, the opponents of Kassai in Tigre. At the close of 1857, the French consul, accompanied by a priest, travelled to Adoa for the purpose of inducing Yeh to occupy the coast. The result of this journey has perhaps been the so-called cession of Zula, a port situated upon Annesley Bay, and only about twenty-five miles south of Massowa. Zula formerly was a place of great commercial importance; its trade, however, has been removed to Massowa, which

is more favourably situated, and at the present day it merely consists of a few huts of fishermen and camel-drivers. Its importance as a naval station is but slight, and the assertion of French writers that it commands the route to Aden is absurd, cut off, as the place would be, from receiving any support whatever in case of hostilities with a naval power like great Britain, holding in Aden and Perim the keys to the Red Sea. It might, however, serve as a stepping-stone to further conquests in Abessinia; but is France in a position to find funds for the conquest of a second Algeria?—*Krapf*, pp. xxxviii., xxxix.

Their settlements in connexion with the Suez Canal scheme should awaken the attention of our Government to the necessity of maintaining our influence in Eastern Africa. Our German friend gives us timely notice, and 'forewarned' is, or should be, 'forearmed.'

'It is the avowed design of France to found in the Eastern Sea an empire to rival, if not to eclipse, British India, of which Madagascar is to be the centre. Across the Isthmus of Suez leads the shortest route from southern France to Madagascar (and India); its possession by a power desirous to extend her dominions in that quarter, and capable of availing herself of its advantages, would therefore be of the utmost consequence. The mere fact of the isthmus being part of the Turkish empire, or of Egypt, would not deter France from occupying it; for scruples of conscience are not allowed by that nation to interfere with political "ideas." Zula has been chosen as the second station on the route to Madagascar; and while the occupation of Suez may at will furnish a pretext for seizing upon Egypt, that of Zula may open Abessinia to French conquest. Fortunately there is a power which can put a veto upon those plans of aggrandizement in North-Eastern Africa, and that power is Great Britain. Gibraltar, Malta, Perim, and Aden, form a magnificent line of military and naval stations on the route to India, and perfectly command it. Only after having converted the last three into French strongholds, and thus striking a decisive blow at the naval supremacy of Great Britain, could France ever hope to carry out her designs.'—*Krapf*, pp. xxxvi., xxxvii.

ART. III.—*Modern Painters. Volume V. Completing the Work, and containing Parts VI. Of Leaf Beauty. VII. Of Cloud Beauty. VIII. Of Ideas of Relation. 1. Of Invention Formal. IX. Of Ideas of Relation. 2. Of Invention Spiritual.* By JOHN RUSKIN, M.A. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1860.

THE completion of Mr. Ruskin's greatest work affords an opportunity for a general review of his system of teaching. An

article contributed to this periodical several years ago attempted to vindicate the position in public estimation which the learnedness, integrity, and genius of Mr. Ruskin ought to secure. Since that article was written, a two-fold change has taken place. Other periodicals have come forward to testify the same deep admiration of one who is unquestionably the greatest art-critic of the world, and perhaps the greatest prose-writer in the English language; and the influence of Mr. Ruskin is probably greater than that of any other literary man. On the other hand, certain modifications of opinion are sufficiently evident in Mr. Ruskin himself, of which we shall here say no more than that they are confirmed in the present volume, in which the attention of the author is not directed to any living school of art, but turns generally upon the ancients, and centrally upon the Venetians, Turner being the only modern painter mentioned in conjunction with these.

The system of principles taught by Mr. Ruskin is contained in his three great works,—*Modern Painters*, *The Stones of Venice*, and *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*. His other writings contain the same principles in forms intended for the guidance of art students, or the instruction of popular audiences, always, however, containing new illustrations and superb writing. *Modern Painters*, the latest in conclusion, was also the earliest in commencement of his writings. Begun in youth as an Essay in vindication of Turner against the critics whose malignity shortened his life, its execution has extended over seventeen years; it has 'changed like a tree,' and from the vindication of one great painter it has become an investigation into the sources of greatness in all painting, or, indeed, in all art whatsoever;—a statement of the ends to be aimed at, an analysis of the faculties to be prompted and matured; an investigation of the character of the beauty to be watched. The first volume was produced with comparative hastiness, and in its immediate object was successful. Some check was given to the wicked ignorance, or ignorant wickedness, of men who professed to lead public opinion, without qualifying themselves by proper study and thought; but the check came well-nigh too late.* 'Turner was seized by painful illness not long after the second volume appeared; his works towards the close of the year 1845 showed a conclusive failure of power, and I saw that nothing remained for me to write but his epitaph.' Turner died in 1851, and the work was then pursued at leisure, with enlarged design and growing knowledge. But the original point of view was never

* From a note in this fifth volume we learn that the originally proposed title of the work was 'Turner and the Ancients.'

abandoned, nor the work re-cast. If it 'changed like a tree,' it was also 'rooted like a tree.' That Turner was right was demonstrable; this demonstrated, everything else has followed. Admiration cannot but be yielded to the insight which enabled a youth at once to seize upon truths which the investigations pursued through a life devoted to art have only rendered more assured, especially when it is considered that this insight differs from ordinary instinct of genius. A man with the eye of a poet and the hand of a painter devoted himself, not to special work in any branch of art, but to the task of understanding the art of other men. Few have ever been gifted with so universal a sympathy, so universal a power, as Ruskin. He sympathizes with everything in nature, and everywhere he pierces its truth and understands its beauty. No writer has ever said such glorious things about the beautiful; no thinker has with such logical precision seized and treated the truth on which beauty depends.

An interval of ten years elapsed between the publication of the first part of *Modern Painters* and that of the *third volume* in the spring of 1856; during that interval *The Stones of Venice* and *The Seven Lamps of Architecture* were written, and architecture was added to the domain over which his critical principles asserted their dominion. Architecture includes sculpture, or rather, as Mr. Ruskin demonstrates in the *Seven Lamps*, is included in it; and, as greatness in poetry or in music is dependent upon the same principles as greatness in sculpture, architecture, or painting, we may with the utmost truth affirm that no department of art has been untraversed by the genius of Mr. Ruskin. His scope is the entire art of man, and what he says respecting *Modern Painters* may be applied to the whole of his labours. They declare the perfectness and eternal beauty of the work of God; and test all work of man by its concurrence with, or subjection to, that archetype.

The general plan of the great work just concluded, is stated in the preface to the second edition.

'The work,' he says, 'will naturally divide itself into three portions. In the first I shall endeavour to investigate and arrange the facts of nature with scientific accuracy, showing, as I proceed, by what total neglect of the very first base and groundwork of their art the idealities of some among the old masters are produced. This foundation once securely laid, I shall proceed, in the second portion of the work, to analyse and demonstrate the nature of the emotions of the beautiful and sublime, to examine the particular characters of every kind of scenery, and to bring to light, as far as may be in my power, that faultless, ceaseless, inconceivable, inexhaustible loveliness which God has stamped upon all things, if man will only receive them as He gives them. Finally, I shall endeavour to trace the operation of all

this on the hearts and minds of men; to exhibit the moral function and end of art; to prove the share which it ought to have in the thought and influence on the lives of all of us; to attach to the artist the responsibility of a preacher, and to kindle in the general mind that regard which such an office must demand. X

X In one word, the mighty design here unfolded is, to explore the entire region of *apparent* truth, and then to show clearly its connexion with *moral* truth. The first portion of the task is accomplished in the first volume; the second portion is proceeded with in the second volume, but not completed; the third volume, '*Of Many Things*,' seems partly a conclusion of the former, partly a preparation for the ensuing: it is not until the fourth volume, on '*Mountain Beauty*,' that we find Ruskin fairly embarked on the second part of the second portion of the general design,—the examination of the particular character of every kind of scenery. This examination is continued in the fifth volume, in the part on '*Tree Beauty*,' and '*Cloud Beauty*;' and finally comes the last portion, '*The Moral Function and End of Art*,' in the two parts (*viii. and ix.*) on '*Ideas of Relation*.' By this last portion, as will be seen in time, we are not exactly disappointed, but deeply saddened. For, the whole sublime work ends in a sudden dejection, desponding, if not despairing; and instead of the artist being invested with the responsibility of a preacher, and sent forth on his grand mission, we have the dreadful confession of this greatest of art-critics, that he doubts whether art can ever be made serviceable to mankind, since the generality of men must ever remain incapable of perceiving or understanding its highest glories.

We proceed to such an analysis of the contents of the former volumes as may enable our readers to understand the positions assumed in the fifth volume; and shall strive to exhibit the teaching of Ruskin in a somewhat systematic form. It will be useful to do this, because, although there is no confusion in the whole, yet the very size of the work renders valuable a connected view of its contents, and the length of time which elapsed between the issue of each volume may have impaired the recollection or broken the interest of many readers.

X At the commencement of the first volume, it is shown that the sources of pleasure in art are mainly three, arising from ideas of *truth* (simple resemblance to nature), ideas of *beauty*, and ideas of *relation* (the significance, associations, sympathies, formal harmonies, or spiritual meanings of things). Greatness in art consists in the number and greatness of ideas. '*The art is greatest which conveys the greatest number of great ideas*,'—a definition which lies at the base of the whole future system. And observe, that the three kinds of ideas which afford pleasure

in art, are arranged in a justly ascending scale. Art which resembles nature would not be necessarily great; for it might only resemble a low or base aspect of nature. Art which gave ideas of beauty would not necessarily be great art; the painting of a leaf may be beautiful, but not be great. But the art which presents ideas of relation—harmonious conception—must be great. The first volume is devoted to ideas of truth, and shows how far various painters have succeeded in resembling nature. ~~This volume~~ is more especially a defence of Turner; it is, in fact, defending Turner on the lowest grounds.

‘For many a year,’ says the author, in the preface to the second edition, ‘we heard nothing with respect to the works of Turner, but accusations of their want of truth. To every observation on their power, sublimity, or beauty, there has been but one reply; they are not like nature. I therefore took my opponents on their own ground, and demonstrated by thorough investigation of the actual facts, that Turner is like nature, and painted more of nature than any man who ever lived.’

It is not a little remarkable, that what was written so expressly with a controversial purpose—in direct answer to an article in a magazine, he elsewhere tells us—should be so precisely the only foundation that could have been laid for the work that was to follow. ~~This first volume~~ goes through the many ways of truth,—truth of tone, of colour, of shade, of space; truth of sky, and water, and cloud; truth of earth and vegetable form;—with a marvellous eloquence, which, not less than its vast range of subjects, renders it in some sort an epitome of all the volumes that come after: it is sacred to a friendship the most memorable in the annals of art and literature.

The second volume opens the inquiry into the second and third sources of pleasure in art,—ideas of beauty and of relation,—by analysing the two faculties of mind which grasp such ideas, namely, the contemplative or theoretic, and the imaginative. The contemplative or theoretic faculty (commonly called the æsthetic, but incorrectly, ideas of beauty not being sensuous) is concerned with beauty. Beauty is divided into two species, *typical* and *vital*. By typical beauty is meant that kind of beauty the essence of which is that it reflects or typifies some particular attribute of the Deity. This species of beauty is the abstract and absolute beauty of line and colour. ~~A chapter~~ is devoted to each of its six most important types. They are, ‘Infinity, or the Type of the Divine Incomprehensibility;’ ‘Unity, or the Type of the Divine Comprehensiveness;’ ‘Repose, or the Type of the Divine Permanence;’ ‘Symmetry, or the Type of the Divine Justice;’ ‘Purity, or the Type of the

Divine Energy; 'Moderation, or the Type of Government by Law.' These chapters contain some of the most memorable discoveries ever made by man respecting the modes of feeling and working which assimilate him to the Divine Being: as a contribution to the deepest natural theology, they are of priceless value. To some of them we may have to refer. Vital beauty, again, is 'the appearance of the felicitous fulfilment of functions in living things.' The great difference between the two species of beauty, so far as we are concerned, is, that the first does not, the other does, involve moral sympathies and appreciations: it is possible to have a strong appreciation of typical beauty, and be a bad man; it is not possible to have a deep feeling for vital beauty without love, and reverence, and unselfish fulness of heart. The Indians, for example, in their perception of abstract form and colour are unrivalled. They chase a scimitar or arrange the pattern of a shawl with a skill to which the West can offer nothing comparable; but they are withal destitute of the human love for vital beauty, and watchfulness of nature; their abstract lines and colours do not purify them; they are lustful, false, and bloodthirsty. Vital beauty is treated of under two conditions,—as it exists in the lower animals, and as it exists in man. It is this beauty which may be *idealized*, or represented in each case as existing in perfection, independently of the accidental defects of individuals. Now, in the lower animals, the idealization of vital beauty must be *generic*; in man it must be *individual*. An important distinction. An ideal oyster would be just like another ideal oyster; that is to say, it would be a perfect oyster, but we might expect to find plenty more like it. It might, therefore, be permitted to stand as the representative of its kind—the representative of all oysters. But it cannot be conceived that an ideal man could be allowed to stand as the representative of all men. And, if not of all, then of none but himself. A human ideal, then, is possible, but it must be individual,—each man for himself; and it is not to be gained in any other way than that pointed out by Mr. Ruskin in the memorable words which follow.

'Since it is not in the power of any human imagination to reason out or conceive the countless modifications of experience, suffering, and separated feeling, which have modelled and written these indelible images, in various order, upon every human countenance, so no right ideal can be realized by any combination of feature, nor by any moulding and melting of individual beauties together, and still less without model or example at all; but *there is a perfect ideal to be wrought out of every face around us* that has on the forehead the writing and the seal of the angel ascending out of the east, by the earnest study and penetration of the written history thereupon, and the banishing of the

blots and stains, wherein we see in all that is human the visible and instant operation of unconquered sin.'

It is satisfactory to dispose of the vexed question of the possibility of idealism and the right mode of carrying it out. From this doctrine of the *individual ideal* it will follow that the patient rendering of actual models, accompanied with mental study of each, is the only possible way of interpreting the history of the soul written upon the frame. Indeed, careful portraiture was the practice of all the great periods, from Giotto, with his characteristic monkish heads, to Raffaele, Titian, and Tintoret. Leonardo practised portraiture habitually, and for purposes of study; the Florentine school beyond all others had for its object human expression, and beyond all others succeeded in that object.

X The third great source of pleasure in art is from ideas of relation, and the great faculty which deals with them is imagination. X To this part of the work especial attention is invited. The faculty is investigated in the second volume; its results in the fifth, the volume immediately under review. The psychological investigation of imagination is one of the greatest and most original parts of Ruskin's work. In no other language, we believe, does there exist a satisfactory analysis of this greatest and most mysterious of all human faculties. Imagination is divided into three kinds: associative, that which conceives at one and the same moment two or more things which would be incomplete without one another; penetrative (highest of human faculties), which pierces to the heart and essence of everything it looks at; contemplative or regardant, which is resolved, for the end that it has in view, to look at some particular part in that which it summons before it, to the exclusion of the rest. Associative imagination is distinguished from mere 'composition' by this, that the parts which make up the whole have been conceived *at the same instant*, while in mere composition they are put together without influencing one another. An imaginative picture may, if large enough, be separated into groups, but never into pieces; in a merely composed picture the items, not affecting each other, may be removed piecemeal without loss. For example, in an ordinary picture of a man on horseback, the horse has been first conceived, and the man dropped on to him, and there is no vital union between the two; but in an equestrian piece of Velasquez, the horse could answer the rider in no other way, nor the rider bestride the horse; they are twin-born, it is a true centaur. Let the reader, then, bear in mind the three great species of imagination to be the associative, the penetrative, the regardant.

X The second volume concludes by exhibiting the two great

faculties, the theoretic and the imaginative, (concerned with ideas of beauty and ideas of relation respectively,) in their joint action. It is seldom that the faculties are found apart; at least, the latter generally implies the former, a great imagination not often being destitute of the sense of beauty. Yet to the manner in which circumstances may cramp the sense of beauty, leaving the imagination fiery and powerful, we shall hereafter refer. What then is the joint product of the two? It is 'the super-human ideal,' that is to say, the representation of creatures more than human, (angels, &c.,) which shall be at once beautiful and imaginatively true. This is the greatest effort of the human mind. And it may be observed in passing, that ideas of beauty (theoretic) are connected more with colour, ideas of relation (imaginative) more with form. Which of the two is the greater it is scarcely possible to decide: there are two among the greatest men who possessed both in an almost unexampled degree,—Titian and Tintoret. In Titian colour rather preponderated, in Tintoret form. Titian never deserts the tranquil bosom of nature herself; Tintoret, when he soars or sinks from his friend into regions of the grandest imagination, is compelled to abandon the highest qualities of his sacred gift of colour. Which of the two is greater? No decisive answer can ever be made; but it is important to note that Ruskin in his earlier volumes displays the intensest reverence for the spiritual workings of the imagination, while in his later volumes he is penetrated more and more with love of that art which curbs its fiery power and veils its piercing eye, in the presence of beauty and of nature.

This second volume finishes the more laboriously systematized portion of the work. Ten years elapsed before the inquiry was resumed; and with the third volume a more discursive treatment is apparent, the consistency of argument, however, being maintained. As the second volume analysed the theoretic and imaginative faculties, it is the object of the third to ascertain the success of various painters, especially Turner, in addressing these faculties; and to examine who among them has conveyed the noblest ideas of beauty (theoretic), and touched the deepest sources of thought (imaginative).

But first we must dispose of an important question. The inference from what has been already demonstrated is, that high art must necessarily be that which is beautiful and imaginative. But is there not a high art, falsely so called, which in essence is neither? There is; there is a school of high art which has been established and followed for a hundred and fifty years. Not for a shorter period, but also not for a longer. Does what has been received as 'high,' or 'grand,' or 'ideal,' truly deserve the

name? What is it that constitutes highness or grandeur in art? At the very outset of the work, it will be remembered, it was laid down that 'the art is greatest which includes the greatest number of great ideas:' the question now is to define the nature of greatness in ideas themselves; when they are great, and what it is that makes them so. Now it is a common illogical mistake to oppose painting to poetry, instead of regarding poetry as consisting in 'a noble use, whether of colours or words.' Painting is properly to be opposed to speaking or writing, or rhythm, but not to poetry. What then is poetry? In what does 'noble use' of material consist? In what, greatness of art?

'I come,' he says, 'after some embarrassment, to the conclusion that poetry is the suggestion, by the imagination, of noble grounds for noble emotions. I mean by the noble emotions these four principal sacred passions,—love, veneration, admiration, and joy (this latter especially, if unselfish); and their opposites,—hatred, indignation (or scorn), horror, and grief; this last, when unselfish, becoming compassion. These passions, in their various combinations, constitute what is called "poetical feeling," when they are felt on noble grounds, that is, on great and true grounds. Indignation, for instance, is a poetical feeling, if excited by serious injury; but it is not a poetical feeling, if entertained in consequence of being cheated out of a small sum of money. It is very possible the manner of the cheat may have been such as to justify considerable indignation; but the feeling, nevertheless, is not poetical, unless the grounds of it be large as well as just. In like manner, energetic admiration may be excited in certain minds by a display of fireworks, or a street of handsome shops; but the feeling is not poetical, because the grounds of it are false, and therefore ignoble. There is in reality nothing to deserve admiration either in the firing of packets of gunpowder, or in the display of the stocks of warehouses. But admiration for the budding of a flower is a poetical feeling, because it is impossible that this manifestation of spiritual power and vital beauty can ever be enough admired.

'Further, it is necessary to the existence of poetry that the grounds of these feelings should be *furnished by the imagination*. Poetical feeling, that is to say, mere noble emotion, is not poetry. It is happily inherent in all human nature deserving the name, and is found often to be present in the least sophisticated. But the power of assembling, *by the help of the imagination*, such images as will excite these feelings, is the power of the poet, or, literally, of the Maker.'

Next, what are the degrees of this greatness,—the more or less of it which places one painter above another, and makes one work of art greater than another? What are the elements and characters of greatness of style? They are found to consist in four things, given in the order of increasing importance. The first is, choice of noble subject: 'the habitual choice of subjects of thought which involve wide interests and profound passions, as opposed to those

which involve narrow interests and slight passions. And here the foremost place is due to sacred subjects, and highest of these to celebration of the acts of Christ, as Leonardo's *Cena*. Then come representations of the acts of great men, as Raffaele's *School of Athens*. Then, in the third place, the passions and events of ordinary life: and under this division will come, first, the painter of deep thoughts and sorrows, as Hunt in the *Claudio and Isabella*; next, he who represents mere petty feelings, griefs, or malignities, as Leslie in *The Reading of Humphrey Clinker's Will*; last, he who represents the sports of boys or the simplicity of clowns, as Webster or Teniers. But he who represents brutalities and vices for delight in them, not rebuke of them, is of no rank at all, or rather of a negative rank, holding a certain inverted order 'in the abyss.' All the three ranks are good in their degrees, but of course the choice of subjects is one method of determining the calibre of the mind that chooses.

The next element is love of beauty. 'The second characteristic of the great school of art is, that it introduces in the conception of the subject as much beauty as is possible, consistently with truth;' not denying the forms of viciousness and inferiority, or even seeking to alter them, but dwelling oftenest upon the fairest, bringing out the beauty that is in things, and insisting upon it. Under this division also, as under the former, the schools of art arrange themselves in order. First, Angelico, in his comprehension of spiritual beauty; then Paul Veronese and Correggio, in love of physical beauty; in the third rank, Albert Dürer, and northern art generally, so careful after truth and careless of beauty, apparently.

In dealing with the subject in this logical manner, the arrangements of Mr. Ruskin seem irrefragable. It does, for instance, seem unquestionable that the greater man will choose the greater subject. And yet a reader not conversant with what we may term the *staple* of Mr. Ruskin's opinions, might fall into two errors. In the first place, although sacred subjects are logically mentioned as holding the foremost place, yet it must remain a question whether, *for the purposes of art*, they deserve the pre-eminence over representations of deep human passions or great human actions. On the whole, however, perhaps greater pictures have been painted on religious subjects than on any other subject. But even if this be so, we are not to suppose, secondly, that Leonardo, and the Roman and Florentine school in general, habitually chose sacred subjects, while Titian, and the Venetians in general, habitually neglected them. The latter were as much in the habit of choosing sacred subjects as the former, and the full strength of the Venetian masters is put forth upon such subjects alone.

The third quality is sincerity,—‘that it include the largest possible quantity of truth in the most perfect possible harmony;’ and, since all cannot be given, choosing always the most dignified and essential truths. Veronese strives always to express the harmonious sum of truth, in light, form, and colour. Rembrandt sacrifices the harmonious scene to the expression of only a small fraction of it,—shadow.

The fourth, and last, characteristic of great art is invention,—‘that it be produced by the imagination.’ This is the application of the poetic or creative faculties: and here it is that a barrier is for ever set between high art and low art, so as to place the former beyond hope or reach of the latter. This is the power which can never be gained nor imparted. For—

‘The greatness or smallness of a man is, in the most conclusive sense, determined for him at his birth, as strictly as it is determined for a fruit whether it is to be a currant or an apricot. Education, favourable circumstances, resolution, and industry, can do much,—in a certain sense they do *everything*: that is to say, they determine whether the poor apricot shall fall in the form of a green bead, blighted by the east wind, and be trodden under foot, or whether it shall expand into tender pride and sweet brightness of golden velvet. But apricot out of currant—great man out of small—did never yet art or effort make; and, in a general way, men have their excellence nearly fixed for them when they are born: a little cramped and frost-bitten on one side, a little sunburnt and fortune-spotted on the other; they reach, between good and evil chances, such size and taste as generally belong to men of their calibre; and the small in their serviceable bunches, and the great in their golden isolation, have these no cause for regret, nor those for disdain.’

The old, false claims of high art being now dethroned, two questions arise touching the ideal: one from the second element of greatness,—‘How may beauty be sought in defiance of truth?’ And one from the fourth, that of invention,—‘How does the imagination show itself in dealing with truth?’ Now, while the faithful pursuit of the ideal is the legitimate use of the imagination, (for there is a true ideal as certainly as there is in man the faculty of imagination,) bringing before us what is *possible* and *true*, it happens that nearly all artistical seeking after it has sprung from the abuse of the imagination in creating impossible and untrue images. This is the case, as matter of history, both in the ‘religious ideal’ and the ‘profane ideal.’ As long as the religious ideal actually existed,—that is, as long as the aim of religious art was to raise sacred and reverential ideas, as long as the painter, without attempting to realize nature, but in a manner confessedly conventional, strove to make lovely with gold and

colour the beliefs and hopes of himself and the men about him,—so long was the religious ideal living and noble. It is called the *passionate or Angelical* ideal, from its central master Angelico. But as soon as religious facts were employed for the mere display of art, the religious ideal ceased to deserve its name. Raffaello painted religious pictures for the display of his skill, not to make men more religious. The severe intellectuality of Raffaello substituted for the religious what is happily termed 'the philosophical idea;' and there is an awful passage in Ruskin about his coldly technical mode of treatment in contrast with the truly imaginative action of the mind, which does things from insight and reverence: in painting the Mother of our Lord, 'he could think of her in her last maternal agony with academical discrimination,—sketch in first her skeleton, invest her in serene science with the muscles of misery and fibres of sorrow, then cast the grace of antique drapery over the nakedness of her desolation, and fulfil, with studious lustre of tears and delicately-painted pallor, the perfect type of the *Mater Dolorosa*. But it is unfair to hold up Raffaello as the sole great author of the defection. The great rival Venetian school continued to paint religious pictures, without religious motives; the mighty contemporary triad did it,—Titian, Tintoret, Veronese; and, perhaps, the finest Titian in England, the Holy Family and St. Catherine, lately added to the National Gallery, does not excite the least religious feeling. Il Moreto, of the Venetian school, is, as far as we know, the latest in whom religious feeling can be traced. As the Raffaellesque defection gave rise to the 'philosophical' ideal, so the Venetian defection gave rise to the 'profane' ideal,—literally, the *profane*, not the *secular*,—in which Christianity was abandoned altogether as the subject of art, and heathen incidents substituted: and along with this, the profession of the degraded creed that beauty, not truth (imaginative), is the end of high art, which led to the strange canon that the ideal is to be sought in man, not by imaginative portraiture of the individual, but by selection of beauties from others and by generalization,—not by purifying and intensifying the individual, but by mixing him with others, and diffusing him. Hence upsprung that 'high art' which, for a hundred and fifty years, has been ruining the schools of Europe, and the claims of which we have seen demolished.

But there is a true ideal; for though the noblest work of the imagination be 'to summon up the memories of past events, and the anticipations of future ones, under aspects which would bear the sternest tests of historical investigation or abstract reasoning, nevertheless it has permissible functions of its own, and certain

rights of feigning, adorning, and fancifully arranging, inalienable from its nature.' The deep enthusiasm which seeks for a beauty fit to be the object of eternal love—the invention which gathers together beautiful things, emphasizing, without altering, the finer forms of them,—the creative power which works boldly in the region of possible truth,—these are three forms of idealism in human nature at large; and if we turn to the *great Sixth Chapter of the Stones of Venice*, we shall find that they correspond with the three conditions of the artistic mind there described. It was there found that three classes of men approach nature, receiving three different impressions from it, and giving forth three different results in art. First come the men with tender and pure minds, who choose only the good—these are the Purists; then come the men of strong and universal mind, who take the good and evil both together—these are the Naturalists; then come the men of impure mind, who reject the good and take the evil—the Sensualists. Now, it will be seen at once, that the first two forms of idealism correspond closely with the tendencies respectively of the Purists and Naturalists: but in the last case the matter is not so obvious. What is the connexion between sense of the presence of evil and the play of the imagination in its wild, dream-like fancies? The union is denoted in the word *grotesque*. †

We have, therefore, three great artistical forms of the true ideal,—Purist Idealism, Naturalistic Idealism, Grotesque Idealism. The first kind is the work of minds more than ordinarily tender and holy, incapable of dwelling upon the evil which is bound up with existence; never even seeing it, except under the veil of final good. There is a weakness in this kind of mind, and the art to which it gave rise has perished. Its central master was Angelico, and it was peculiarly the art of the south, not flourishing in the 'deep, true, and tender north.' The next is the highest form of art, concerned with things as they are, and exercised only by the greatest men. Its nature is to be at once 'ideal' and 'real;' that is to say, it subjects everything to the intensest imaginative treatment, to the great laws of composition, (which are so clearly explained in the treatise on the contemplation of imaginative faculties, in the second volume of *Modern Painters*,) while, at the same time, it is concerned with actual truths. It 'knows the evil, and chooses the good;' it is studious to obtain whatever beauty may be got, but would not sacrifice for this one jot or tittle of truth; it will indulge in the flight of imagination so far, but only so far, as is consistent with leaving no essential truth of earth behind. The Venetians have succeeded, more than any other men, in representing the great rela-

tions of visible things to one another,—to the heaven above and to the earth beneath them. In a former chapter of *Modern Painters*, we find this testimony to Paul Veronese,—a man capable at once of the highest appreciation of beauty and the intensest tragic passion, but who held both these gifts in noblest reserve 'for the truth's sake.' He is contrasted with Rembrandt.

'He holds it most important to show how a figure stands relieved from delicate air or marble wall; how, as a red, or purple, or white figure, it separates itself in clear discernibility from things not red, not purple, nor white; how infinite daylight shines round it; how innumerable veils of faint shadow invest it; how its blackness and darkness are, in the excess of their nature, just as limited and local as its intensity of light:—all this, I say, he finds to be more important than showing merely the exact measure of the spark of sunshine that gleams on a dagger hilt, or glows on a jewel. All this, moreover, he feels to be harmonious—capable of being joined in one great system of spacious truth. And, with inevitable watchfulness, inestimable subtlety, he unites all this in tenderest balance, noting in each hair's-breadth of colour, not merely what its rightness or wrongness is in itself, but what its relation is to every other on his canvass; restraining, for truth's sake, his exhaustless energy; reining back, for truth's sake, his fiery strength; veiling, before truth, the vanity of brightness; penetrating, for truth, the discouragement of gloom; ruling his restless invention with a rod of iron; pardoning no error, no thoughtlessness, no forgetfulness; and subduing all his powers, impulses, and imaginations, to the achievement of a merciless justice, and the obedience of an incorruptible verity.'

The third great form of idealism, the grotesque, seems to consist in a deep feeling of the sorrows and terrors of earth, and long contemplative conflict with them; which does not result, as in the case of the naturalists, in a victoriously perfect adjustment of evil with good, of ugliness with beauty, of fact with imagination, but in the mind being partly weighed down with the evil, and partly driven to escape from it in strange ways. In the *Stones of Venice* the grotesque is divided principally into three kinds: 1. Art arising from the healthful but irrational play of the imagination in times of rest. 2. Art arising from irregular and accidental contemplation of terrible things, or evil in general. 3. Art arising from the confusion of the imagination in the presence of truth, which it cannot wholly grasp. In the second of these forms lies the connexion with sensualism, already pointed out; but it is the third which is of the greatest importance. This is a thoroughly noble form of the grotesque; it is the art by which thoughts, otherwise expressionless, are perpetuated and comprehended; dreams, guesses, hints, half-conceptions of truth, or truth inextricably mingled with error,

wild spiritual insights. It includes both symbolism, or the expression of a high spiritual truth by a lower type, and impersonation, or the investing of abstract qualities with living forms; no element of the imagination, therefore, has a wider range, a more magnificent use, or so colossal a grasp of sacred truth. It stands connected on the one hand with the symbolism of Dürer, on the other with the allegories of Rubens.

Mr. Ruskin expresses the most sanguine anticipation of a revival of northern art, under the influence of this exhaustless faculty.

'If a really great painter, thoroughly capable of giving substantial truth, and master of the elements of pictorial effect which have been developed by modern art, would solemnly and yet fearlessly cast his fancy free in the spiritual world, and faithfully follow out such masters of that world as Dante and Spenser, there seems no limit to the splendour of thought which painting might express.'

And in many works of living artists, he sees already visible the dawn of a new era of art 'in a true unison of the grotesque with the realistic power.' Grotesque idealism has certainly been the character of northern art especially; but if art is to revive amongst us, in any grand degree, we shall probably witness a struggle between three elements,—increased realistic power, giving a tendency towards naturalism; the northern grotesque, or spirit of darkness; and the English humour, a quality essentially distinct from, if not subversive of, the grotesque.

This analysis concludes the demonstration of the nature of the emotions of the beautiful and sublime; and we proceed (still in the third volume) to the examination of the particular character of every kind of scenery, the remaining task in this second portion of the whole work.

But there is a preliminary inquiry to be gone through, of the deepest importance to the whole subject. How is it to be explained that we moderns are so fond of landscape art, and that in landscape we prefer what was passed with indifference, or regarded with aversion, by the ancients and mediævals? It is from this point that the work shapes itself towards a determinate end, the general ideas now obtained being applied to that particular branch of art which is the object of inquiry, namely, landscape painting. And, first, as to the fact stated in the above interrogatory. Let the reader suppose himself for the first time in the rooms of the Old Water Colour Society; let him suppose himself to be tolerably familiar with the forms in which art has developed itself within historical periods, but never to have seen any completely modern work.

'So prepared and so unprepared, he would, as his ideas began to

arrange themselves, be first struck by the number of paintings representing blue mountains, clear lakes, and ruined castles or cathedrals, and he would say to himself, "There is something strange in the mind of these modern people! Nobody ever cared about blue mountains before, or tried to paint the broken stones of old walls." And the more he considered the subject, the more he would feel the peculiarity; and as he thought over the art of Greeks and Romans, he would still repeat with increasing certainty of conviction, "Mountains! I remember none." The Greeks did not seem, as artists, to know that such things were in the world. They carved, or variously represented, men, and horses, and birds, and beasts, and all kinds of living creatures,—yes, even down to cuttle-fish; and trees in a sort of way; but not so much as the outline of a mountain; and as for lakes, they merely showed that they knew the difference between salt and fresh water, by the fish they put into each. Then he would pass on to mediæval art, and still he would be obliged to repeat, "Mountains! I remember none." Some careless and jagged arrangements of blue spires or spikes on the horizon, and, here and there, an attempt at representing an overhanging rock with a hole through it; but merely in order to divide the light behind some human figure. Lakes! no, nothing of the kind,—only blue bays of sea, put in to fill up the back-ground, when the painter could not think of anything else. Broken-down buildings! no; for the most part very complete and well-appointed buildings, if any; and never buildings at all, but to give place or explanation to some circumstance of human conduct. And then, he would look up again to the modern pictures, observing, with an increasing astonishment, that here the human interest had, in many cases, altogether disappeared; that mountains, instead of being used only as a blue ground for the relief of the heads of saints, were themselves the exclusive subjects of reverent contemplation; that their ravines, and peaks, and forests, were all painted with an appearance of as much enthusiasm as had formerly been devoted to the dimples of beauty or the frowns of asceticism; and that all the living interest which was still supposed necessary to the scene, might be supplied by a traveller in a slouched hat, a beggar in a scarlet cloak, or, in default of these, even by a heron or a wild duck.

The fact then is undeniable: for six thousand years man has pursued certain beaten paths in art; we have departed from them. Our forefathers were anxious in the first place to express their reverence and delight towards the beings of the unseen world; and in the next place, their interest in the memory of their own ancestors, and their fellow-feeling with the world of men about themselves. We have deserted these old paths, going abroad into the wilderness, the marsh, the forest, the mountain, devoting the realistic powers of modern art to landscape, careless of human interest, or confident in the appeal of wild desolation, or wilder beauty, to the heart of the spectator.

Then comes the further question: 'Are we right in this?' A deep consideration of the subject gives an affirmative answer. Landscape-painting traces the ways of God more perfectly, and witnesses to His glory more fully, than the ancient walks of art; it exerts a purifying influence in leading to the contemplation of nature; it is compatible with the highest laws of art, and the most vigorous play of the imagination.

But still, the temper of mind which has led to the great modern revolution in the ends of art is to be accounted for. It has arisen unquestionably in part from the vague feeling (right or wrong) that religious subjects are scarcely fit for art, or that religious thought has passed into phases which bid defiance to artistic treatment. It has also arisen from the fact that men have less regard for the customs of their forefathers, and regard their memories with less reverence,—(what would have become of the author of the *Comic History of England* in another generation?)—and do really care less for one another and for themselves. 'Man has become on the whole an ugly animal, and is not ashamed of his ugliness,' Mr. Ruskin elsewhere says; and is therefore driven from himself to the exhaustless beauty of nature.

But the change does not merely consist in the greater observation paid to nature: it also involves a novel mode of apprehending nature. No part of Mr. Ruskin's work has been so anxiously criticized by men really interested in the subject, as the chapter 'On the Pathetic Fallacy;' where he gives an account of the deeply seated difference between the ancient and the modern way of looking at nature. The fact which he states is unquestionable, and to him is due the merit of having been the first to perceive it; but part of the theory on which he accounts for the fact may be called in question. He is not exempt from the necessity which has compelled other philosophers to construct a network of formal argument in order to embrace the truth they would enforce. The ancients never regarded nature as a living organized creature; the moderns do so continually. Nature continually assumes an extraordinary or false appearance to us, when we are under the influence of emotion or contemplative fancy; a false appearance, that is, as being entirely unconnected with any real power or character in the object, and only imputed to it by us. This is called, 'the pathetic fallacy.' A modern poet, cited by Ruskin, says,—

'The spendthrift crocus, bursting through the mould
Naked and shivering, with his cup of gold.'

This is beautiful, but untrue. 'The crocus is not a spendthrift,

but a hardy plant ; its yellow is not gold, but saffron.' This is an example of the fallacy scarcely removed from the mere conceit ; but there are others when it arises from excited feeling. Thus, for instance, in *Alton Locke* :—

' They rowed her in across the rolling foam—
The cruel, crawling foam.'

' The foam is not cruel, neither does it crawl.' The state of mind which attributes these attributes of a living creature to an inanimate object is one in which the reason is unhinged by grief. There are other instances in which the fallacy is the pure work of the imagination, as in *Shakspeare*,—

' Hast thou not seen a cloud that 's dragonish ? '

Or *Wordsworth*,—

' And the fierce torrent at the flashes broad
Starts like a horse beside the glaring road.'

It is curious to observe how the form of Grotesque Idealism includes all such instances ; and it may be generally seen that they are an intensification of metaphor, wrought by the Associative Imagination. This intense sympathy with nature seems to be a new fact of the world,—a gain and an advance ; modern sentiment is not to be depreciated ; and it may be questioned whether any poet, however great in creative power, will ever be either able or desirous to escape its conditions. The fact is to be accepted, that the tendency of the poetical intellect of mankind is to make a symbol of nature.

Ruskin, however, makes two grand divisions of poets, upon the principle of Pathetic Fallacy. ' I admit two orders of poets, but no third ; and by these two I mean the Creative (*Shakspeare*, *Homer*, *Dante*), and Reflective or Perceptive (*Wordsworth*, *Keats*, *Tennyson*). ' In the first place, it may be questioned whether *Shakspeare* ought not to be placed in the second order ; he is eminently reflective and perceptive ; in his sonnets exclusively so : in fact, he belongs to the one order as much as to the other. In the next place it may be questioned whether the marvellous versatility of *Tennyson*, and his perfection in every kind of poetry, do not entitle him to the same privilege. Again, it is strange to see *Keats* in the second rank. *Dante* is a greater poet than *Keats* rather in quantity than in quality. The assertion may sound strange ; but, in fact, is not so strange as the neglect of *Keats* by the reading public. *Keats* stands to *Dante* as *Titian* stands to *Giotto*. It is perhaps impossible ever to decide which was the greater man, *Titian* or *Giotto*, their power being so different as to hardly commensurable, and their respective claims to priority

would always be disputed: it is only the man of universal taste—as, for example, Ruskin himself—who can see that there is no room for dispute, the question being for ever uncertain. Giotto has much in common with Dante,—solemn imagination, and a dramatic power which passes off into a kind of grotesque, but never into humour, as Shakspeare does; while Keats is the very Titian of poetry. The same deep sense of beauty, the same way of conception, the same observation of the great laws of formal invention, (to use the nomenclature of the fifth volume,) characterize each. Take equal quantities of the work of Dante and of Keats, and, though they are essentially different, the man of universal sympathies (Ruskin himself again) would find it difficult to decide which of the two was greater. We make the assertion more confidently, because, though the third volume shows a tendency to depreciate Keats, the fifth volume makes ample reparation to one of the greatest poets that ever lived. If we must have a division of poets, would it not be simpler and truer to admit the unity of the poetic temperament, and to divide (without attempting to decide the priority of class) according as imagination rather predominates over sense or beauty, (Dante, Homer, Giotto, Tintoret,) or as sense of beauty rather predominates over imagination (Keats, Tennyson, Titian)? In Shakspeare—and in many other poets—there is an alternation between sense of beauty (*Cymbeline*) and imagination (*Hamlet*, *Othello*); while in some of his plays there is a wonderful balance of the two (*Troilus and Cressida*); the superiority of the drama over other kinds of poetry consisting in its allowing the fullest scope to both. Superiority is of man over man, not of class over class; and there must be some defect in a principle of division which assigns to all modern invention a secondary place, and makes Scott the representative of modern poetry.*

* In a subsequent chapter we find a list of authors in whom the modern love of beauty is subordinate, and another of those in whom it is intense.

(1.) It is subordinate in

Bacon.
Milton.
Johnson.
Richardson.
Goldsmith.
Young.
Newton.
Howard.
Fenelon.
Pascal.

(2.) It is intense in

Mrs. Radclyffe.
St. Pierre.
Shenstone.
Byron.
Shelley.
Keats.
Burns.
Eugene Sue.
George Sand.
Dumas.

And we are told to note 'the high honourableness and dignity' of the names on one side, and 'the comparative slightness' of those on the other. The lists were prepared with

The theory, however, brings out in admirable relief the distinctive tendency of the modern mind; and the author next proceeds to inquire into the state of landscape feeling in, (A) classical and (B) mediæval periods, as compared with (C) modern landscape before Turner.

(A.) *Classical landscape*.—The Greeks perceived, as well as we do, the movements of nature, and their resemblance to the actions of animated beings; they did not therefore, however, attribute them to a great abstract Nature Power, but to something really living in the various forms of nature and distinct from it,—a deity. Thus it was not the cruel swelling of the river Scamander which impeded Achilles, but the god of the river who pursued him with all his waves. A moment's reflection will convince the reader that this is the perspicuous explanation of the whole of classical poetry, and accounts for the feeling of strangeness with which we always regard it. In this most interesting chapter we have deepened and cleared for us the perception of the vivid and awful sense of the presence of Divine power in nature, which caused the personifications of the Greeks. The special scenery they loved was of a very narrow range. Beauty and perfectness of the human form, cultivated and attained amongst them, had rendered them averse to all that was unsymmetrical, disorderly, and rugged; having always around them, in the motion and majesty of human beauty, enough for the full employment of their imagination, they shrank from the ruggedness of lower nature. The Homeric landscape, intended to be beautiful, is composed of a fountain, a meadow, and a shady grove. It is simply what is good for man,—cool for walking, pleasant for bathing, soft for repose,—that excites his admiration; and he turns away with dislike from rough rocks, jagged hill-crests, and irregular inorganic storm of sky. Such things belonged to adverse powers. The same holds good of the Herodotean and of the Platonic landscape, where serviceableness to man is equally the first element of beauty or desirableness in nature; and hence the general feeling of the Greek was for fruit-bearing or corn-growing lowland,—not for the barren and difficult mountains whose lovely outlines surrounded him. This is the more carefully to be noted, because the painters who have chosen classical subjects have confused our ideas of what the Greeks really liked, by introducing their own conceptions of natural beauty.

(B.) *Mediæval landscape*.—The mediæval mind is marked as

an object somewhat different from the point under discussion, but for our argument they are conclusive, and their value is reversed; for while the first contains only one first-rate poet, the second contains four.

agreeing with the ancients in holding 'flat lands, brooks, and groves of aspens, to be the pleasant places of the earth, while rocks and mountains are to be avoided for inhabitation;' but as disagreeing with the classical mind in one important respect, that 'the pleasant flat land is never a ploughed field, nor a rich lotus meadow good for pasture, but *garden* ground covered with flowers, and divided by fragrant hedges, with a castle in the middle of it.' The aspens are loved, not because they are good for 'coach-making men' to make wheels of, but because of their gracefulness and shade; and fruit-trees, especially apple and orange, occupy a still more important position. 'The ideal occupation of mankind is not to cultivate either the garden or the meadow, but to gather roses and eat oranges in the one, and ride out hawking over the other.' Mountains, however, are introduced as proper to meditate in; and even in ideal landscapes of daily life are considered agreeable, 'so that they be far enough away.'

Here we have evidence of a more sentimental delight in nature than among the ancients. 'A Greek, wishing really to enjoy himself, shut himself into a beautiful atrium, with an excellent dinner, and a society of philosophical or musical friends. But a mediæval knight went into his pleasance to gather roses and hear the birds sing; or rode out hunting or hawking.' The new respect for mountains, the perception of a spiritual presence of infinite awfulness among them, is another healthy change in the tone of the human heart. One feeling, however, they preserved in common with the ancients,—the admiration of human beauty. Although less sculptural than the Greeks, they attained, from their more varied life, and the modes of thought inculcated by the Christian religion, a degree of personal beauty, both male and female, with which classical periods could not for a moment be comparable; and this beauty was arrayed in the most perfect grace and splendour of dress which the human race had invented.

The landscape which arose from these mingled elements, is represented centrally by the illuminated MSS. of romances of about the middle of the fifteenth century, which are almost invariably composed of 'a grove or two of tall trees, a winding river, and a castle or a garden,—the peculiar features of both these last being *trimness*,—the artist always dwelling especially on the fences: wreathing the espaliers, indeed, prettily with sweet-briar, and putting pots of orange-trees on the tops of the walls, but taking great care that there shall be no loose bricks in the one nor broken stakes in the other.'

As Homer is of the classical, Dante is the exponent of the

mediaeval spirit of landscape; and from a comparison of various passages we gather the following conclusions:—

1. Love of definiteness, and exact ideas of size. Dante's *Inferno* is accurately separated into circles; mapped and properly surveyed in every direction, and 'trenched in a thoroughly good style of engineering from depth to depth.' Milton's hell is indefinite, waste, and fenceless; its four rivers flow through desolate moorland and mountain 'by many a frozen, many a fiery, Alp.'

2. Dislike of forests, in which the mediaeval differs from the Greek. The latter liked thick wood, connecting it with the idea of shelter from wind and sun, and with usefulness in the purposes of life; thus, in Sophocles, the aged *Œdipus*, brought to rest in 'the sweetest resting-place' near Athens, has the spot described to him as haunted perpetually by nightingales, which 'sing in the green glades and in the dark ivy, and in the thousand-fruited, sunless, and windless thickets of the god' (*Bacchus*). Whereas to Dante the idea of a forest was extremely repulsive; and in the opening of his poem he expresses despair about life by saying that he was lost in a wood so savage and terrible, that 'even to think or speak of it is distress; it was so bitter, it was something next door to death.' It is quite true that this feeling is characteristic of southern writers rather than northern, because forests in the south are on higher land, and more out of the way, than in the north; while in England the 'green wood' came up to the very walls of the town, and was not regarded as exclusively the type of lonely and savage places. Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakspeare, send their favourites perpetually to the woods. But in the north we have our woodland terrors, our sorrowful babes lost in them, our Hartz demon coursing through them.

3. Love of flowers, a great advance upon the Greeks, indicating the grand change in the spirit of man introduced by Christianity, that it is the great happiness of the human creature to contemplate the works of God, the beauty with which He veils the earth, independently of its service in the wants of life. This new instinct brought in a large development of the love of colour, called by Mr. Ruskin, in several places, 'the sacred gift,'—sacred in its origin of love and reverence towards God, and in the sense of beauty which cannot be perfect without it; so that while the Greek expressions of colour are generally indistinct and sometimes false, those of Dante are quite unequalled for delicacy and exactness. And the love of colour concentrates itself in love of *grass*, the meadow sweetness, which was Shakspeare's chief delight, and with the semblance of which Dante

consoles the noblest spirits in the uppermost circle of his *Inferno*. And the love of grass typifies the two great Christian virtues of cheerfulness and serenity under trial, in the grass for food and beauty; and humility, in the grass for rest.

4. Dislike of rocks, and ignorance of mountains. The Dantesque description of the colour of rocks is unintelligible to one unacquainted with the fact that the Apennines, where most of Dante's wanderings had lain, are composed of grey, toneless limestone, most desolate when unwooded, and affording none of the lovely hues of our own slates and granites. He calls them 'iron-coloured,' and 'malignant grey;' Homer calls them 'mealy white,' the Greek limestones being rather brighter than the Italian. Further, both poets generally describe rocks as 'cut,' or sculptured; and throughout mediæval art they are generally represented as great broken stones or crags, all their broad contours and undulations escaping the eye of poet and painter. And these 'cut' rocks are the only representations of mountains, except blue spires in the background, among the mediævals.

5. Immitigable dislike of clouds, except the white horizontal clouds of summer.

(C.) *Modern landscape*.—We may rest satisfied, at present, with the general conception of modern landscape, as displaying qualities exactly opposite to those of the other two,—as cloudy, mountainous, indefinite; full of new characters introduced by many men, and therefore not capable of being described in general terms as what we *all* delight in and feel: these characters being in part founded on 'the inferior and evanescent principle of modernism, its recklessness, impatience, or faithlessness;' and partly on its science, its new affection for nature, its love of openness and liberty.

Turner was the first poet who understood, in all their range, the grounds of noble emotion which exist in landscape: the rest of the work is therefore devoted to the explanation of the principles on which he composed, and of the aspects of nature which he was the first to discern. We must conceive landscape art to have been cultivated on the whole with advancing light and knowledge, though subject to the contending weaknesses and caprice of those engaged in it,—until Turner arose to perfect it. We are also to conceive the mind of Turner itself subjected to the inconsistent influences of his predecessors, and only very slowly making its way 'from precedent to precedent,' until it arrives at full knowledge of its own proper work, and boldly commences doing it. In some details of his work, Turner *never* overcame the influence of his predecessors; and he was forty-five years of age before he saw what his work really was.

We take a brief sketch of the progress towards naturalistic landscape from the exquisitely illustrated chapter, entitled 'The Teachers of Turner,' with which the third volume closes. There is no reason why religious feeling should be inconsistent with advanced landscape art; but it so happened, that the upright formalities of Perugino and the early style of Raffaele died out along with religious feeling; we do not find the backgrounds rightly painted till the figures become irreligious; and, therefore, skill in art is associated with profanity. Masaccio, or Filippino Lippi, (it is uncertain which of them,) took the first step towards abandoning the slender, upright trees, and pure, bright skies, of the Purists; and, in the background landscape of the fresco of the Tribute Money, in the chapel of the Carmine, substituted some expression of rounded contour and large slope of hills, with their summits in the clouds. Titian, Tintoret, and Correggio, though living in the midst of the levels of the lagoons, abandoned entirely the old conception of the aspen grove and meadow, and delighted to bury themselves in wild wood and rocky glen. In the great Venetians, all aim at expression of faultlessness and felicity is withdrawn, as contrary to the laws of the existent world. From them Turner received almost the only valuable assistance which he owed to preceding art. Salvator Rosa possessed real genius, but desolate and degraded by starvation and bad education. Claude was Turner's master; a man of slight capacity and feeling, whose great merit in art is that he first actually put the sun in the heavens, instead of the conventional, face-filled figure of earlier art. In rendering yellow effects of sunlight, and in certain parts of manipulation, Turner was never quite able to equal him. Nicolo Poussin had noble powers of design, and his foliage possesses an ideal character of its own. His influence on Turner was not great, but 'reminiscences of him occur sometimes in Turner's compositions of sculptured stones for foregrounds; and the beautiful Triumph of Flora, in the Louvre, probably first showed Turner the use of definite flower or blossom-painting in landscape.' He also studied Cuyp, De Hooghe, and Rembrandt, with considerable advantage. Cuyp was especially useful in neutralizing the influence of the idealism of Claude, and showing the young painter what force might be in plain veracities. Finally, he studied Vandervelde, and in consequence was prevented for twenty years from seeing that the sea was wet. It is better to get at once some notion of these masters in relation to Turner, as their names recur in the fifth volume.

He found, however, an infant school of landscape art struggling into existence, a school of which he became himself

the greatest master; and this is said to be the only true school of landscape that has yet existed.

'However feeble its efforts might be, they were *for the sake of the nature*, not of the picture; and therefore, having this germ of true life, it grew and thrived. Robson did not paint purple hills because he wanted to show how he could lay on purple; but because he truly loved their dark peaks. Fielding did not paint downs to show how dexterously he could sponge out mists; but because he loved downs.'

Between the Venetians and this modern English school, no living landscape art existed, other schools being the decaying off-sets of the dead art of the sixteenth century: the Dutch schools, more or less natural, but vulgar; the Italian, more or less elevated, but absurd. 'From the last landscape of Tintoret,'—the latest Venetian, who died in 1594,—'we must pass at once to the first of Turner.'

We enter now upon the second part of the second portion of the general design, 'the examination of the particular character of every kind of scenery,' which occupies the fourth, and half of the fifth volume. It is divided into three: 'Of Mountain Beauty,' (vol. iv.), 'Of Leaf Beauty,' and 'Of Cloud Beauty.' (Vol. v.) On the first of these divisions we have nothing to say, praise being happily needless; we must confine our remarks to the other two, which are just published.

Five years have intervened between the appearance of the fourth and that of the fifth volume; of his employments in the service of art during that period, the author gives an interesting account. Along with a variety of other occupations (including the publication of his invaluable *Elements of Drawing*, *Elements of Perspective*, *Political Economy of Art*, *Two Paths*, and *Notes on the Turner Collection*) he has been intrusted with the arduous task of arranging the remains of Turner in the National Gallery.

'In seven tin boxes in the lower room of the National Gallery, I found upwards of nineteen thousand pieces of paper, drawn upon by Turner in one way or other. Many on both sides; some with four, five, or six subjects on each side (the pencil point digging spiritedly through from the fore-grounds of the front into the tender pieces of sky on the back); some in chalk, which the touch of the finger would sweep away; others in ink rotted into holes; others (some splendid coloured drawings among them) long eaten away by damp and mildew, and falling into dust at the edges, in capes and bays of fragile decay; others worm-eaten, some mouse-eaten, many torn half-way through; numbers doubled (quadrupled, I should say) up into four, being Turner's favourite mode of packing for travelling; nearly all rudely flattened out from the bundles in which Turner had finally rolled them up and squeezed them into his drawers in Queen Anne Street. Dust

of thirty years' accumulation, black, dense, and sooty, lay in the rents of the crushed and crumpled edges of these flattened bundles, looking like a jagged black frame, and producing altogether unexpected effects in brilliant portions of skies, whence an accidental or experimental finger-mark of the first bundle-unfolder had swept it away.

'About half, or rather more, of the entire number, consisted of pencil-sketches, in flat oblong pocket-books, dropping to pieces at the back, tearing laterally wherever opened, and every drawing rubbing itself into the one opposite. These first I paged with my own hand; then unbound, and laid every leaf separately in a clean sheet of perfectly smooth writing paper, so that it might receive no further injury. Then, enclosing the contents and boards of each book (usually ninety-two leaves, more or less drawn on both sides, with two sketches on the boards at the beginning and end) in a separate, sealed packet, I returned it to its tin box. The loose sketches needed more trouble. The dust had first to be got off them; (from the chalk ones it could only be blown off;) then they had to be variously flattened; the torn ones to be laid down, the loveliest guarded, so as to prevent all future friction; and four hundred of the most characteristic framed and glazed, and cabinets constructed for them which would admit of their free use by the public. With two assistants, I was at work all the autumn and winter of 1857, every day, all day long, and often far into the night.'

Besides the severe manual labour, so deserving the thanks of the public, 'the excitement involved in seeing unfolded the whole career of the mind of Turner during his life, joined with much sorrow at the state in which nearly all his most precious work had been left, and with great anxiety, and heavy sense of responsibility besides, was very trying.' Mr. Ruskin also tells us that a section on the Sea, intended for this part of the work, is thrown out of the volume; and, if ever it is executed, will form a separate book. 'Turner's pathetic interest in the sea, and his inexhaustible knowledge of shipping, deserved more complete and accurate illustration than was at all possible to me.' We have, therefore, a half promise of a future work on 'the shipping of the old Nelson times, and of the sea-waves and sailor character of all times,' which will meet with even wider welcome than his works on art.

The volume begins with 'Leaf Beauty.' How far is not Paradise recoverable by us? What can we conceive of the first Eden, which we might not win back if we chose? Is the flaming sword indeed quenchless, the gates passable no more? or is it not that we rather desire no more to enter? The flowers are always striving to grow wherever we suffer them; they would increase till the earth was white and red with them, if we would have it so. What prevents us from covering as much of the

world as we will with pleasant shade, pure blossom, goodly fruit? 'Who prevents its dark forests, ghostly and uninhabitable, from being changed into infinite orchards, wreathing the hills with frail-floretted snow, far away to the half-lighted horizon of April, and flushing the face of all the autumnal earth with glow of clustered fruit?' Paradise was a place of peace; and the world would yet be a place of peace if we were all peace-makers, and gentle service should we have of its creatures if we gave them gentle mastery. We were appointed 'to dress it and to keep it.' How have we ravaged it instead, bathing its lilies in blood, and splintering its trees into spear-shafts! 'So long as we make sport of slaying bird and beast, so long as we choose to contend rather with our fellows than with our faults, and make battle-fields of our meadows instead of pasture—so long, truly, the flaming sword will still turn every way, and the gates of Eden remain barred close enough, till we have sheathed the sharper flame of our own passions, and broken down the closer gates of our own hearts.'

Vegetation is to the earth as an imperfect soul given to meet the soul of man; through this she ministers to man, and the love she obtains is a sure test of our being in a right and pure temper of mind. It is, indeed, possible to do without the race of plants, as the sailor does between sky and foam, learning noble lessons, too; but the medium whereby the earth becomes the friend and teacher of man is her strange veil of intermediate being, 'which breathes, but has no voice; moves, but cannot leave its appointed place; passes through life without consciousness to death, without bitterness; wears the beauty of youth, without its passions; and declines to the weakness of age, without its regret.' Most of the pleasures we look for from outer things are united in this link between earth and man; wonderful in its adaptation to his need, desire, and discipline; God's daily preparation of the earth for his use.

'First, a carpet to make it soft for him; then a coloured fantasy of embroidery thereon; then tall spreading of foliage to shade him from sun-heat, and shade also the fallen rain, that it may not dry quickly back into the clouds, but stay to nourish the springs among the moss. Stout wood to bear this leafage; easily to be cut, yet tough and light, to make houses for him, or instruments (lance-shaft or plough-handle, according to his temper); useless it had been, if harder; useless, if less fibrous; useless, if less elastic. Winter comes, and the shade of leafage falls away, to let the sun warm the earth; the strong boughs remain, breaking the strength of winter winds. The seeds which are to prolong the race, innumerable according to the need, are made beautiful and palatable, varied into infinitude of appeal to the fancy of man, or provision for his service; cold juice or glowing spice, or balm,

or incense, softening oil, preserving resin, medicine of styptic, febrifuge, or lulling charm; and all these presented in forms of endless change. Fragility or force, softness and strength, in all degrees and aspects; unerring uprightness, as of temple pillars, or undivided wandering of feeble tendrils on the ground; mighty resistances of rigid arm and limb to the storms of ages, or wavings to and fro with faintest pulse of summer streamlet. Roots cleaving the strength of rock, or binding the transience of the sand; crests basking in sunshine of the desert, or hiding by dripping spring and sightless cave; foliage far tossing in entangled fields beneath every wave of ocean—clothing with variegated, everlasting fibres the peaks of the trackless mountains, or ministering at cottage doors to every gentlest passion and simplest joy of humanity.'

A writer so anxious for real influence will scarcely thank a reviewer for quoting his descriptions and missing his arguments. But unless we could copy most of the innumerable diagrams with which this part of the work is illustrated, with the explanations accompanying them, our account must be reduced to the merest abstract. Plants are divided into those that grow on the ground, the flowers of the field, called, fancifully, 'Tented Plants;' and those which leave the ground, raising edifices above it, called 'Building Plants,' or Trees. These tree-builders are subdivided into the two great classes of 'Builders with the Shield,' and 'Builders with the Sword;' the former and greatly more numerous class consisting of those trees which have leaves, in the common meaning of the word, and deriving its name from the resemblance of leaves to the shields,—a resemblance both in shape and office, for under their lifted shadow the young bud of the next year is kept from harm; while the latter class consists of the family of the pines, and borrows its name from the sharp leaves, shaped like swords, in the midst of which the young buds grow fearlessly, instead of crouching each beneath a leaf-shadow.

The chief purpose of the section is to trace the sources of beauty in the fair builders with the shield; and in a most complex investigation their growth is traced from bud to leaf, and from branch to stem. It is impossible to give more than results. In the great periods the perception of organic leaf-form was always in proportion to the power of drawing the human figure. All the great Italian designers drew leaves well, though none quite equalled Correggio. Rubens drew them coarsely and vigorously, just as he drew limbs. Among the inferior Dutch painters, leaf-painting degenerates in proportion to the diminishing power in figure-drawing. The greatest draughtsmen draw leaves, like everything else, of the full natural size in their foregrounds; no one before Turner succeeded in giving the infinity

and mystery of distant foliage. Titian, in his backgrounds and foliage, in middle distance, is heavy and flakey, and defectively foreshortened; not because he could do no better, but because he did not choose to interfere with his foregrounds and figures by distant masses in vigorous projection. The Dutch painters attempted to render foliage in distance by diminution of touch; in this they falsified form and lost infinity. 'A single dusty roll of Turner's brush is more truly expressive of the infinitude of foliage, than the niggling of Hobbima could have rendered his canvass if he had worked on it till Doomsday.'

When we come to the branch and stem, the inquiry is more complicated. Each leaf pays a small tribute for its support to the stalk which sustains it, lest there should be danger of any number of leaves being too oppressive for their bearer: it sends a small quantity of wood down the stalk to add to its thickness. This slender thread of woody matter, by a process of which no botanical account is in existence, is continued through the branch and down the stem, with so perfect an order and regularity, that even in thrusting forward into the root it does not lose its energy until, 'mining through the darkness, it has taken hold in cleft of rock or depth of earth, as extended as the sweep of its green crest in the free air.' Upon some understanding of this fact all true and delicate drawing of branch and stem depend; for it is this downward growth and thickening that is visibly expressed in the fibres and ridges of the tree, not the upward growth from year to year. It is because the leaves must have free space to drop their slender strands of wood, that they will not grow exactly over the heads of one another, but circle round the spray in a threefold, fourfold, or fivefold order of ascension; so that this fact explains the law of spiral curvature. The little ridges and inequalities at the junctions of spray with branch, and branch with stem, are likewise dependent on it; and these laws of vegetation it is the duty of the draughtsman to express. Claude and Salvator missed them; the infallible instinct of Turner never missed them. Now for the stem. 'How do trees make their trunks?' They are not born with heads like flowers, but have to make their own heads. They do not *grow* like flowers, but are edified like towers; a branch does not stretch itself out as a leech stretches its body, but is built up by shoots of equal length, storey by storey. Now, if these shoots grew upright, and were founded on one another, instead of, each in turn, casting out their terminal buds in various directions, it would be easy to see that the formation of the tall trunk would only be matter of time. But trunks are not so formed. They do not grow up as bare poles to a certain

height, and then spread into a crown of branches; the youngest sapling has its crown, and is, in fact, a miniature tree. The shoots spread off in all directions as soon as the tree is above ground; and the supplies of wood by the leaves, though they account for the thickening, do not account for the lengthening of the stem. The question has never before been solved. The central trunk is built by gradually casting off those lower boughs which cannot thrive because of the shade and damp thrown upon them by their happier brethren above; year by year they drop, but *vitam in vulnere ponunt*; they leave their fibrous strength in the trunk, and time erases the scar they left in perishing. We cannot pass on without a tribute of admiring gratitude to the patience of Mr. Ruskin, and the exquisite clearness with which he demonstrates the conclusions we have stated.

What are we to say of the section on 'Cloud Beauty?' Mr. Ruskin protests that we know nothing of clouds, not even why they float, or what they are; nothing of their laws of form, colour, and motion. From careful observation he has gathered some facts about them, but can explain nothing. He treats of them under the three divisions (used in volume i.) of the cirrus, or highest cloud, (called fancifully the 'Cloud Flocks,') the cumulus, or cloud of the central region, (the 'Cloud Chariots,') and the rain cloud (or 'Angel of the Sea').

1. The clouds of the upper region are formed now of striated, now of massive substance; but in each case it is peculiar to them that they are *finely divided*. They appear in flocks, but never accumulate into larger masses; they remain separate, but do not part company. What separates them through their thousands each from the other, and each about equally from the other? How can they be drawn asunder, yet never allowed to part? Artists must remember that there is a perfect, though inexplicable, law in their structure and motion. Whatever their form may be, whether branched, or rippled, or thrown into shield-like segments, the force which regulates the similar form of each mass is not disturbed by the force which urges them all along the sky. All are obedient to the law of their own form, as well as to the law which has gone forth among their companies, 'One shall not thrust another, they shall walk every one in his own path.' A common painter cannot paint them by 'dotting his clouds down at random:' Turner alone has succeeded in giving their proportioned inequalities of relative distance, their gradated changes of form, (depending, probably, on perspective,) their suggestions of enclosing curve. In his sky-drawing he stands more alone than in anything else.

2. The massive cloud of the central region is the one best known to ordinary observers, but has never been painted. Turner himself never attempted it. Many conditions under which it exists in the mountainous districts are described; the most remarkable being the 'lee-side cloud,' called into being by the mountain shelter out of the clear winds. Enormous columns of cloud, five or ten miles in extent, having the appearance in perspective of ascending from the mountain peak, extend horizontally from it, never, however, leaving it, as low cirrhi would do. But the cloud of the central region never occurs perfectly in the mountain. It is always mixed either with cirrus or rain-cloud.

3. The rain-cloud, 'angel of the sea;' often drawn rightly by our English artists, not by others. The rain-cloud is peculiar to 'moss-lands,' the northern lands, with their horizon's space of changeful light and tossing ground, which seem to be the rough schools of the world, in which its strongest human frames are knit, and sent down like northern winds to brace the languor into which more favoured districts may degenerate. In them the great renovating and purifying work is done:—

'And it is done almost entirely by the great angel of the sea—rain; the angel, observe; the messenger sent to a special place on a special errand. Not the diffused perpetual presence of the burden of mist, but the going and returning of intermittent cloud. All turns upon that intermittence. Soft moss on stone and rock; cave-fern of tangled glen; wayside well, perennial, patient, silent, clear, stealing through its square font of rough-hewn stone; ever thus deep, no more; which the winter wreck sullies not, the summer thirst wastes not, incapable of stain as of decline; where the fallen leaf falls undecayed, and the insect darts undefiling. Crossed brook and ever-eddying river, lifted even in flood scarcely over its stepping-stones, but all through sweet summer keeping tremulous music with harp-strings of dark water among the silver fingering of the pebbles. Far away to the south, the strong river gods have all hastened and gone down to the sea. Wasted and burning, white furnaces of blasting sand, their broad beds lie ghastly and bare; but here the soft wings of the sea-angel droop still with dew, and the shadows of their flames falter on the hills; strange laughings and glitterings of silver streamlets, born suddenly, and twined about the mossy heights in trickling tinsel, answering to them as they wave.'

Nor are those wings colourless. We habitually think of the rain-cloud as only dark and grey; but to it our English mornings and evenings owe perhaps the fairest, if not most dazzling, hues of their heaven. For these are the robes of love of the angel of the sea, and this is his message to his friends. Note

how they are spoken of in Job xxxvi. 29-31: 'By them judgeth He the people; He giveth meat in abundance. With clouds He covereth the light. He hath hidden the light in His hands, and commanded that it should return. He speaks of it to His friends that it is His possession, and that He may ascend thereto.'

But the 'angel of the sea' has another message, in the 'great rain of His strength;' then 'His robe is not spread softly over the whole heaven, as a veil, but sweeps back from his shoulders, ponderous, oblique, terrible—leaving his sword-arm free.' The approach of hurricane-storm is in vastness like the spreading clouds of softer rain, but is not slow nor horizontal, but swift and steep,—swift with passion of ravenous winds, steep as slope of some dark hollowed hill.

'The fronting clouds come leaning forward, one thrusting the other aside, or on; impatient, ponderous, impendent, like globes of rock tossed of Titans—Ossa or Olympus—but hurled forward all, in one wave of cloud lava—cloud whose throat is a sepulchre. Fierce behind them rages the oblique wrath of the rain, white as ashes, dense as showers of driven steel; the pillars of it are full of ghastly life; rain-furies, shrieking as they fly; scourging as with whips of scorpions; the earth ringing and trembling under them, heaven wailing wildly, the trees stooped blindly down, covering their faces, quivering in every leaf with horror, ruin of their branches flying by them like black stubble.'

These were the storm-clouds personified among the Greeks* as the 'bent-clawed' Graize—the coiling clouds, which in swift action become water-spouts—the Gorgons, or true storm-clouds; the locks of the hundred-headed Typhon, the malignant *typhoon*; and it is to be observed that the chief masters of imagination have owed their noblest thoughts, not to the flowers of the valley, nor the majesty of the hill, but to the flying cloud. In the representation of the rain-cloud, both of mercy and of judgment, the supremacy of Turner is again demonstrated. The Greek saw not the tabernacle of mercy so diffused, nor the throne of judgment so swift, as the Englishman.

We come now to the third portion of the general design of the whole work,—the operation of all this on the hearts and minds of men, to exhibit the moral function and end of art; to prove the share which it ought to have in the thoughts, and influence on the lives, of all of us; to attach to the artist the

* The great Greek fable of the divinities of the sea is beautifully and exactly explained by Mr. Ruskin, with reference to the different kinds of storm-cloud. The illustrations, original and from Turner, are superb.

responsibility of a preacher, and to kindle in the general mind that regard which such an office ought to have.' A promise, in the whole, sadly departed from in the performance. What! upon this great mind, too, as upon Chaucer, as upon Keats, and Turner himself, is there settling down a 'hopelessness' regarding what art can do for mankind? If not that, there seems to be a sadness, too noble for bitterness, arising from the apathy of the public towards art; a weariness and sense of futility in the accomplished work. But the work is done well, and 'of necessity;' let others judge of its usefulness. The mass of mankind must ever remain blind to the higher excellencies of art, but it does not follow that it is a bootless thing to point them out to the world. And if there is no peace, why should peace be cried? Be it so; if the last moral of art be the dance of death, instead of the throning of Sabaoth around the Lord of them. It can scarcely be reckoned a disappointment, that art should not be found to be religion.*

This portion, then, contains the discussion on 'Ideas of Relation,' as the other two great portions contained 'Ideas of Truth' and 'Ideas of Beauty.' We first inquired how far art may be, and has been, consistent with physical or material facts: and next, how far it may be, and has been, obedient to the laws of physical beauty. Now we have to consider its relations to God and man,—its work in the help of human beings, and the service of their Creator. 'We have to inquire into the various powers, conditions, and aims of mind involved in the conception or creation of pictures; in the choice of subject, and the mode and order of its history; the choice of forms, and modes of their arrangement.'

In fact, the whole mental invention involved in painting a picture turns either upon choice and treatment of subject, or choice and arrangement of forms and colours. Therefore the whole discussion falls into two main divisions, namely, 'Spiritual (expressional) Invention,' and 'Formal (material) Invention.' The two are of course connected, 'all good formal invention being expressional also;' but as matter of convenience they are separated, and it is considered best to say what may be ascertained of formal invention, before pursuing the faculty into its higher field. It must be premised that invention seems the word employed to denote the joint operation of the two faculties

* The artistic spirit is liable to degenerate into a kind of heartlessness from which even study of nature can scarcely save it. The great men certainly are always tender; but, for a second-rate mind to be for ever looking at everything as a study, is prejudicial. The majority of men are made to look at things, (though they do not often use their eyes,) not to copy them.

analysed in the second volume, which are concerned respectively with ideas of beauty and ideas of relation; namely, the contemplative, or theoretic, and the imaginative.

First, then, of invention formal, commonly called technical composition; that is to say, 'the arrangement of lines, forms, or colours, so as to produce the best possible effect.'

On this subject, a person who has read the chapter on the Theoretic Faculty and the Associative Imagination, will not find a great deal added to his knowledge. The great value of the section consists in the variation with which the great laws stated in the second volume are presented, and the new illustrations of them. Perhaps it would be best to regard the whole of the part on Invention as a memoir on the mind of Turner; since the illustrations are usually from his works, and the comparisons drawn between various painters lead to the recognition of his surpassing power, or the explanation of the peculiar manner of its development. In a picture well composed, everything will bear an essential relation to the rest, and assist in the general effect of the whole. This is the grand distinction between works truly and works falsely composed; the component parts having, or not having, a vital connexion. It is curious to observe how, in a thoroughly great composition, the law of mutual help is carried out in the minutest portion. A great composition has always a leading emotional purpose, technically called its motive, to which all its forms and lines have some relation. Undulating lines, for instance, are expressive of action, and would be false in effect if the motive was one of repose. Horizontal and angular lines are expressive of rest and strength, and would destroy a design the purpose of which was to express disquiet and feebleness. The various devices by which great masters manage to secure the effect desired, are among the greatest marvels of art. In Titian's 'Holy Family' (National Gallery) line balances line, and mass equalizes mass; and the effect is rest and safety. But in his 'Death of Abel,' there is, instead of symmetry, or the balance of parts, unity; and instead of equalization of masses, distortion;—the motive being to express violent action. Turner, in his 'Rietz, near Saumur,' (Rivers of France,) wishes to express repose, together with rude stability, slightly mingled with indolent languor and despondency,—the peace between intervals of enforced labour, 'happy, but listless, and having but little care or hope about the future.' To get this, we have horizontal lines and bold angles. The river sweeps through a large horizontal space from the distance, and flows out of the picture. The value of this arrangement is enhanced by the piece of near wall.

'It is the vertical line of its dark side which drives the eye up into the distance, right against the horizontal, and so makes it felt, while the flatness of the stone prepares the eye to understand the flatness of the river. Further: hide with your finger the little ring on that stone, and you will find the river has stopped flowing:—that ring is to repeat the curved lines on the river bank, which express its line of current, and to bring the feeling of them down near us.'

On the other side of the road, in the foreground, the horizontal lines are taken up by some dark pieces of wood, which add to the space of the picture. But the repose is to be not only perfect, but indolent; of people not much caring what becomes of them. The road is covered with litter; the steps of the cottage had been too high for comfort originally, 'only it was less trouble to cut three large stones than four or five small. They are now all aslope and broken, not repaired for years.' Their weight increases the general feeling of languor and of stability. So much for the horizontal and curved lines. The radiating lines point with a precision, almost ludicrous, to one object in the distance—a massive church. Without that, the repose would not have been that of the labourer—the Sabbath rest. 'Among all the groups of lines that point to it, two are principal; the first, those of the vine-trellis; the second, those of the handles of the saw left in the beam: the blessing of human life, and its labour.' Whenever Turner wished to express profound repose, he put in the foreground an instrument of labour cast aside. It is impossible to reduce to system the expedients of great artists in obtaining what they want; but to have a dominant purpose, and the power of keeping to it, and helping it forward by every little accessory, is the conspicuous mark of true composition.

From this power of viewing the relations and conditions of things, arises true grandeur in art; upon the 'task of the least,' is founded 'the rule of the greatest.' To the great composers nothing ever bears a separate or isolated aspect, but leads on to a continuous chain of aspects; to them, not merely the surface, nor even the substance of things, is of importance, but their combinations and circumference. Hence their art will always be full and great, opposed to mere windy inflation, such as the work of Barry; and also opposed to the minuteness of 'the modern pathetic school,' by which is meant *Præ-Raffaëlitism*. (*Cf.* vol. iv., p. 19.)

'I was surprised at the first rise of that school, now some years ago, by observing how they restrained themselves to subjects which in other hands would have been wholly uninteresting; and in their suc-

ceeding efforts I saw, with increasing wonder, that they were almost destitute of the power of feeling vastness, or enjoying the forms which expressed it. A mountain, or great building, only appeared to them as a piece of colour of a certain shape: the powers it represented, it included, were invisible to them. In general, they avoided subjects expressing space or mass, and fastened on confined, broken, and sharp forms; liking furze, fern, reeds, straw, stubble, dead leaves, and such like, better than strong stones, broad flowing leaves, or rounded hills; in all such greater things, when forced to paint them, they missed the main and mighty lines; and this no less in what they loved than in what they disliked; for, though fond of foliage, their trees had always a tendency to congeal into little acicular thorn hedges, and never tossed free. Which modes of choice proceed naturally from a petulant sympathy with local and immediately visible interests or sorrows, not regarding their large consequences, nor capable of understanding more massive view or more deeply deliberate mercifulness: but peevish and horror-struck, and often incapable of self-control, though not of self-sacrifice. There are more people who can forget themselves than govern themselves.'

The school in question is, perhaps, liable to this criticism; but, at least in one eminent *Præ-Raffaelite*, the sense of form and colour seems perfect, though subject to a voluntary mannerism; and the greatness of the entire school depends upon its character as an expressional or emotional school, rather than as one 'formal' in invention. Of the expressional school, Mr. Ruskin can scarcely be regarded as a complete exponent; and the index tells us that Hogarth, one of its greatest masters, is not mentioned throughout the work. But with the great masters of form and colour, the mode of conception is, we conceive, very different from that of the great masters of expression, so far as they stand distinct from one another. The former must conceive primarily of their subject as a great mass of light and shade, from which, so to speak, the definite forms are to be cut out. Hence the grandeur which attaches to their work: 'they reap and thrash in the sheaf, never pluck ears to rub in the hand; fish with net, not line, and sweep their prey together within great curves of errorless wave.'

In the preface of this volume, Mr. Ruskin gives a brief account of the principal changes which have passed over his own mind, with regard to the comparative claims of different schools of art, during the composition of the entire work. When he began, he had chiefly delighted in northern work, especially Rubens and Rembrandt; and expressions of admiration for Rubens, which he has come to regret, are to be found in the first volume. A strong reaction threw him too far under the influence of Angelico and Raffaele, and 'blinded him long to the deepest qualities of

Venetian art.' It was not until the studies pursued in the autumn of 1858, that he got at the real motive of Venetian work, 'when, with much consternation, but more delight, I found that I had never got to the roots of the moral power of the Venetians, and that there needed another and a very stern course of study. The winter was spent mainly in trying to get at the mind of Titian: not a light winter's work,' and of which the issue was, in many ways, unexpected. We find the final conviction of Mr. Ruskin to be, that the Venetians are the greatest, humblest, and safest men; and with them he associates the two English names of Reynolds and Turner. This is more especially observable in the chapters on 'Invention Spiritual,' (expressional,) to which we now turn, and where we find the excellence of those masters alone insisted upon, who have been mighty in formal, or technical, invention.

All existing landscape, we are told, may be arranged under the following heads:—

I. **HEROIC.**—Representing an imaginary world, inhabited by spiritual beings of the highest order, and by men 'not, perhaps, perfectly civilized, but noble, and usually subject to severe trials.' This is often without architecture, never without figures. Its principal master is Titian.

II. **CLASSICAL.**—Representing an imaginary world, inhabited by inferior spiritual powers, and by perfectly civilized men. It assumes the condition of things which was supposed to be presented among the Greek and Roman nations. It generally contains architecture of an elevated character, and always figures. Its principal master is N. Poussin.

III. **PASTORAL.**—Representing peasant life and work, or scenery suggestive of these, with figures, cattle, and domestic buildings. No supernatural being is visibly known. Its principal master is Cuyp.

IV. **CONTEMPLATIVE.**—Representing, principally, the powers of nature and the historical association connected with landscape, illustrated by, or contrasted with, states of human life. No supernatural being is visibly present. It admits every variety of subject, and requires, in general, figure incident, but not of an exciting character. It was not developed until recent times. Its principal master is Turner.

These are the four true orders of landscape. Two spurious forms require separate note.

(A.) **PICTURESQUE.**—A degradation (or sometimes undeveloped state) of the contemplative. It includes pictures meant to display the artist's skill, irrespectively of sentiment. Much modern art, the street views and church exteriors of the Dutch, the

works of Canaletto, Guardi, Tempesta, and the like, are included in it.

(B.) Hybrid.—Landscape in which the painter attempts to unite the irreconcilable sentiment of two or more of the above-mentioned classes. Its principal masters are Berghem and Wouvermans.

We shall attempt presently an analysis of these great orders of landscape, typically distinct in the works of their greatest masters; but the inquiry does not reach that form at once.*

This classification makes it evident that all true landscape depends primarily upon its connexion with humanity, or with spiritual being. The essential connexion between human interest and the power of landscape is not the less certain because in many great pictures the link is slight. To trace the manner in which thoughts of human fate, pity for human suffering, sympathy with human hope, have presented themselves before the minds of great men in different ages, is one of the main purposes of this part of the work. And meanwhile, hear Mr. Ruskin's declaration of his own purposes throughout his writings:—

'And in these books of mine, their distinctive character, as essays on art, is their bringing everything to a root in human passion or human hope. Arising, first, not in any desire to explain the principles of art, but in the endeavour to defend an individual painter from injustice, they have been coloured throughout,—nay, continually altered in shape, and even warped and broken, by digressions respecting social questions, which had for me an interest tenfold greater than the work I had been forced into undertaking. Every principle of painting which I have stated is traced to some vital or spiritual fact; and in my works on architecture the preference accorded finally to one school over another, is founded on a comparison of their influence on the life of the workman,—a question by all other writers on the subject of architecture wholly forgotten or despised.'

* The reader of Mr. Ruskin may be surprised at finding here a classification so entirely novel, when he recalls that in vol. iv. (Appendix 1) Expressional Art is divided into three distinct schools. 1. The Great Expressional School, consisting of the sincerely thoughtful and affectionate painters of early times, (Orcagna, Bellini, Perugino, Angelico,) all of whom were, without exception, *colourists*. The modern *Præ-Raffaëlitæ* are stated to belong to it. 2. The Pseudo-Expressional School, wholly of modern development, consisting of men who have never mastered their art, but who hope to substitute sentiment for good painting, and are distinguished by contempt of colour. 3. The Grotesque Expressional School, consisting of men who have peculiar powers of observation for the stronger signs of character, but lose sight of the refinements or beauties. This school includes the wild grotesque of early sculpture and modern popular caricature. But it must be remembered that in the text expressional art is strictly landscape, and the Great Expressional School is almost excluded from consideration, for reasons given in p. 207.

Human interest, then, is the great source of all power in art. But to regard man rightly, we must consider him as having both a spiritual and an animal nature. False impressions of the nature, work, and destiny of man are the result of leaving out either his body or his soul. And the human interest evolved in art has been liable to a twofold aberration. The Purists of the first great period erred by denying the animal nature of man; their art was allied with the various forms of asceticism and fanaticism; and, therefore, with all its beauty and grandeur, it was swept away by the rise of the naturalism of the fifteenth century. But naturalism, passing from the hands of its great founders, erred on the other side. Giving no scope to the spiritual nature, it sank and expired in various forms of sensualism. In its modern revival art has united in expression the two great halves of the compound nature of man; and there is hope for it so long as it faithfully continues to do so. The Purists being excluded from consideration, (partly on account of the merely conventional form of their landscape,) we find that the four forms of landscape art, enumerated above, correspond with these various phases of human feeling in artists:—the heroic being that of the great naturalists, the classical and pastoral being forms of the decline of naturalism, the contemplative being the modern revival of landscape under Turner.

The presence of truly human feeling is centralized in one great subject, in the mode of conceiving and treating the presence and power of death. By the Purists the elements of decay, danger, and grief in visible things are always disregarded; the expression of immortality and perpetuity is alone found. It is not meant that they take no note of the absolute fact of corruption; for, (*e.g.*) the details of martyrdom, the processions of the power of death, and kindred subjects, formed a great chapter of religious painting throughout the epoch. But the external fact is separated in their minds from the main conditions of things, and regarded simply as a momentary accident in the course of humanity, not as affecting the general dealings of the Deity with this world. Of what is now called 'The Economy of Pain,' they had no intuition. 'Human bodies, at one time or another, had, indeed, to be made dust of, and raised from it; and this becoming dust was hurtful and humiliating, but not in the least melancholy, nor in any very high degree important, except to thoughtless persons, who needed sometimes to be reminded of it, and whom, not at all fearing the thing much himself, the painter accordingly did remind of it somewhat sharply.'

In this temper consisted the beauty and fragility of the Purists. But in all great art, Venetian, Greek, or other, there

must be a far deeper sense of the inextricable mingling of good and evil in the web of life,* of the occult and subtle horror which steals so continually into the aspects of nature through the work of death. And accordingly, as the mind either conquers the evil in fair fight, or cannot overcome it, but remains in perpetual war and trouble about it, arise two grand divisions of noble art; the first being Greek and Venetian art generally, the last northern art generally, and English art in its revival under Turner.

The heroic spirit of Venetian religion and art, like that of the Greeks, was fostered by the physical influence of the sea, which taught practical quickness of hand and eye, and forbade sentiment; it was also tempered by the solemnity of the mountains. But the moral influences at work on the two races were widely different. Evil was fronted by the Greek, and thrust out of his path during this life at least. But the teaching of the Church had made the contemplation of evil one of the duties of man; and the Christian painters differed in a third point from the Greek, in having been taught a faith which put an end to restless questioning and discouragement. Hence were derived the three great elements in their art: first, love of physical beauty, learned from the sweeping glory of the sea, 'broad-breasted; level-browed, like the horizon; thighed and shouldered, like the billows; footed, like their stealing foam; battled in cloud of golden hue, like their sunsets;' second, subordination of nature to man; third, representation of superhuman beings of the highest order. But with the glory dwelt the pride. The Venetian had no sympathy with the humbler phases of human life; he possessed and cared for neither fields nor pastures; birds and beasts, times and seasons, were alike unknown to him. No simple joy was possible to him,—'only stateliness and power; high intercourse with kingly and beautiful humanity, proud thoughts, or splendid pleasures; throned sensuality and ennobled appetites.' In proportion to the greatness of their power was the shame of its desecration, and the suddenness of its fall.

What was the answer of the north to the riddle of death? Up to the time of the Reformation it was possible for men, even of the highest powers, to obtain tranquillity of faith, in the highest degree favourable to the pursuit of art. From that time the possibility ceased. Fifteen hundred years of spiritual

* Compare what is said in *Stones of Venice*, (vol. iii., p. 136,) respecting the evident design of the Deity, that His reasonable creatures should be under the dominion of awful reverence, or fear; and about the proper objects of fear, namely, things that have in them the power of death, or the nature of sin.

teaching were called into fearful questioning, and whether it had been true or false there was no more trusting it peacefully.

'A dark time for all men. We cannot now conceive it. The great horror of it lay in this,—that as in the trial-hour of the Greeks, the heavens themselves seemed to have deceived those who had trusted in them.

"We had prayed with tears; we had loved with our hearts. There was no choice of way open to us. No guidance from God or man other than this, and, behold, it was a lie. 'When He, the Spirit of Truth is come, He shall guide you into all truth.' And He has guided us into no truth. There can be no such Spirit. There is no Advocate, no Comforter. Has there been no Resurrection?"

'Then came the Resurrection of Death. Never since man first saw him, face to face, had his terror been so great. "Swallowed up in victory;" alas! no; but king over all the earth. All faith, hope, and fond belief were betrayed. Nothing of futurity was now sure but the grave.

'For the Pan-Athenaic Triumph, and the Feast of Jubilee, there came up, through fields of Spring, the Dance of Death.

'The brood of weak men fled from the face of him. A new Bacchus and his crew, this, with worm for snake, and gall for wine. They recoiled to such pleasure as yet remained possible to them—feeble infidelities and luxurious sciences, and so went their way.

'At least of the men with whom we are concerned,—the artists,—this was almost the universal fate. They gave themselves to the following of pleasure only; and as a religious school, after a few pale rays of fading sanctity from Guido, and brown gleams of gipsy Madonnahood from Murillo, came utterly to an end.

'Three men only stood firm, facing the new Dionysiac revel, to see what would become of it. Two in the north, Holbein and Dürer; and, later, one in the south, Salvator.

'But the ground on which they stood differed strangely: Dürer and Holbein, amidst the formal delights, the tender religions, and practical science of domestic life and honest commerce; Salvator, amidst the pride of lascivious wealth, and the outlawed distress of impious poverty.'

Pass over Salvator and his answer—*Ce damné Salvator*, Michelet calls him; 'Despiser of wealth and of death,' he calls himself—and come to Dürer and his answer. It is that of patient hope; and twofold, consisting of one design in praise of Fortitude, and another in praise of Labour. The first is the well-known 'Knight and Death;' (engraved more or less indifferently in most editions of *The Sintram* of De la Motte Fouqué;) the other is the plate entitled 'Melancholia,' declaring the sad, but enduring conquest of human labour over Death, the destroyer. The labour indicated is closely connected with the morbid sadness or 'dark anger' of the northern nations. It is

that of man's daily work. Not the gifted labour of the few, (for it is labour connected with the sciences, not the arts,) and it is shown in its four chief functions—thoughtful, faithful, calculating, and executing.

'Thoughtful, first; all true power coming out of that resolved, resistless, calm of melancholy thought. This is the first and last message of the whole design. Faithful, the right hand of the spirit resting on the book. Calculating, (chiefly in the sense of self-command,) the compasses in her right hand. Executive, roughest instruments of labour at her feet; a crucible and geometrical solids, indicating her work in the sciences. Over her head the hour-glass and the bell, for their continual words, "Whatsoever thine hand findeth to do." Beside her, childish labour, (lesson-learning?) sitting on an old millstone, with a tablet on its knees. I do not know what instrument it has in its hand. At her knees, a wolf-hound asleep. In the distance a comet (the disorder and threatening of the universe) setting, the rainbow dominant over it. Her strong body is close girdled for work; at her waist hang the keys of wealth; but the coin is cast aside contemptuously under her feet. She has eagles' wings, and is crowned with fair leafage of spring.'

'Yes, Albert of Nuremberg; it was a noble answer, yet an imperfect one. This is, indeed, the labour which is crowned with laurel, and has the wings of the eagle. It was reserved for another country to prove, for another hand to portray, the labour which is crowned with fire, and has the wings of the bat.'

Pass over the history of the classical landscape, centralized in 'Claude and Poussin; ' of the pastoral, centralized in 'Rubens and Cuyp; ' of the hybrid, centralized in 'Wouvermans ' (who is contrasted with 'Angelico'); and we come to a fifth pair of painters, Giorgione and Turner, put together not for contrast of powers, but of circumstances; and shall presently read the last great answer given to the riddle of death. 'The Two Boyhoods; ' first of Giorgione, the Venetian. What kind of world did his eyes open on, when he went down from Castel Franco to the 'marble city?'

'A city of marble did I say? Nay, rather a golden city, paved with emerald. For, truly, every pinnacle or turret glanced or glowed, overlaid with gold, or bossed with jasper. Beneath, the unsullied sea drew in deep breathing, to and fro, its eddies of green wave. Deep-hearted, majestic, terrible as the sea, the men of Venice moved in sway of power and war; pure as her pillars of alabaster stood her mothers and maidens; from foot to brow, all noble, walked her knights; the low bronzed gleaming of sea-rusted armour shot angrily under their blood-red mantle-folds. Fearless, faithful, patient, impenetrable, implacable,—every word a fate,—sat her senate. In hope and honour, lulled by flowing of wave round their isles of sacred sand,

each with his name written and the cross graved by his side, lay her dead. A wonderful piece of world. Rather itself a world. It lay along the face of the waters, no larger, as its captains saw it from their masts at evening, than a bar of sunset that could not pass away; but for its power, it must have seemed to them as if they were sailing in an expanse of heaven, and this a great planet, whose orient edge widened through ether. A world from which all ignoble care and petty thoughts were banished, with all the common and poor elements of life. No foulness nor tumult in their tremulous streets, that filled or fell beneath the moon; but rippled music of majestic change, or thrilling silence. No weak walls could rise above them; no low-roofed cottage, nor straw-built shed. Only the strength as of rock, and the finished setting of stones most precious. And around them, far as the eye could reach, still the soft moving of stainless waters, proudly pure; as not the flower, so neither the thorn nor the thistle, could grow in the glancing fields. Ethereal strength of Alps, dreamlike, vanishing in high procession beyond the Tercellan shore; blue isles of Paduan hills, poised in the golden west. Above, free winds and fiery clouds, ranging at their will; brightness out of the north, and balm from the south, and the stars of the evening and the morning clear in the limitless light of arched heaven and circling sea.'

Such was Giorgione's school,—such Titian's home. Now for the school of Turner, the Englishman.

'Near the south-west corner of Covent Garden, a square brick pit or well is formed by a close-set block of houses, to the back windows of which it admits a few rays of light. Access to the bottom of it is obtained out of Maiden Lane, through a low archway and an iron gate; and if you stand long enough under the archway to accustom your eyes to the darkness, you may see on the left hand a narrow door, which formerly gave quiet access to a respectable barber's shop, of which the front window, looking into Maiden Lane, is still extant, filled in this year (1860) with a row of bottles connected in some defunct manner with a brewer's business. A more fashionable neighbourhood, it is said, eighty years ago than now,—never certainly a cheerful one,—wherein a boy being born on St. George's day, 1775, began soon after to take interest in the world of Covent Garden, and put to service such spectacles of life as it afforded.'

That boy,* gifted with more than Giorgione's sensibility (if possible) to form and colour, was destined to revive in England

* The gift of colour, the sacred gift, has only been possessed in perfection by seven painters in the history of art. Five of them were Italians, two were Englishmen: Titian, Tintoret, Veronese, Giorgione, Correggio, Reynolds, Turner. The list may well arouse our patriotic pride. Not even Velasquez of Spain, nor Holbein of Germany, is admitted by Mr. Ruskin into the sacred conclave of seven.

the dead schools of art, to infuse a new vital principle into the feeble infancy of modern landscape, to invest it with the power and grandeur of humanity. The influences which surrounded Turner's youth were not very glorious, but they were what England provides for a boy of gift. There were no knights, nor many very beautiful ladies, probably; at least the costume of the latter was not advantageous, 'depending much on incumbency of hat and feather, and short waists; the majesty of man founded similarly upon shoe-buckles and wigs;—impressive enough when Reynolds will do his best for it; but not suggestive of much ideal delight to a boy.' Besides men and women, 'dusty sunbeams up and down the street on summer mornings; deep-furrowed cabbage leaves at the greengrocer's; magnificent oranges in wheelbarrows round the corner; and Thames shore within three minutes' race.' From these influences grew up in Turner's mind a love—or toleration at least—of dirt, litter, dinginess, roadside vegetation, things smoky, mouldy, dusty, common labour, and its soilings and stains, which would have been impossible under different education in a mind so susceptible of beauty. There grew up also an understanding of and a regard for the poor, which no Venetian ever had. 'He got no romantic sight of them, but an infallible one, as he prowled about at the end of his lane, watching night effects in the wintry streets; nor sight of the poor alone, but of the poor in direct relations with the rich. He knew, in good and evil, what both classes thought of, and how they dealt with, each other.' Further, he saw the workings of city commerce, from the warehouse towering over Thames, to the back shop in the lane with its stale herrings; all being connected with the mysterious forest beneath London bridge, 'better for the boy than wood of pine or grove of myrtle,' ships being the only perfectly beautiful things he saw, except the sky. Hence his great and pathetic interest in the sea, and in the old wooden-walled Trafalgar greatness of England (a thing superseded now). No man has ever so painted English shipping and English seas.

At last, fortune willing that the lad's true life should begin, he finds himself sitting alone among the Yorkshire hills.

'For the first time, the silence of Nature round him, her freedom sealed to him, her glory opened to him. Peace at last; no roll of cart-wheel, nor mutter of sullen voices in the back shop; but curlew-cry in space of heaven, and welling of bell-toned streamlet by its shadowy rock. Freedom at last. Dead wall, dark railing, fenced field, gated garden, all passed away like the dream of a prisoner; and behold, far as foot or eye can race or range, the moor and cloud.

Loveliness at last. It is here, then, among these deserted vales! Not among men. Those pale, poverty-stricken, or cruel faces—that multitudinous, marred humanity—are not the only things that God has made. Here is something He has made which no one has marred. Pride of purple rocks, and river pools of blue, and tender wilderness of glittering trees, and misty lights of evening, on immeasurable hills.'

And one sterner teacher than these; Ruin. It was in Kirk-stall crypt that he learned concerning fate and life. The only handiwork of man that was not unworthy was in ruins. Strong faith and steady hand had wrought by Bolton Brook and on Whitby Hill, and the sum of their doings was this,—“A nest whence the night owl may whimper to the brook, and a ribbed skeleton of consumed arches, looming above the bleak banks of mist, from its cliff to the sea.’ Giorgione at Venice saw indeed old buildings, but none in decay; all ruin was removed, and its place filled as quickly as in our London; but filled always by architecture loftier and more wonderful: the painter himself employed to do his best on its walls, so that the passing away of man and his works could not strike him painfully. Turner saw the exact reverse of this.

‘As the strength of men to Giorgione, to Turner their weakness and vileness were alone visible. They themselves unworthy or ephemeral; their work, despicable or decayed. In the Venetian’s eyes, all beauty depended on man’s presence and pride; in Turner’s, on the solitude he had left, and the humiliation he had suffered.’

And thus the fate and issue of his work were determined at once. He must be a painter of the strength of nature; there was no beauty elsewhere: he must paint also the labour and sorrow and passing away of man; this being the great human truth visible to him.

‘Their labour, their sorrow, and their death. Mark the three. Labour by sea and land, in field and city, at forge and furnace, helm and plough. No pastoral indolence nor classic pride shall stand between him and the troubling of the world; still less between him and the toil of his country,—blind, tormented, unwearied, marvellous England.’

Also their Sorrow.

‘Ruin of all their glorious work, passing away of their thoughts and their honour; mirage of pleasure, FALLACY OF HOPE; gathering of weed on temple step; gaining of wave on deserted strand; weeping of the mother for the children, desolate by her firstborn in the streets of the city; desolate by her last sons slain, among the beasts of the field.’

And their Death. The old riddle still unsolved, and spectre still unconquered. But it had to be looked upon in form more terrible than ever Dürer or Salvator saw it. The European death of the nineteenth century was of another range and power; more terrible a thousand-fold in its merely physical extent, more terrible incalculably in its mystery and shame. Turner was eighteen years old when Napoleon came down on Arcola. Count the blood stains on the map of Europe between Arcola and Waterloo.

'Not alone those blood-stains on the Alpine snow, and the blue of the Lombard plain. The English death was before his eyes also. No decent, calculable, consoled dying; no passing to rest like the aged burghers of Nuremberg. No gentle processions to churchyards among the fields, the bronze crests bossed deep on the memorial tablets, and the skylark singing above them from among the corn. But the life trampled out in the slime of the street, crushed to dust amidst the roaring of the wheel, tossed countlessly away into howling winter wind along five hundred leagues of rock-fanged coast. Or, worst of all, rolled down to forgotten graves through years of ignorant patience, and vain seeking for help from man or hope in God—infirm, imperfect yearning, as of motherless babes starving at the dawn; oppressed royalties of captive thought, vague ague-fits of bleak, amazed despair.

'A goodly landscape this, for the lad to paint, and under a goodly light. Wide enough the light was, and clear; no more Salvator's lurid chasm, or jagged horizon, nor Dürer's spotted rest of sunny gleam on hedgerow and field; but light over all the world. Full shone now its awful globe, one pallid charnel-house,—a ball strewn bright with human ashes, glaring in poised sway beneath the sun, all blinding-white with death from pole to pole,—death, not of myriads of poor bodies only, but of will, and mercy, and conscience; death, not once inflicted on the flesh, but daily fastening on the spirit; death, not silent or patient, waiting his appointed hour, but voiceful, venomous; death with the taunting word, and burning grasp, and infixed sting.'

Turner's answer to the mystery of the Spirit of Death is in the great picture of the Goddess of Discord in the 'Garden of the Hesperides,' painted 1806. The apples of gold, given by earth to Juno, were committed to the keeping of the singing nymphs,—the Hesperides; and were guarded by the 'flame-backed' dragon. The wealth of the earth, as the source of household peace and plenty, is watched by the Hesperides; as the source of household sorrow and desolation, by the dragon. This dragon is the son of Covetousness and Secretness, (Phoreys and Ceto,) and unites the powers of poison and instant destruction. With Dante he is the demon of fraud. He is at once the demon, then, of all the evil passions connected with covetousness, fraud,

rage, and gloom. Him does Turner in this wonderful picture enthroned on a mountain, as keeper of wealth.

'Of all the wonderful things that Turner did in his day I think this nearly the most wonderful. How far he had really found out for himself the collateral bearings of the Hesperid tradition I know not; but that he had got the main clue of it, and knew who the Dragon was, there can be no doubt; the strange thing is that his conception of it throughout, down to the minutest detail, fits every one of the circumstances of the Greek traditions. There is, first, the Dragon's descent from Medusa and Typhon, indicated in the serpent clouds floating from his head;' (compare what has been said of the great mountain drift cloud in part viii.); 'then note the grovelling and ponderous body, ending in a serpent, of which we do not see the end. He drags the weight of it forward by his claws, not being able to lift himself from the ground; ("Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell;") then the grip of the claws themselves, as if they would clutch (rather than tear) the rock itself into pieces; but chiefly, the designing of the body. Remember, one of the essential characters of the creature, as descended from Medusa, is its coldness and petrifying power; this, in the demon of covetousness, must exist to the utmost; breathing fire, he is yet himself of ice. Now, if I were merely to draw this dragon as white, instead of dark, and take his claws away, his body would become a representation of a great glacier, so nearly perfect, that I know no published engraving of glacier breaking over a rocky brow so like the truth as this dragon's shoulders would be, if they were thrown out in light; there being only this difference, that they have the form, but not the fragility of ice; they are at once ice and iron. "His bones are like solid pieces of brass, his bones are like bars of iron; by his neesing a light doth shine."

'The strange unity of vertebrated action, and of a true bony contour, infinitely varied in every vertebra, with this glacial outline;—together with the adoption of the head of the Ganges crocodile, the fish-eater, to show his sea descent, (and this in the year 1806, when hardly a single fossil saurian skeleton existed within Turner's reach,) renders the whole conception one of the most curious exertions of the imaginative intellect with which I am acquainted in the art.'*

He there is set upon the mountain rents, a skeleton glacier in thunderous march, 'rolling in great iron waves, a cataract of

* The picture is in the Kensington Museum. In Ruskin's *Notes on the Turner Collection*, we read, 'There is something very wonderful in this anticipation, by Turner, of the grandest reaches of recent inquiry into the form of the dragons of the old earth. I do not know at what period the first hints were given of the existence of their remains; but certainly no definite statement of their probable forms were given either by Buckland, Owen, or Conybeare before 1815; yet this saurian of Turner's is very nearly an exact counterpart of the model of the iguanodon, now the guardian of the Hesperian gardens of the Crystal Palace, wings only excepted, which are here, almost accurately, those of the pterodactyle. The instinctive grasp which the healthy imagination takes of possible truth, even in the wildest flights, was never more marvellously demonstrated.'

coiling strength and crashing armour.' Such is our English painter's first great picture in exposition of our English faith.

'A sad-coloured work, not executed in Angelico's white and gold; nor in Perugino's crimson and azure; but in a sulphurous hue, as relating to a paradise of smoke. That power, it appears, on the hill-top, is our British Madonna,—or our Jupiter on Olympus,—or, perhaps, more accurately still, our unknown God, sea-born, with the cliffs, not of Cyrene, but of England, for his altar; and no chance of any Mars' Hill proclamation concerning him, "Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship."

'This is no irony—the fact is verily so. The greatest man of our England, in the first half of the nineteenth century, in the strength and hope of his youth, perceives this to be the thing he has to tell us of the highest moment, connected with the spiritual world. In each city and country of past time, the master-minds had to declare the chief worship that lay at the nation's heart; to define it, adorn it, show the range and authority of it. Thus, in Athens we have the Triumph of Pallas; and in Venice the Assumption of the Virgin; here, in England, is our great spiritual fact for ever interpreted to us,—the Assumption of the Dragon. No St. George any more to be heard of; no more dragon-slaying possible; this child, born on St. George's Day, can only make manifest the dragon, not slay him, sea-serpent as he is; whom the English Andromeda, not fearing, takes for her lord. The fairy English Queen once thought to command the waves, but it is the sea-serpent now who commands her valleys; of old the Angel of the Sea ministered to them, but now the Serpent of the Sea; where once flowed their clear springs now spreads the black Cocytus pool;—the fair blooming of the Hesperid meadows fades into ashes beneath the Nereid's guard.

'Yes, Albert of Nuremberg; the time has at last come. Another nation has arisen in the strength of its black anger; and another hand has portrayed the Spirit of its toil, crowned with fire, and with the wings of the bat.'

The man who painted that picture became almost an outcast from his kind,—'friendless in youth, loveless in manhood, hopeless in death.'

It is needless for us further to praise this work—perhaps the greatest English prose work of this generation. We have striven to give, as far as may be, a faithful account of its contents; and if we have been serviceable to any who are unable to procure the book itself, or in preparing the minds of any who propose to read it, our aim is fulfilled.—Three interpretations, or keys of interpretation, may be said to have been given by man to man. The first was for the interpretation of the human soul, and the world of mind, given by Plato; the second, for the interpretation of nature, was given by Bacon; the third is now furnished for the

interpretation of art, by Ruskin. What faculties are involved in art; what a human history is contained in its forms and changes; what is its legitimate object; what its unblameable purpose; what are the various comparative excellencies of those who have practised it,—were never so clearly seen before.

ART. IV.—1. *History of the Great Secession from the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the year 1845, eventuating in the Organization of the New Church entitled The Methodist Episcopal Church, South.* By the REV. CHARLES ELLIOTT, D.D. Cincinnati: Swormstedt and Poe. 1855.

2. *The Doctrines and Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church.* New York: Carlton and Porter. 1856.

3 *History of the Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church.* By ROBERT EMORY. New York: Lane and Scott. 1851.

4. *Slavery Doomed: or, the Contest between Free and Slave Labour in the United States.* By FREDERICK MILNES EDGE. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1860.

5. *The Blast of a Trumpet in Zion, calling upon every Son and Daughter of Wesley in Great Britain and Ireland, to aid their Brethren in America in purifying their American Zion from Slavery.* By WILLIAM H. PULLEN. By Authority of the Anti-Slavery Societies of Great Britain and Ireland. London. 1860.

6. *Daily Christian Advocate. Report of the Debates and Proceedings of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held in the City of Buffalo, 1860.* New York: Carlton and Porter.

WE have called attention, in some recent articles, to the domestic, social, economical, and political aspects of American slavery. In the course of our remarks some incidental allusions were made to the attitude of the Churches of the United States on this subject. Further, in a paper on the Methodist Episcopal Church, we gave a brief view of the history of the slave-question in that body, and of its probable bearings on the prospects of the Church. But the subject has recently assumed a much greater interest for British Christians, and especially for British Wesleyans. The action of the last General Conference in America, and certain proceedings arising out of its relations with the British Wesleyan Conference, have directed the attention of many to the matter who never thought much of it before, and awakened a very general desire to be better acquainted with

it. Moreover, it seems to us that the position of both Conferences in relation to it has been very generally misunderstood. It is believed in many quarters in this country, both that the Methodist Episcopal Church is extensively pro-slavery, and that the British Conference has failed, in its official communications with that of America, to protest as firmly and faithfully as it should do against the countenance supposed to be given by the latter to a form of slavery which their common founder declared to be 'the vilest that ever saw the sun.' We are convinced that, in both these respects, much injustice has been done; and it seems desirable to review, somewhat in detail, the leading facts of the case, so as to place these great ecclesiastical bodies fairly and truly before the public.

It is difficult to say when the slave-holding element was introduced among the American Methodists, but it must have been soon after the formation of the Societies. The first Society was established in 1766. The first Conference was held in 1773, and was succeeded annually by others down to the close of the year 1784, when the Methodist Episcopal Church was established in the city of Baltimore. The Revolutionary War, which resulted in the establishment of American independence in 1783, had been raging for several years. The first notice of slavery in the Church occurs in the Minutes of the Conference of 1780. It had been conjectured, therefore, that, while Bishop Asbury was shut up in Delaware during the revolutionary struggle, discipline was relaxed by some of the younger preachers in the south, so as to admit slaveholders to membership. However that may be, the evil must have almost immediately invaded the ranks of the ministry; for we find in the Minutes of 1780—three years before the confirmation of Independence by the peace of 1783—the following question and answer:—

'*Quest.* 18. Ought not this Conference to require those travelling preachers who hold slaves to give promises to set them free?—*Ans.* Yes.'—*History of Discipline*, p. 15.

What was then the opinion of Methodist ministers in America on the question of slavery, will be seen from the following:—

'*Quest.* 17. Does this Conference acknowledge that slavery is contrary to the laws of God, man, and nature, and hurtful to society; contrary to the dictates of pure religion, and doing that which we would not others should do to us and ours? Do we pass our disapprobation on all our friends who keep slaves, and advise their freedom?—*Ans.* Yes.'—*History of Discipline*, p. 15.

In 1783 the question was taken up as to local preachers:—

'*Quest.* 10. What shall be done with our local preachers who hold

slaves contrary to the laws which authorize their freedom in any of the United States?—*Ans.* We will try them another year. In the mean time let every assistant [superintendent] deal faithfully and plainly with every one, and report to the next Conference. It may then be necessary to suspend them.—*Ibid.*, p. 19.

The last Conference prior to the organization of the Church was held in the spring of 1784. Three entries on slavery appear in its Minutes:—

'*Quest.* 12. What shall we do with our friends that will buy and sell slaves?—*Ans.* If they buy them with no other design than to hold them as slaves, and have been previously warned, they shall be expelled, and permitted to sell on no consideration.

'*Quest.* 13. What shall we do with our local preachers who will not emancipate their slaves in the States where the laws admit it?

—*Ans.* Try those in Virginia another year, and suspend the preachers in Maryland, Delaware, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey.

'*Quest.* 23. What shall be done with our travelling preachers that now are, or hereafter shall be, possessed of slaves, and refuse to manumit where the law permits?—*Ans.* Employ them no more.—*Ibid.*, pp. 21, 22.

It thus appears that the spirit of primitive American Methodism was entirely and decidedly anti-slavery. Travelling preachers were absolutely required to free their slaves, if possible, on pain of expulsion. The penalty on Local Preachers for slave-holding was almost equally severe. They were to be tried for one year; then, everywhere but in Virginia, where probably there were local difficulties, they were to be suspended. And, even as to private members, the buyers of slaves for the purpose of holding them in bondage were to be expelled; and no member was to be allowed to sell on any pretence whatever. Such, at least, we take to be the meaning of the somewhat loosely-expressed answer to Question 12, in the Minutes of 1784.

In December of that year was held the Conference at which the Church was organized, and which is known among Trans-Atlantic Methodists as 'The Christmas Conference.' It is very important to have a clear view of the action of this body, by whom the disciplinary foundations of the Church were laid; and by whose authority that famous 'General Rule,' which has of late years been the subject of so much fierce contention, was introduced. Mr. Wesley drew up the Rules of Society for his people in 1743, and these, which had been acted upon in America from the beginning, were formally acknowledged by the first Conference in that country, in 1773. In these rules there was nothing relative to slave-holding, because there was no such evil to provide against in England. But, among the evidences

of 'a desire to flee from the wrath to come,' expected of all who sought to continue in his Societies, he required them 'to do no harm, to avoid evil of every kind, especially that which is most generally practised;' such as swearing, Sabbath-breaking, drunkenness, and a great variety of other evils. When the Methodist Episcopal Church was founded, the Conference, having regard to the state of things around it, added to the list of prohibited practices the following: 'The buying or selling the bodies and souls of men, women, or children, with an intention to enslave them.' In 1792, the words 'the bodies and souls' were struck out of the rule. In 1805, 'buying *and* selling' was the form used, by a typographical error; and this form has been employed ever since. Much controversy has been raised as to the import of this rule, the South recently holding that it was directed only against the African slave-trade; but a little consideration will expose this mistake.

The General Rules form the basis on which the Church rests, and the conditions on which members are received into it. The subsequent parts of the Discipline contain the regulations by which the enforcement of the General Rules is guided. These regulations are in the usual form of question and answer: and the Christmas Conference, while enacting the rule on slavery, passed also the following regulations:—

Quest. 42. What methods can we take to extirpate slavery?—

Ans. We are deeply conscious of the impropriety of making new terms of communion for a religious society already established, excepting on the most pressing occasion; and such we esteem the practice of holding our fellow-creatures in slavery. We view it as contrary to the golden law of God, on which hang all the law and the prophets, and the unalienable rights of mankind, as well as every principle of the revolution, to hold in the deepest debasement, in a more abject slavery than is perhaps to be found in any part of the world except America, so many souls that are all capable of the image of God. We, therefore, think it our most bounden duty, to take immediately some effectual method to extirpate this abomination from among us.—*History of Discipline*, p. 43.

Then follows a scheme of emancipation, requiring that slaves between the ages of forty and forty-five, held by members of the Church, shall be immediately liberated; those between twenty-five and forty, in five years, at furthest; those between twenty and twenty-five, at the age of thirty, at latest; all under the age of twenty, 'as soon as they arrive at the age of twenty-five, at furthest; and every infant thenceforward born in slavery, immediately on its birth.' Each assistant is required to keep a journal, wherein to note the names and ages of all slaves belonging to

Methodist masters in his Circuit, the date of every instrument of manumission, and the name of the court, book, and folio, in which such instrument shall have been recorded; and to hand this journal down to his successor. Liberty was given to recusants to withdraw quietly within twelve months, but at the end of that term all such were to be expelled. In neither case were they to partake of the Lord's Supper with the Methodists, till they should comply with these requisitions; nor should any slaveholder be admitted to that privilege, till he had previously complied with the rules concerning slavery. These rules were to affect members only so far as they were consistent with the laws of the States in which they might reside; and, considering the special circumstances of Virginia, two years were allowed to the members in that State to consider the expedience of compliance, or non-compliance, with these rules. Question 43 runs thus:—

'What shall be done with those who buy or sell slaves, or give them away?—*Ans.* They are immediately to be expelled, unless they buy them on purpose to free them.'—*History of Discipline*, p. 44.

It is quite clear from this, that, so far as the *slave-trade* entered into the Discipline at all, it was not the African only, but the domestic, or any other slave-trade, that was forbidden; and that all buyers and sellers of slaves, except under the condition of intended emancipation, were to be at once and peremptorily expelled; that time was to be given to *slaveholders*, being members, to consider whether they would carry out a proposed scheme of emancipation,—one year for the Church at large, two years for the Virginian portion of it,—after the expiration of which, such as did not quietly withdraw were to be expelled; and that slaveholders were only to be admitted on condition of emancipating their Negroes. The only limitation allowed was, where the laws of the State might forbid emancipation, except upon impracticable conditions. The fact stands fully out upon the page of history, that the fathers and founders of American Methodism were decidedly opposed to slavery in any form, and that the Methodist Episcopal Church was originally founded upon an anti-slavery basis. It will be necessary to keep this in view. The General Rule, as explained by the disciplinary regulations passed on the subject by the Conference which enacted it, must be interpreted as prohibiting all traffic in slaves, except for the purpose of freeing them; and all holding of slaves, henceforth, excepting in the cases where the State laws made emancipation impracticable for the master, or injurious to the slave.

The General Rule has never been altered since it took its pre-

sent shape by the misprint of 'and' for 'or,' in 1805. But the regulative portion of the Discipline has undergone repeated and rather singular changes; and, we regret to say, the tendency of most of these has been to relax the stringency of the regulations of the Christmas Conference, just given in an abbreviated form. It will be necessary to tax the patience of our readers by a brief review of the history of these changes.

The second Conference of the newly organized Church was held in June, 1785,—that is, six months after the organization,—and in the minutes of that year we read as follows:—

'It is recommended to all our brethren to suspend the execution of the minute on slavery, till the deliberations of a future Conference; and that an equal space of time be allowed all our members for consideration, when the minute shall be put in force. N.B. We do hold in the deepest abhorrence the practice of slavery, and shall not cease to seek its destruction by all wise and prudent means.'—*History of Discipline*, pp. 274, 275.

The reasons that led to this recommendation, and its general adoption, are not very clearly stated; though Mr. Lee, in his *History of the Methodists*, dwells on the offensiveness of the minute in question to the southern members, and the opposition of private members, local preachers, and travelling preachers. The suspension must be regarded as a partial triumph of the slave power in the Church; though the protest against slavery is renewed in the most emphatic terms, and the intention expressed of enforcing the minute after another Conference. In such matters, however, it is an immense advantage to the party attacked to gain time. And this was abundantly evident when, in 1786, all that was said on slavery, except the General Rule, was given in the following question and answer:—

'*Quest.* What shall be done with those who buy or sell slaves, or give them away?—*Ans.* They are to be immediately expelled, unless they buy them on purpose to free them.'—*Great Secession*, col. 36.

The learned author of the work from which we thus quote, has appended the following just remark:—

'From the foregoing, we learn that those who bought or sold, except to emancipate, were held in execration, and were immediately to be expelled; but those who possessed slaves by inheritance, were allowed to retain them without rebuke, where the laws did not admit of freedom.'—*Great Secession*, col. 36.

Let us say, in passing, that Dr. Elliott's book on this subject is a wonderful monument of industry and patience in research, and of thorough and candid reasoning in discussion. It embraces no fewer than 1144 closely printed columns, two in a page,

traverses the whole field, and contains all the most important documents, besides innumerable references to newspaper scraps, pamphlets, &c., all of which the indefatigable author has pasted into scrap-books, arranged and numbered for the purpose, containing 6727 columns of fourteen inches long. These he has deposited, for future reference, in the Methodist Book Concern at Cincinnati. Whoever wishes to gain a clear and full view of the question before us, must be prepared to give a patient and thoughtful attention to this formidable, but most useful and admirable, work. We shall be largely indebted to it as we proceed.

In 1792, the minute last quoted was expunged, and nothing left in the Discipline but the General Rule. In 1796, however, the Church retraced its steps, and very stringent regulations were adopted, requiring that office-bearers holding slaves should give security for their immediate or gradual emancipation, wherever legally practicable; that no slave-holders should be admitted as members till the preacher had spoken faithfully to them; that slave-sellers should be at once expelled; that every slave-buyer who would not execute a deed of manumission, and, in the case of a female slave, provide for the freedom of her offspring at a prescribed time, should be excluded; and that the preachers of the body should seriously consider the subject, with a view to devise some method of eradicating the evil from the Church. In 1800, it was further resolved to promote addresses to the legislatures of slave-holding States, for the gradual emancipation of slaves within their jurisdiction; and any travelling preacher, becoming an owner of slaves, *by any means*, was to forfeit his position, unless he executed a deed of manumission, conformably to the laws of the State in which he might live. In 1804, certain modifications of phraseology, softening, upon the whole, the protest against slavery, were made; and Church members in North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and Tennessee, were entirely exempted from the operation of the Rules. Now, too, the preachers were required to enjoin on the slaves obedience to masters. In 1808, the slave power obtained a great victory, as it succeeded in expunging all that related to slave-holding among private members, and in authorizing each Annual Conference to form its own regulations relative to the buying and selling of slaves. In 1812, this was slightly altered. In 1816, the rule relative to official members was abbreviated; but still a slave-holder was declared to be ineligible for office, 'where the laws of the State in which he lives will admit of emancipation, and permit the liberated slave to enjoy freedom.' In 1820, the permission given to the Annual Conferences was revoked. In 1824, some

paragraphs were added, relative to the religious instruction of slaves, and to the privileges of coloured members, and the employment of coloured preachers. The Discipline has undergone no alteration since that time, up to the last General Conference of 1860. So that the paragraphs relative to the ineligibility of slave-holders for office, and to the forfeiture of ministerial status by slave-holders, remain as they were settled in 1816. But, as Dr. Elliott truly and candidly remarks,—

‘From 1820 to the present time, there have existed no special regulations on the General Rule, affecting Church members, either by the General or Annual Conferences. Hence the General Rule has been very much overlooked, although its obligation still remains in full force against all purchases and sales of human beings, under any pretence whatever, except to free them, or in the exercise of humanity or mercy to the slave.’—*Great Secession*, col. 43.

It must appear, from all this, that, in 1808, the slave-power obtained too much influence in the Church, and succeeded in weakening the ancient protest in the case of private members. So far as the regulative portion of the Discipline is concerned, there is nothing to prevent the slave-holder, however he may have become such, from being united to the Church; and thus, notwithstanding the clear requirement of the General Rule, there are many such members. In theory, the Discipline is anti-slavery. Travelling preachers are not allowed to hold slaves, nor private members to buy or sell them, except to free them. But the regulations necessary for the enforcement,—at least, of the latter of these prohibitions,—have been toned down and frittered away, and we fear that the practice is often out of harmony with the theory.

We must now proceed to sketch the history of the modern agitation of this great question in the Methodist Episcopal Church. The discussions in England on West-Indian slavery, from 1823 to 1833, could not fail to awaken a deep interest, and produce the most powerful excitement, in the United States. Community of race, language, and institutions, would sufficiently account for this, even without the additional fact that the evil which the philanthropists of England were seeking to remove from her distant dependencies, existed in the midst of the American community, and was bound up with its social life. We find, accordingly, that an anti-slavery agitation began in Boston in 1831, under the auspices of William Lloyd Garrison. It is beside our purpose to trace the course of that agitation; but it is no libel on its originators to say that, from the very beginning, they indulged in the fiercest and most intemperate denunciation and

invective; while, at an early period, they showed themselves deeply tainted with heterodoxy in religion, and ignorant of the first principles of political economy. This is our own deep conviction, and it is necessary to express it, inasmuch as we firmly believe that the extreme violence, and often glaring scepticism, of many of the American abolitionists, have gone far to neutralize much that was noble and generous in their sentiments, and much that might otherwise have greatly benefitted the cause of the Negro. In relation to Methodism, for instance, Dr. Elliott shows that whereas, during many years, the southern planters greatly encouraged the labours of Methodist ministers on their estates, and these labours had been crowned with remarkable success, the fiery zeal and fierce and indiscriminate assaults of the abolitionists exposed the Methodist ministers to suspicion, and made them very jealous of any influence, whether from the Free States, or from England, that should sour the minds of the southern planters, and interfere with the free and beneficial action of religion among the slaves. It is fair to say, however, that he also proves, by the labours of the Church among the slaves, for years after the commencement of the agitation, that these jealousies were either unfounded, or much exaggerated. In 1834, symptoms of disturbance appeared, and fearful proslavery riots broke out in Philadelphia and New York. In this year, Mr. George Thompson was appointed by the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, at the request of Garrison, to travel through America, for the purpose of promoting the abolition cause by lecturing. We cannot but think that this was a grave blunder. Had Mr. Thompson and his coadjutors been eminently cool and moderate men, it was not wise to send a foreigner to conduct an agitation like this; and, unfortunately, they were anything but cool and moderate. True, the Society only encouraged the use of moral means, but the 'institution' is so bound up in America with all kinds of political questions and relations, that the 'free and enlightened citizens' were almost sure to resent any approach to foreign dictation. If Thompson should succeed, political action must follow, even to the changing of constitutions and the abnegation of laws; and it can excite no surprise that sober, and even religious, men resented what they deemed to be an insolent interference on the part of a stranger. Parties soon ran into extremes. The abolitionists made no distinction between voluntary and involuntary slaveholders, but dealt out the hottest anathemas against all indiscriminately; while, on the other hand, multitudes of even godly men forgot, in a great degree, the horrible moral evil of slavery in their dread of the political consequences likely to result

from the violent harangues of the eloquent Englishman, and his still more intemperate American abettors. Towards the close of this year, several Methodist ministers in New England made common cause with the Garrisonian abolitionists. Among these, the name of Orange Scott soon became pre-eminent. Early in the following year, *An Appeal to the Annual Conferences of New England and New Hampshire* was published, in which the section of the Discipline on 'slavery was severely attacked. This provoked a counter Appeal, which, unfortunately, misrepresented the Mosaic laws on servitude, and sought to soften down much of the moral evil of slavery, while it ignored the fact, that the testimony of the Church had, for thirty years, practically fallen very far short of the old uncompromising protest of the Discipline. This was the commencement of a fierce and general Church agitation, in which ministers and Conferences took part, and which raged, with increasing virulence, for years. Neither our limits nor our plan will allow us to trace this agitation. It is fully narrated in Dr. Elliott's book.

The General Conference of 1836 was held at Cincinnati, and was attended by the Rev. William Lord, as Representative of the British Wesleyan Conference. In his address on the first day of session, that gentleman said, 'I must now say one word upon another subject,—I mean slavery. I know it to be a delicate subject; but I should not be doing justice to the body I have the honour to represent were I to omit all reference to it. But I will only observe that I most earnestly hope that the prudence and wisdom of this great body will be able to devise such plans as will bring this great evil to a termination, and to as speedy a termination as will be safe.' The address which he presented from the British Conference was in harmony with this faithful statement. It refers to the passing and satisfactory working of the Emancipation Act for the British Colonies; argues with mildness, but with firmness and dignity, that 'great spiritual principles are opposed to the continuance of slavery in a Christian state; and expresses a hope that the Methodist Episcopal Church may be providentially permitted to take the lead in influencing public opinion in America so as to bring about a unanimous rejection of slavery and its social mischiefs, on the ground of its repugnancy to the laws of Christ.' Even Dr. Elliott grumbles at this part of the address, as if the British Conference had taken too much upon itself; and we may be sure that a large party in the Conference would strongly resent the mildest interference on the part of a body of Englishmen, albeit they were co-religionists. A Committee of three was appointed to prepare a reply. This document, though

couched in respectful and most careful language, intimates that had the Conference in England better understood the question, its 'tone of sympathy for us would have been deeper and more pathetic;' and refers, in the language of vindication, to the many and various efforts of the Church to promote the spiritual welfare of the coloured population. The non-abolition party were very hard to please as to the phraseology of this reply, and, after all, prevented the printing of it,—the numbers in the vote on that question being equal. At this Conference two members attended an abolition meeting in Cincinnati; whereupon the Conference, after much discussion, resolved, by a majority of 122 to 11, that it disapproved, in the most unqualified sense, of the conduct of the brethren; then, by 120 to 14, that it was wholly opposed to modern abolition; and, finally, by a unanimous vote, it disclaimed 'any right, wish, or intention, to interfere in the civil and political relation between master and slave, as it exists in the slave-holding States of this Union.' If any of our Wesleyan readers are startled at this last resolution, we beg to remind them that it is almost in terms identical with the 'Instructions' drawn up by the able pen of the late Richard Watson, for the guidance of Wesleyan Missionaries in the West Indies. We are convinced, moreover, that it is in harmony with the spirit of the New Testament, which seeks to mould institutions after its own pattern rather by the gentle and humanizing influence of the Christian spirit, than by arraying man against man in fierce and relentless antagonism. Orange Scott came fully out at this Conference as the leader of the abolition party. He was evidently a man of amazing energy and indomitable courage. But his zeal greatly outran his discretion. He was wholly wanting in the cool judgment and self-control which are as needful to a party leader as enthusiasm and eloquence; and both at this Conference, and during the subsequent four years, was betrayed into practical indiscretions which gave his opponents great advantage over him, and into reflections upon motives and character which he was more than once obliged to retract. His attempt to procure a change in the Discipline was of course a failure.

The agitation spread and increased through 1837, and now a new element was imported into it. The abolition party were brought into collision with Bishop Waugh in the New England Conference, and with Bishop Hedding in the New Hampshire Conference; and, naturally enough, this soon raised a spirit of opposition to the Episcopacy, and a discussion both as to its powers in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and its propriety and usefulness as an institution of the Church. In October the

first Methodist Anti-Slavery Convention was held, on the ground that the bishops were obstructing the anti-slavery movement by refusing to put such questions to the vote as the Abolitionists wished to introduce. Thus a quarrel about Conference rights was fairly launched.

In the following year the great question was argued with much asperity and ability; and the southern branch of the Church took a step forward on the pro-slavery side, the Georgia Conference resolving, 'That slavery, as it exists in the United States, is not a moral evil;' and the South Carolina Conference that 'it is not a subject proper for the action of the Church, but is exclusively appropriate to the civil authorities;' and 'that this Conference will not intermeddle with it, further than to express our regret that it has ever been introduced, in any form, into any one of the judicatories of the Church.' Other Conferences, even in the north, passed resolutions discouraging abolition agitations in the Church. Many members of the New England Conference signed a 'Pacification Plan,' which seems to have been intended to introduce more moderation and forbearance into the controversy, and partially to have had that effect; for, in the following year, there was a comparative lull in the storm. Hints were not wanting, however, that the General Conference of 1840 would be the scene of renewed and more earnest controversy. The latter year was opened with a grand flourish of trumpets by a high southern authority, to the effect that slavery tends to the salvation of Negroes, and, 'depend upon it, your abolitionism tends to infidelity.' On the other hand, it began to be apparent that the more violent abolitionists were bent on secession, if they should fail to commit the General Conference to their plans. In this temper that august body assembled at Baltimore. The address of the British Conference was read, re-affirming former sentiments, pronouncing slavery to be a moral evil, and urging the General Conference to maintain the principle of opposition to it, and not in any way to admit or qualify its testimony against it. Yet Mr. Pullen, in his 'Blast,' covertly insinuates that the Parent Body has been silent since 1835. At this Conference, a censure of the New England Conference on one of its presiding elders, for refusing to put anti-slavery resolutions in a Quarterly Meeting Conference, was reversed; and the conduct of the bishops in the controversy about their rights was approved. A decision of the Missouri Conference, condemning one of its members for admitting coloured testimony against a white person, was reversed; but a resolution was carried which makes us blush for Methodism, namely, 'That it is inexpedient and unjustifiable for any

preacher to permit coloured persons to give testimony against white persons in any State where they are denied that privilege in trials of law.' Great excitement and dissatisfaction prevailed; and, after many attempts to reverse and reconsider it, Bishop Soule proposed and carried resolutions to the effect that the Conference did not intend to pronounce the admission of coloured testimony expedient in Church trials, where it was forbidden in trials at law; nor to prohibit it where it was the usage of the Church to admit it, nor to 'imply any distrust or want of confidence in the Christian piety or integrity' of the coloured members. This is said to have given satisfaction, even to the coloured members themselves; though we must hold that the adoption of the first resolution was a further departure from the good old testimony, and a sinful compliance with one of the most wicked and insulting disabilities inflicted on this unhappy race by American slavery. A long and exciting debate on the southern 'institution' took place, leaving the matter pretty much *in statu quo*, with this ominous difference, however, that a resolution was passed near midnight, towards the close of the Conference, enacting that, where the laws of any State do not admit of emancipation, the simple holding of slaves 'constitutes no legal barrier to the election or ordination of ministers to the various grades of office known in the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and cannot be considered as operating any forfeiture of rights in view of such election and ordination.' Perhaps this resolution made no real change in the Discipline; but, it certainly looks as if it had been passed for the gratification of the pro-slavery party. It undoubtedly contributed still further to alienate the abolitionists; and, a few years later, it was quoted in favour of a slave-holding episcopate, though it was intended to apply only to travelling and local preachers.

A Conference at which such things were done could not fail to be followed by great results. Accordingly, we soon find the abolitionists preparing for secession. Indeed, partial and local secessions took place immediately. An attempt to organize the seceders into one body, in 1841, failed; but on the 8th of November, 1842, Scott, and his principal coadjutors, withdrew; and, at a convention held under his presidency in Utica, on May 31st, 1843, it was agreed to form a religious society, to be called 'The Wesleyan Methodist Church.' This secession, deplorable on many grounds, and principally because it weakened the numbers and influence of the anti-slavery party in the Church, arose quite as much out of the ecclesiastical questions raised during the discussion, as out of the question of slavery itself. We doubt whether it was justifiable. To all human appearance,

a little more moderation and patience would have soon given its promoters a preponderant influence in the Church. But it cannot be denied that Scott, with many defects of intellect, and an ill-balanced mind and character, was a noble and generous man, and fell a martyr in three or four years to his labours in a cause which must win, even for its intemperate and injudicious advocates, a great degree of respect from every lover of truth and freedom.

But now were heard the rumblings of a far more terrible storm than had been caused by the abolition party. Some of the northern Conferences began to speak of making the Discipline more stringent; and hints were even thrown out that it might be necessary for the General Conference to divide the Church into two portions by a line running east and west. There was a probability, too, that more bishops would soon be required; and the question was agitated whether any of them should be chosen from the South. A bishop's duty is to 'travel at large' through the connexion. Should a southern man and a slaveholder be chosen, he could hardly fulfil this duty in the free north. So some hints came from the south suggestive of a kind of diocesan arrangement, by which any difficulty on that head might be averted; and, generally, it seemed likely that a battle would be fought on this ground at the next General Conference. The secession of the abolitionists seems to have emboldened the South, and the encroaching spirit manifested there re-acted upon the North, so that anti-slavery principles extended among the northern Conferences. The question of so changing the general rule as to exclude slaveholders from membership was largely discussed in the official newspapers; and the discussion brought out the fact that there were thousands of involuntary slaveholders in the Church, for whom, apparently, there existed no practicable means of emancipating their serfs. The seceding party watched the contest with no common interest, and seemed to take something like a malicious delight in aggravating it. Memorials began to be prepared, calling upon the General Conference to provide for the expulsion of all slaveholders. As the result, the Church, by the time of the assembling of the Conference in May, 1844, in New York, was divided into three well-defined parties, namely,—the true anti-slavery party, as its adherents maintain, embracing the Conferences in New York and the middle and western States, who were for maintaining the Discipline as it was, believing it to be thoroughly anti-slavery, and being themselves such, but discriminating between voluntary and involuntary slaveholding; secondly, the abolition party, chiefly from New England, who went for a

change in the Discipline, and pronounced all slaveholders to be sinners; and, thirdly, the southern party, who, if not really proslavery at this time, were fast verging that way, and who, among other things, set up a plea for a slaveholding bishop. It is easy to see that a very small matter would bring these parties into violent collision.

But, indeed, there were very grave matters awaiting the decision of this General Conference. The battle commenced, as was natural, not on abstract grounds, but on the cases of two ministerial members of the Church who had become identified with slavery. The first was that of a Mr. Harding, a travelling preacher, of the Baltimore Conference, who had married a wife possessing slaves. The Discipline required him to emancipate them, if practicable. Now others in like circumstances had found it practicable, and had emancipated; but Mr. Harding thought, or professed to think, it impracticable, fortified his views by two legal opinions, and decided to retain his slaves in bondage. The Baltimore Conference, however, which, although having jurisdiction over slave territory, was *and still is* intensely anti-slavery, differed in opinion from him, and suspended him. He appealed to the General Conference, and, after the case had been considered in Committee, a four days' debate took place upon it in the Conference. The summary of this debate given by Elliott is extremely interesting, and impresses one with the earnestness, ability, and moderation of the speakers. In the end, the decision of the Baltimore Conference was confirmed by one hundred and eleven yeas to fifty-three nays. This case need not detain us, as it was merely a skirmish preparatory to the grand battle; but it showed parties their real strength, and no doubt encouraged the majority to persevere in that course of opposition to slavery which had been so triumphantly inaugurated.

The great struggle took place upon the case of one of the highest officers of the Church. In January, 1844, Bishop Andrew married a widow lady, who owned slaves by legacy from a former husband. Instead of taking steps to emancipate them, he secured them to his wife by a deed of trust; alleging, in his justification, that he was unwilling to become their owner, and that the law did not permit their emancipation. We will endeavour to compress what we have to say on this case within the smallest limits consistent with clearness and accuracy; but it is so important, and has been so much misunderstood, that considerable detail is necessary. It was at first proposed 'that the Rev. James O. Andrew be, and is hereby, affectionately requested to resign his office as one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church.'

In the course of the debate the following substitute was proposed: 'Whereas, the Discipline of our Church forbids the doing anything calculated to destroy our itinerant General Superintendency; and whereas Bishop Andrew has become connected with slavery by marriage and otherwise, and this act having drawn after it circumstances which, in the estimation of the General Conference, will greatly embarrass the exercise of his office as an itinerant General Superintendent, if not in some places entirely prevent it; Resolved, That it is the sense of this General Conference that he desist from the exercise of this office so long as this impediment remains.' After many days' debate, and the failure of several attempts at conciliation and compromise, this substitute was carried by one hundred and eleven yeas to sixty-nine nays. This decision has of course been severely criticized, and exception has been taken to it on very opposite grounds. The author of *The Blast of a Trumpet in Zion* condemns it because it makes no complaint 'on moral grounds; he was only asked to suspend his labours because he would not be well received by the Northern States. Slaveholding in the Episcopacy is not censured, and the slaveholding bishop is a bishop still, with his name in the Discipline and Hymn-Book, and drawing his salary the same as other bishops.' There are two or three points in this accusation that demand notice. In the first place, Mr. Pullen forgets, or does not know, that the Discipline stigmatizes slavery as a great evil, and bases its rule to exclude slaveholders from office on this view of the institution. That point was not in question. Moreover, as was proved by Dr. Peck, this decision proceeded on the principle that a slaveholding episcopate would place the Church in a new relation to slavery, and would, indeed, sanction it. Secondly, the decision was not intended to be a final one, but to give the bishop time for reconsideration, and for freeing himself from slave-holding. Thirdly, it was gravely doubted by many whether the General Conference was not acting extrajudicially in dealing with the case at all, and therefore the resolution was put in the form least likely to establish a precedent which might be found to be unconstitutional and injurious. And lastly, though the Conference resolved to pay the bishop's salary, and keep his name in the Discipline and Hymn-Book, it was only until the next Conference should meet, and the final issue would depend upon his conduct in the meantime. In effect, he seceded from the Church shortly afterwards, and went away with Bishop Soule and the Church South; and therefore the resolution respecting his retention of office and salary ceased to take effect, and it is absolutely false that, at the

date of the publication of the pamphlet in question, he was still a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. From the time of his secession, his relations with that body ceased, and he has had neither recognition nor salary from it since. When will party writers cease to misrepresent?

But, as just hinted, very different objections came from another quarter. Immediately after the passing of the Resolution, fifty-one Delegates from the South signed a Declaration against it, in which they complain of the proceedings against Bishop Andrew as extra-judicial. This is the only point in their objections to the action of the Conference that we deem it necessary now to discuss; but Dr. Elliott addresses many reasons, both moral and economical, in explanation and justification of that action. But, if the charge of being extra-judicial could be sustained, it would certainly be very difficult to justify such a procedure, even to get rid of slaveholding in the episcopacy. This charge was subsequently embodied and elaborated in a 'Protest' drawn up by Dr. Bascom. Dr. Dixon, in his work on *Methodism in America*, pronounces that Protest to be 'one of the most powerful and eloquent state documents ever put into the hands of the reader;' and lends the weight of his great name to the accusation in question. But he had not seen the reply to that protest, prepared by a Committee appointed by the General Conference itself; and, according to his own statement, had only had the opportunity of looking at the subject through spectacles supplied by Southern newspapers. We cannot pretend to give a summary of these able and very lengthy documents; but we may mention some considerations which satisfy us that the General Conference did not go beyond its powers.

The objectors to its proceedings have often asked under what Rule of the Discipline the bishop was tried. The answer is, that there is no rule whatever for the trial of a bishop by the General Conference. The whole legislation of the Discipline on the trial of a bishop is as follows:—

'*Quest. 1.* To whom is a bishop amenable for his conduct? *Ans.* To the General Conference, who have power to expel him for improper conduct, if they deem it necessary.'

'*Quest. 2.* What provision shall be made for the trial of a bishop, if he should be accused of immorality in the interval of the General Conference? *Ans.* If a bishop be accused of immorality, three travelling elders shall call upon him, and examine him on the subject; and if the three travelling elders verily believe that the bishop is guilty of the crime, they shall call to their aid two presiding elders from two districts in the neighbourhood of that where the crime was committed, each of which presiding elders shall bring with him two elders, or an elder and a deacon. The above-mentioned nine persons

shall form a Conference, to examine into the charge brought against the bishop: and if two-thirds of them verily believe him to be guilty of the crime laid to his charge, they shall have authority to suspend the bishop till the ensuing General Conference, and the districts shall be regulated in the meantime as is provided in chap. iii., sect. 3, and chap. iv., sects. 1, 2; but no accusation shall be received against a bishop except it be delivered in writing, signed by those who are to prove the crime; and a copy of the accusation shall be given to the accused bishop.'—*Discipline*, part i., chap. x., sect. 1.

From the above, it is clear that the Discipline provides a form of procedure in the trial of a bishop *during the interval of the General Conference*, which it requires to be strictly observed; and, secondly, that it declares him to be amenable to the General Conference, which has power to expel him for anything that it deems to be improper conduct; *but that it does not provide any form of procedure for his trial by the General Conference*. That body, to which he is amenable, and which has supreme jurisdiction over him, may therefore proceed in any way that to itself may seem fit, even to the extreme sentence of expulsion. We presume it is scarcely necessary to argue that the Conference is left perfectly free to create its own form of procedure, and that it may impose any milder penalty than removal, if it think proper.

Now the General Conference has regular and established forms of procedure in such cases; and these were observed in the instance of Bishop Andrew. The first step, after the verification of powers, and the constitution of the Conference, is to appoint various Standing Committees, to whom all memorials, resolutions, &c., from the Annual Conferences, or other bodies, and from individuals, are referred, and on whose report the Conference proceeds to discussion and action. One of these is the Committee on Episcopacy, to whom all matters relative to the bishops are referred for consideration, and by whom each bishop's character must be examined and passed. Now, on the 20th of May, Mr. Collins offered the following preamble and resolution, which were adopted: 'Whereas it is currently reported, and generally understood, that one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church has become connected with slavery; and whereas it is due to this General Conference to have a proper understanding of the matter; therefore, resolved, that the Committee on the Episcopacy be instructed to ascertain the facts in the case, and report the results of their investigations to this body to-morrow morning.' To this Committee the bishop, at their request, addressed a written communication, acknowledging the truth of the rumours

in circulation concerning him. The Report was delivered accordingly, and then the debate ensued, which resulted in the affirmation by resolution of the 'sense' of the Conference 'that he desist from the exercise of his office as long as this impediment remains.' We confess ourselves quite unable to see that the Conference in any way exceeded its powers; unless it should be held,—which would be strange indeed,—that that body cannot, either directly, or by its Committee on Episcopacy, take cognizance of any facts respecting a bishop, but such as come before it on the report of a Committee which has tried him in the interval, or on appeal from some Annual Conference. The powers of the General Conference, in reference to a bishop, are absolute; and if it follows its own usages in any dealing it may institute with him, surely no one has a right to require more. Both Bishop Hedding and Bishop Soule had been dealt with in the same way in 1828. In one case, the bishop demanded an investigation of aspersions cast on him in a controversy on mutual rights. In the other, members of Conference took exception to a sermon of Bishop Soule. In both cases, the matters were referred to the appropriate Committee, who examined and reported, and whose report was adopted by the Conference. Nothing more, we are persuaded, need be said in order to exonerate this body from the charge of proceeding unconstitutionally and extra-judicially in the case of Bishop Andrew.

The Conference decided that, while the bishop should retain his office, and draw his salary for the present, 'whether in any, and if any in what, work he may be employed, is to be determined by his own decision and action, in relation to the previous action of this Conference in his case.' It will be necessary to keep this decision in mind.

Two attempts were made to induce this Conference to arrange a plan for the constitutional division of the Church. Dr. Capers obtained a Committee to consider such a plan; but it was decided that they had no authority from the Discipline to entertain the question. After the Declaration of the Southern Delegates had been presented, a Committee was appointed to consider it; but this Committee decided that the Conference had no power whatever to divide the Church; and though the Committee did draw up a scheme arranging for certain eventualities, they most carefully abstained from recommending the Conference to assume any power which was not explicitly committed to it by the Discipline. The scheme which they arranged contemplated secession on the part of the South as inevitable. Again and again this had been threatened; the Southern Delegates, during the consideration of Dr. Capers's resolutions for a

constitutional division, were apprised that, unless they formally asked for a separation, nothing could be done. They met, and prepared resolutions, which were rejected by the Committee, because they asked for a division of the Church; and at last the Declaration of which we spoke was presented, wherein the fifty-nine delegates who sign it say that, the action of the Conference 'must produce a state of things in the South which would render a continuance of the jurisdiction of this General Conference over these Conferences inconsistent with the success of the ministry in the slave-holding States.' And in the Protest, read the next day by Dr. Bascom, it is said, 'The South cannot submit, and the absolute necessity of division is already dated.' After all this, which, in their judgment, amounted to notice of determined secession by the South, the Committee attempted 'to devise a plan for an amicable adjustment of the difficulties now existing in the Church on the subject of slavery.' The preamble of the plan agreed upon states that the Declaration of the Delegates of thirteen Annual Conferences represented that they could not remain under the jurisdiction of the General Conference; and expresses the opinion of the Committee that, in the event of such a separation as the Declaration states to be inevitable, the Conference should meet the emergency with Christian kindness and the strictest equity. It then provides that if the Annual Conferences in the slave-holding States should act on the notice contained in the Declaration, and form a distinct body, all the societies, stations, and Conferences that may adhere to them shall be left under their pastoral care, without interference from the Methodist Episcopal Church; that ministers of all grades shall choose for themselves to which Church they will belong; that the Annual Conferences shall be recommended to authorize such a change in the sixth Restrictive Article, (which relates to the appropriation of certain funds, and limits the power of the General Conference over them,) as shall facilitate a fair division of the Book Concern and other funds between the two Connections, such division to be determined by commissioners to be appointed; that all real property in the South shall be free from claim on the part of the Methodist Episcopal Church; and that the Southern Church shall have a common right in existing copyrights, &c. This has been called a Plan for the Division of the Church, understanding by that term a constitutional division arranged by the General Conference. But most assuredly it was not meant to be such a division. It simply took the Southern Delegates at their word; contemplated their secession as inevitable; left it to the Conferences, societies, stations, and ministers in slave-holding States to

pursue their own course; and provided to meet the expected inevitable emergency in a spirit of kindness and equity. The South has steadily asserted the other view, and founded certain legal claims upon it which the civil courts have authenticated. But, after a careful review of the case, our opinion is decided that that view is wrong, and that any action founded upon it was illegal and invalid; that the Southern Church is truly and strictly a seceding Church; and that the Northern is right in retaining its title of 'The Methodist Episcopal Church,' without any sectional or localizing addition. This was the view taken by the commissioners whom the Conference appointed to manage the transference of property. They decided that, if the Southern Conferences should themselves separate, then the contemplated division of property could take place; but that they themselves could not proceed to such division, if the South should insist on being still regarded as a co-ordinate branch of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Whether it was altogether good policy to make *any* arrangements for a threatened and contemplated separation, may be doubted. It is hard for a foreigner to judge; but to ourselves it would seem to have been wiser to let the South take its own course; and, when the fact of secession was accomplished, then to settle questions of territory and property in the spirit of kindness and equity which inspired the Plan. Indeed, the Plan was an unconstitutional one, so far as we can discern; and in several ways affected the rights of Conferences, members, &c. For instance, it provided for cutting off the whole northern membership, in defiance of the Restrictive Rule, which gives to every member the right of appeal. And it never received the necessary sanction from two-thirds of the Annual Conferences; so that it was neither sound logic, nor generous behaviour on the part of the South, to construe a procedure dictated by motives so honourable into an arrangement recognising its own co-ordinate position, and establishing claims for it in law as against the Church from which it separated. The seceding or separatist character of the Southern Church is further shown by the fact, that scarcely any Annual Conferences approved of the proposed alteration in the sixth Restrictive Rule; and, as this formed an integral part of the Plan, and was the indispensable preliminary to the contemplated division of the property, the whole contrivance to meet the emergency of separation fell to the ground; and the action of the South can have been taken only on its own responsibility, and without any reference whatever to the Plan on which it subsequently succeeded in establishing its claims in the courts of law.

The decision of the General Conference, as we have seen, left it to Bishop Andrew himself, on his own responsibility, to say if he would take any work—and if any, what work—with his colleagues in the episcopacy. The day after Conference closed, the bishops met as usual to arrange a plan of their work for the ensuing four years; but, as Bishop Andrew had not notified his intention to work with them, and as the Conference had decided that he ought to desist for the present, they made no arrangement for him in their plan of episcopal visitation. On the same day, the Southern Delegates met, and, among other measures of a schismatical character, resolved, 'That, in the event the bishops do not assign Bishop Andrew work, he be, and hereby is, requested, as far as is in his power, to attend and preside in our Conferences.' On the 26th of the following September, Bishop Soule invited him, formally, officially, and authoritatively, to assume the exercise of his episcopate. His letter of invitation was published in November, and evoked a tempest of indignation, being regarded as a piece of prelatical assumption of the very worst kind, inasmuch as he had 'seen fit to do singly what the General Conference and College of Bishops decided should not be done.' It must be mentioned that previously Bishop Soule, and the Southern Delegates with him, had represented the resolution of the Conference as a virtual deposition of his colleague; so that, on his own showing, this venerable man now took upon himself the responsibility of reversing a sentence pronounced by the highest court, and the one to which he himself was amenable. The remaining bishops subsequently published their reasons for not appointing Bishop Andrew to his usual work, and stated that a reserved plan of episcopal visitation was made out, including his name; that this was 'intrusted to Bishop Soule, with an explicit understanding that *if he should receive from Bishop Andrew a written application* for his portion of the general superintendency,' he was to publish the reserved plan, accompanied by such application. It is clear, therefore, that Bishop Soule, in inviting Bishop Andrew to resume his episcopate, violated the understanding which had been agreed to between himself and his colleagues, and acted very schismatically. In compliance with his invitation, Bishop Andrew met him at the Virginia Conference, and took part in ordination and other episcopal acts.

We must pass over very many interesting and exciting events in 1844, and the early part of 1845. On May 1st of the latter year, the Southern Delegates met in convention at Louisville, Kentucky; and, on the 17th of that month, adopted a resolution

abjuring, on behalf of 'the several Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the slave-holding States,' the jurisdiction of the General Conference of that Church, and constituting these Conferences a 'distinct organization, to be known by the style and title of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.' Bishops Soule and Andrew were requested to unite with them, and exercise episcopal functions among them; and both these reverend gentlemen accepted the invitation. It is not within our plan to pursue the internal history of the Church thus constituted. It is enough to say that it is to all intents and purposes a pro-slavery Church; that, if it has not expunged everything relating to slavery from the Discipline, it is only because as yet the bolder party has not grown to the requisite dimensions; and because the section on slavery has been treated as an obsolete thing, null and void; that it has ministers, both local and travelling, and stewards, leaders, and other officials, holding slaves by thousands, in its ranks; and that on it falls, as we verily believe, by far the heavier portion of the condemnation implied in the fact that 'the American Churches are the bulwark of American slavery.' The British Conference has never had any communication with it; and, until it shall be purged from the pollution of slavery, never will have. We shall ourselves pay no further attention to it than may be necessary to illustrate the history of the much-maligned but faithful and magnanimous body which alone is the true descendant and representative of John Wesley and of the fathers of American Methodism.

The first General Conference of the new Church met in Petersburg, Virginia, on May 1st, 1846. It passed various resolutions on property, which were directly and emphatically schismatic. For instance, the Book Depository at Charleston was to be transferred to the Church South, in spite of the Restrictive Article which requires a two-thirds vote of all the Annual Conferences to sustain any new appropriation of the Book Concern; and certain editorial offices created by the General Conference were declared vacant, and filled up by a new vote. Moreover, various infractions of the Plan in relation to circuits and stations along the border were sanctioned and initiated by this Conference; and two large southern slave-holders, Drs. Capers and Paine, were elected to the episcopate. In spite, however, of numerous departures from the Plan adopted by the General Conference of 1844, three Commissioners were appointed to negotiate with those delegated by that Conference in reference to the division of Church-property. The application of the Southern Commissioners for negotiation met with no success, on the ground of the departure of the Church South from the

Plan of Separation, and of its inconsistent claim to be a co-ordinate branch of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church met in Pittsburg in 1848. To this body Dr. Dixon was deputed as the Representative of the British Conference: and, in the conversation that preceded his appointment, it was distinctly understood that he was to go out as the representative of the anti-slavery principles of the Wesleyans of England, to a body in America which 'had repudiated slavery.' (See Elliott, col. 623.) Yet the author of the pamphlet referred to above says,—

'In 1848, Dr. Dixon went to the American Conference, bearing a letter of introduction, in which *nothing* was said about slavery; and, during his sojourn amongst them, not a word did he say against its morality or continuance.'—*Blast*, &c., p. 45.

As to the first of these charges, it was, as we have seen, understood here, that the Methodist Episcopal Church had 'repudiated slavery;' and therefore, of course, no protest against it would be entered in the Address of the British Conference. As to the charge against Dr. Dixon personally, our readers will judge of the value of any assertion made by this intemperate pamphleteer, when they have compared it with the following statement of Dr. Elliott:—

'Dr. Dixon, it seems, by *denouncing slavery before the General Conference*, and especially his abolition story, gave great offence to the South. It was contended that it was both out of good taste and out of character to name the existing topic at all. Indeed, the editor of the *Richmond Advocate* would not report the course of Dr. Dixon, as he considered it proper to exclude it from his columns as unfit for southern ears.'—*Great Secession*, col. 678.

The libeller of Dr. Dixon has not the excuse of unavoidable ignorance to extenuate his falsehood; for that venerable minister states, in his work on American Methodism, that, on his introduction to the General Conference, he said that the English Methodists 'were all on the side of liberty and emancipation.' (Page 60.)

The Conference declined to receive a representative from the Church South, until the difficult questions between the two bodies should be settled; it rescinded the declaratory resolution of 1840, quoted above, respecting slave-holding officials; it declared the Plan of Separation of 1844 null and void, partly because the necessary two-thirds vote of the Annual Conferences had been withheld from essential parts of it, and partly because of the separatist attitude taken up by the Southern Church, and its serious infractions of the Plan; finally, it passed resolutions to refer the property question to friendly arbitration, if that could be legally obtained. If that were impossible, and the

South should enter a suit at law, the book agents were authorized to make a proposal for legal arbitration under the authority of the Court; and, if no suit were entered, the Annual Conferences were to be asked to suspend the sixth Restrictive Article, so as to authorize a division of the funds.

It was found that no power existed by which friendly arbitration could be secured; and the agents, finding no suit entered, proceeded to lay the matter before the Annual Conferences. Before, however, the vote of a sufficient number of these could be taken, a suit was commenced against the New York agents. At the close of the argument, the Court recommended an arbitration, which was accepted by the agents, but declined by the Southern Commissioners, unless their title in law and equity to a *pro rata* division of the property were admitted as the basis. Of course the agents had no power to make this admission; and, accordingly, the judgment of the Court was given, and was in favour of the claims of the South. In the mean time a suit had been prosecuted in Ohio against the Cincinnati Book Concern; and the Court in that case gave judgment against the southern claims. Thus there were two decisions diametrically at variance with each other. The parties in the New York suit, at the instance of an eminent Methodist, Judge M'Lean, and with his help, came to an agreement based upon the principle of mutual compromise; but the Cincinnati agents declined to join in it, because the Southern Commissioners had entered an Appeal in the Supreme Court of the United States. That Appeal was prosecuted to an issue, and the final decision was in favour of the South. Dr. Elliott and other eminent men in the Methodist Episcopal Church have very ably analysed and, as we believe, conclusively refuted the reasonings of the judge both in the New York and in the Supreme Courts; and not a doubt remains on our minds that a great act of spoliation was committed upon the property of the Methodist Episcopal Church, under the sanction and by the decree of the highest legal tribunal in the land. The pecuniary obligations entailed upon that Church by this unrighteous decision have not yet been fully discharged.

The question between the two Churches occasioned much difficulty; and a somewhat fierce border warfare was kept up for a considerable time. Ultimately the Methodist Episcopal Church was abandoned by all Conferences in slave-holding territory, except a few which had jurisdiction partly over slave and partly over free regions. It was soon found that these border Conferences would be a source of constant annoyance, and would perpetuate a slavery controversy even in the Church which had made such enormous sacrifices to free itself from the

peculiar 'institution.' An able and very bitter discussion presently arose on the question of altering the General Rule in the Discipline, so as to exclude slave-holders from the Church. We have no means of knowing how this matter was dealt with at the General Conference of 1852. But Dr. Jobson, in his interesting work on *America and American Methodism*, gives us a brief account of what took place relative to it at that of 1856, when Dr. Hannah and himself attended as representatives from the British Conference. The bishops had presented the proposal for a change of the rule to the Annual Conferences; but it had not met with the requisite amount of support. Nevertheless, the subject was introduced by some of the Northern Conferences, and a Committee on Slavery was appointed. The Report of that Committee broadly asserted the anti-slavery character of the Church, and its good faith in proposing to 'extirpate' slavery; gave the administrators of the Discipline credit for doing all that 'they conscientiously judged to be in their power to answer the ends of the Discipline in exterminating that great evil;' expressed the conviction that the 'book of Discipline does not state clearly and definitely our true position and our real sentiments,' specifying the points in which they thought it defective; dealt with the objection that no action should be taken in the present excited state of the public mind; stated what they believed to be the true position of the Church in relation to slavery; and concluded by proposing, First, that the several Annual Conferences be recommended 'so to amend our General Rule on slavery, as to read, "The buying, selling, or holding a human being as property;"' and, Secondly, that the General Conference should insert a new set of Answers to the Questions in the seventh chapter of the Discipline: 'What shall be done for the extirpation of the evil of slavery?' These answers were to have harmonized with the proposed change in the rule, but to have provided that, 'as persons may be brought into the legal relation of slave-holders, involuntarily or voluntarily, by purchasing slaves in order to free them, therefore the merely legal relation shall not be considered, of itself, sufficient to exclude a person who may thus sustain it, from the fellowship of the Church.' In each case of a member becoming a slave-holder, a Committee of three members, in conjunction with the preacher in charge, was to investigate the case, with a view to the freedom of the slave; the owner to abide by the decision of such Committee, or be dealt with as in case of immorality.

Such was the Report of the majority of the Committee. But the minority also presented a Report, urging against the proposals of the majority an objection based on the known fact, that

many persons held slaves bequeathed to them to keep them from cruel usage by irreligious owners, and with a view to emancipate them as soon as practicable; on the probability that, by passing such a change, the Conference would break up the border Churches; on the fact that these Churches had adhered to the Methodist Episcopal Church, without such a condition of membership; and on the good working of the Discipline, as designed for the discouragement and extirpation of slavery. On these grounds, and because the requisite consent had not been obtained from the Annual Conferences, they protested against the change, while asserting most positively the most complete anti-slavery sentiments, and alleging that in the city of Baltimore, the capital of the slave State of Maryland, the Discipline had worked so well, that it was believed there was not a single slaveholder in the Church. After a protracted and most able debate, a majority of 122 votes to 96 adopted the proposal for a change of the rule and chapter; but as there must, on all such questions, be a majority equal to two-thirds of all the votes cast, the proposal was virtually lost. Nearly all the editorial offices, however, were filled by decidedly anti-slavery men; and a very large majority carried a 'proposal to publish and circulate largely anti-slavery tracts;' 'the minority stating that they were in favour of such an effort, if it were made judiciously.' And yet this is the Church which has been recently held up in our country to public scorn and execration as a pro-slavery Church! We believe that there was not, to use the language of the minority, 'a single pro-slavery man upon the floor' of the General Conference of 1856. We shall have something to say presently on the proposal to exclude all slaveholders from communion; but, in the mean time, we protest against the falsehood and injustice of attaching the foul nickname of 'pro-slavery' to any man or body of men, simply because they may not agree with us as to the best means of extirpating an evil which they as deeply deplore, and against which they as earnestly protest, as ourselves.

It may be supposed that the majority were prepared to follow up their advantage, and that, at the next General Conference, they would return to the attack with recruited forces and augmented strength. This was the case; and we have now to complete our historical review by a sketch of the proceedings on slavery at the last General Conference, which met in Buffalo during the month of May in the present year. The Committee on Slavery was appointed, as usual, during the first day of session; and to it were referred all memorials, resolutions of Conferences, and other documents relative to the great question. It is necessary to premise, that the Annual Conferences had all been consulted

on the subject, in the ordinary way. Three of these Conferences had submitted proposals to the Church, for a change in the General Rule. These had been largely discussed, and the memorials from members and courts within the Church had reference to one or other of them. The first which we name is that of the Cincinnati Conference, which suggested that the Rule should read, 'The buying or selling of men, women, and children, or holding them, with an intention of using them as slaves.' The Erie Conference proposed, 'The buying, selling, holding, or transferring of any human being, to be used in slavery.' And the Providence Conference, 'The buying or selling of men, women, or children, with an intention to enslave them.' It will be seen that they are substantially the same, and, especially, that they agree in recommending the substitution of 'or' for 'and.' They went the round of the Annual Conferences, but not one of them received the necessary vote. The General Conference, therefore, was memorialized to take initiatory action on the question. There were presented in favour of the extirpation of slavery, 811 memorials, from 33 Annual Conferences, signed by 45,857 persons, and from 49 Quarterly Meeting Conferences. Against any change in the Discipline, there were 137 memorials, from 32 Annual Conferences, signed by 3999 persons, and 47 from Quarterly Meeting Conferences. The first thought that strikes us is, how small a number, out of a Church containing nearly a million of communicants, seem to have taken any public action at all on the subject. But it is notorious that these numbers form no measure whatever of the amount of interest and excitement that exists. The whole Church has been deeply moved and agitated for years. It seems fair to conclude that the numbers pretty accurately represent the state of opinion; and that at least ten-elevenths of the members of the Church are in favour of some stringent measure for the 'extirpation' of the evil. Much diversity was apparent, from the memorials, respecting the method to be devised. The larger number approved of simply altering the regulative chapter; many others asked for a change of the General Rule; and others, for any change that would effect the desired object.

On the 7th of May, the Address of the British Conference in 1857 was read, as also a letter from the same body, dated Manchester, August 13th, 1859. The former document contains an emphatic paragraph, congratulating the Methodist Episcopal Church on its 'noble repudiation' of the charge of approving of slavery, and on its 'strong hostility' to 'that great evil.' The latter is even more emphatic. It alludes to the Answer given by the British Conference to a Memorial from the Black River

Conference, in America, in which the British Conference declines to entertain the Memorial, but engages to embrace every proper opportunity, in its communications with the General Conference, of giving 'a faithful testimony on this important question;' and then adds, 'In accordance with what we have thus expressed, and with the last paragraph but one in our Answer to your Address, we take the present opportunity of re-affirming our declarations against the entire system of slavery; and, from your own avowed principles, as well as from the efforts and sacrifices which you have already made in support of them, we entertain a confident persuasion that, at your approaching General Conference, you will use all practicable means to separate the Church and the land from so serious an evil.' The editor of the *Daily Christian Advocate* says that these remarks made a profound impression on the Conference, and were 'generally, we may hardly hesitate to say universally, satisfactory.' This may suffice in answer to the scurrilous and malignant attack of the pamphleteer already mentioned on the Manchester Conference. It completely disposes of his accusation that, by declining to entertain the appeal of the Black River Conference, the 'gentlemen' of the British Conference compromised their honour, and caused the Church of Christ to sorrow. The appeal was declined, not on constitutional grounds at all, but on grounds of decency and propriety, such as this young libeller does not seem to understand; and because the British Conference believed that a faithful use of its direct intercourse with the General Conference was the most respectful and effective way of influencing that body. And the result shows how truly it had judged; for while its own firm and explicit testimony gave 'universal satisfaction,' the whole troop of memorials and appeals, which the would-be trumpeter in Zion had called forth, were unceremoniously ejected.

On the 17th of May, the reports of the majority and minority of the Committee were presented, and read to the Conference. Both the documents are very lengthy,—much more so than the corresponding ones of 1856. The former, after arguing the question on broad Christian principles, alleges that much of the present chapter on slavery is obsolete; that there is no propriety in having one rule for official and another for private members; that different interpretations have been recently given as to the bearing of the General Rule on slave-holding; that, twenty years ago, the need of an official declaration on this point was acknowledged by the bishops; and that it would, in many ways, be an advantage for the General Rule itself to embody the honest doctrine of the Church upon it. It is finally

recommended, that the General Rule be so altered as to read, 'The buying, selling, or holding of men, women, or children, with an intention to enslave them;' and that the following be substituted for the present Chapter on Slavery in the Discipline:—

Quest. What shall be done for the extirpation of the evil of slavery?

Ans. We declare that we are as much as ever convinced of the great evil of slavery. We believe that the buying, selling, or holding of human beings, as chattels, is inconsistent with the Golden Rule, and with that Rule in our Discipline which requires all who desire to continue among us to "do no harm, and to avoid evil of every kind." We therefore affectionately admonish all our preachers and people to keep themselves pure from this great evil, and to seek its extirpation by all lawful and Christian means.'—*Daily Christian Advocate*, No. 14.

The Report of the minority commences by reviewing the history of the question in the Church, especially since the southern secession of 1844. It strongly asserts the anti-slavery principles of the Border Conferences, both during and subsequent to that secession; argues that the Northern Conferences had acknowledged, and warmly approved, the fidelity of those on the border, and had given pledges not to disturb them by proposing changes in the Discipline; that, on the strength of these assurances, Churches had been planted in several slave-holding States; that, in 1850, the northern papers began to denounce the border brethren, and agitate for the proposed changes; that the first official effort to procure changes was made in 1856 by the ministry, unsupported by the Church; that those who now seek these changes have altered their position, while the border has remained true to the old sentiment and principles of the Church; and that the bishops, in 1856, and again in their address to the present Conference, bore testimony to the fidelity of the border Churches. The Report then assigns reasons against any change, whether of the General Rule or of the Chapter; and concludes by recommending that resolutions against such changes be adopted, and that an emphatic assertion of the anti-slavery position of the Church, and the Discipline as it is, should be made.

The debate on this great question commenced on the 23rd of May, and was not finally concluded until the 1st of June. We can make no attempt to analyse the arguments employed on either side; but we have been profoundly impressed with the talent, logical and oratorical power, earnestness, and moderation, displayed by all the speakers. It is worthy of note, that the anti-slavery character of the Church, and the deep and dreadful enormity of slavery, were acknowledged on all hands; and the discussion turned only on what was the most scriptural and

effectual way of discountenancing, and finally overthrowing, the iniquity. The proposal to alter the General Rule was taken up first; and it was argued with great power, and a remarkable absence of bitterness, on both sides, for five days. The speakers in favour of a change took their stand on the ground of the anti-Christian character, moral turpitude, frightful cruelty and injustice of slavery; and adduced reasons to show that the present Discipline was not adequate to deal with it in the Church as the claims of Christ and of the law of love required. Those on the other side heartily concurred in the fundamental principles laid down by their opponents; but denied the constitutional right of the General Conference to change the General Rule, maintained the sufficiency of the existing Discipline, and contended that the proposed alteration would turn the hearts of thousands of white members in the Border Conferences against the Church, bar her access to the slaves generally, and create a spirit of disunion that must result in another fearful and extensive secession. The appeals of some of the speakers on this side to the sense of justice and Christian kindness of their more advanced brethren, are affecting in the extreme. All the Delegates from the Border Conferences, without exception, were against the change. Great stress was laid upon their personal experience in the matter, and Delegates from seventeen Free State Conferences supported them. During the second day's debate, Dr. Durbin, in a very able and eloquent speech, proposed a substitute for the Report of the majority. The body of the Report was to remain nearly unaltered; but, instead of any argument for change, a re-assertion of the anti-slavery principle was proposed, and Resolutions recommended to the effect that the administration of the Discipline should be made to conform to the foregoing declaration of principles, as far as possible, and that great moderation should be observed in discussion, while the true anti-slavery position of the Church should be constantly maintained. But this substitute was almost immediately 'laid on the table,' or shelved, and the debate went on. The vote was taken on the 29th of May, when there appeared for the change proposed, 139; against it, 74. Thus it was all but carried. Had 142 voted for it, and 71 against it, it would have been carried. A comparison with the vote of 1856 shows that the majority had gained 17 votes in the interval, and the minority had lost 22. So that, unless the subsequent action of the Conference shall prove to have quieted the agitation, or unless a reaction should take place, it is morally certain that the next General Conference will change the Rule.

The debate proceeded immediately on the proposed change in

the Chapter, and nearly the same course of argument was followed on both sides. We wish our limits would allow us to give specimens of the original and racy eloquence of some of the speakers, especially from the west; but that is out of the question, if we except just one choice *morceau*. A Mr. Schaffer, speaking on the encroaching and hypocritical spirit of the slave-power in the Church, after several comical illustrations, said that slavery,—

‘after it had been domiciled for sixty years in our Church,’ not only said it would have a place at our altars, in our class-meetings and love-feasts, its pew in our churches, and its ministers in the pulpits, as preachers in charge and presiding elders, but it was going to be a bishop,—it was going to take charge of the Church itself! Did you say to it?—“My old friend, you are going a little too far.” You did nobly say those words! What did Slavery then say and do? It did hypocritically say, “Give me that line of separation, as an olive-branch of peace; that we may bear it to our southern brethren, and we will part as brethren.” And then it commenced singing—

“When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join’d in heart,
And hope to meet again.”

But what did Slavery say in her heart, when she turned on her heel, at the General Conference at New York, and with her face toward the South? She said, “I am strong enough now to get up a Church for myself. I will soon show you what I will do with the Rule and Chapter on slavery! What do I care for you poor fellows at the North, that work in your own little corn-fields? I have lifted off that curse, in a great measure, that says, ‘In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread!’ I have niggers to sweat and labour for me!” And then, like the jackass, when he commenced dancing among the chickens, he said, “Let every fellow take care of himself!” and said, “To your tents, O Israel! What inheritance have we in the Methodist Episcopal Church?” Give Slavery the right hand of fellowship,—then it will crack its whip; millions of earth-crushed souls will rush forward to their unrequited toil,—groaning, weeping, and sighing,—to the sickly rice-swamps and cotton-fields of the South, while Slavery will sing,—

“O how happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure in heaven!”

—*Daily Christian Advocate*, No. 24.

The vote on the change of the Chapter was taken on the 1st of June, and that change was carried by 181 votes to 73; the words, ‘to be used,’ being inserted before ‘as chattels,’ by common agreement. Thus, considerably more than two-thirds adopted the new Chapter, and it will henceforth form part of the Disci-

pline, at least till 1864. If our readers turn to it, as given above, they will see that it is not statutory, but advisory and declarative. The anti-slavery party has, however, gained a great advantage in thus explicitly condemning mercenary *slave-holding*, as well as slave-trading, in the Discipline. Another striking and significant sign of the temper of the Conference was the appointment of more decided anti-slavery editors to conduct the principal official newspapers and other literary organs of the body.

What will be the effect of the change thus introduced, it is not easy, so soon afterwards, and at this distance from the scene of action, to conjecture. So far as we have the means of judging, we fear that, along the border, there is deep-seated dissatisfaction; and we doubt whether we ought not to say that disaffection prevails, and is spreading. The party of the majority appears to be, upon the whole, satisfied, if we may judge from the tone of such numbers of the *Christian Advocate and Journal* as have come into our hands. We hear nothing, as yet, of a renewed agitation for a change of the General Rule. But, on the other hand, the Conservative party, as it styles itself, is evidently both aggrieved and alarmed. We have before us the fourth number of a new paper, published in New York, under the title of *The Methodist*. The honoured name of John M'Clintock, D.D., is prefixed, as one of the editors, and it seems likely to be very ably conducted. So far as we can judge, it is published with a view to assist in bringing back the Church to the position occupied since 1844, and prior to the last General Conference. Its proprietors, to say the least, incur a very serious responsibility by placing themselves in antagonism to the supreme body in the Church; and the weekly issue of such a rival to the 'great official' is a grave and portentous fact. We fear that the agitation will continue, and that the reactionary party will do their utmost to prevent its subsidence. Beyond this, it is impossible to speculate; but no doubt many will wish, with the good and venerable Morris, senior bishop of the Church, that, with the change of Chapter accomplished, the vexed question may be set at rest for ever.

It is not our intention to enter into any elaborate discussion of the history which, in its main outlines, has thus been presented to our readers. The gross misrepresentations which have been circulated on this side of the Atlantic seemed to us to require a more extended sketch of that history than has hitherto appeared, so far as we know, in any English publication. And, on the whole, we prefer that each reader should form his own judgment respecting the facts here chronicled. We shall content ourselves with a very brief summary of the conclusions to which the study of the subject has led our own minds.

In the first place, we have no doubt that the Methodist Episcopal Church is, and always has been, in theory, anti-slavery. The General Rule has remained unchanged from the organization of the Church till now; and this shuts out, if faithfully enforced, all slave-dealers from membership. The Chapter on Slavery has, however, been often changed and tampered with. From 1785 to 1796, the pro-slavery party was strong enough to secure its virtual exclusion. From 1796 to 1808, a very strong Chapter was in the Discipline, toned down and softened, however, towards the end of this period. In 1808, slave-holding among private members ceased to be legislated for; but even then slavery was pronounced to be a 'great evil,' and a bar to office. And such has been the testimony of the Church down to the General Conference of 1860.

But, secondly, it is equally clear that, at least for many years, the practice and the theory of the Church were very much at variance; and that, while the slave-holding element greatly modified, and sometimes almost expunged, the testimony of the Discipline, it most certainly acted in many parts of the South as if no such testimony existed. It is clear, too, that from 1816 to 1844 there was a gradual but certain encroachment on the part of this element. In defiance of the letter of the Discipline, large numbers of lay officials, and not a few ministers, holding slaves, were found in nearly all the Slave States; and the wave of pollution rose ever higher, till it threatened to engulf the episcopal chair itself. By what means the Northern Delegates were induced, for so many years, to connive at these encroachments, we can only conjecture. But at last anti-slavery principles struck root, and quickly grew and flourished. The secession of the extreme party only served to make the anti-slavery delegates more firm and watchful; and when the slave-power, in the person of Bishop Andrew, emboldened by the apparent failure of abolitionism, essayed to sit down in the highest seat of the Conference, then the true Methodist spirit was aroused, and a determined resistance made to this bold attempt. The allegation that this resistance was simply based on grounds of convenience and expediency is both false and absurd. When public bodies proceed by resolution, it often occurs that the reasons of their procedure are not fully stated. And any one who reads the debates that preceded the celebrated resolution on Bishop Andrew's case will see that, whatever be the terms of that resolution, opposition to slavery, as a prodigious moral evil that was threatening entirely to corrupt the Church, was the sentiment of the majority of the General Conference. Indeed, no impartial

person, at all conversant with history, with human nature, and with the motives that influence both individuals and public bodies, can possibly believe that the Church would have encountered the agitations and miseries, and submitted to the tremendous sacrifices, attendant upon the 'great secession,' merely to avoid the 'inconvenience' of having a slave-holding bishop. We must persist in believing that, at a truly enormous and appalling cost, the Church took up a veritable anti-slavery position in 1844, which she has maintained with increasing tenacity and faithfulness down to the present hour. We say this, knowing how anxiously the Church has disclaimed sympathy with 'modern abolitionism.' Mrs. Stowe quotes this disclaimer as a proof that the Church is still pro-slavery. But what we have said above sufficiently explains the difference between the abolitionists and the anti-slavery party.

Do we, then, assert that no breaches of the Discipline on this subject have occurred and been tolerated, since the secession, both among private and official members? We could not truly make that assertion. Of course, in the Border Conferences, there have always been many slave-holding members; although the fact that there is not known to be one in the city of Baltimore shows how possible it is, by a faithful administration of discipline, to preserve the Church nearly free from pollution. But, even under this head, there has been a fearful amount of exaggerated statement. Mr. Pullen, whose intemperate pamphlet deserves notice almost exclusively because it came out under the 'authority of the anti-slavery societies of Great Britain and Ireland,' says he has 'demonstrated that to-day, within the bounds of the Methodist Episcopal Church North, 100,000 slaves are groaning in their fetters,' &c. But very few who read this pamphlet will be convinced by his statistics and calculations. In the course of the discussion at the last General Conference some one on the side of the majority stated the number at 38,000. We do not perceive that any one spoke of a larger number. But the speaker was severely rebuked for his ignorance by several of the border Delegates. Mr. Coombe, of the Philadelphia Conference, declared that not half the number of slaves stated was held by members of the Church; and Mr. Griffith, of the Baltimore Conference, one of the oldest Delegates present, a man universally esteemed as one of the most excellent fathers of the Church, said, 'Not one-third.' Mr. Battelle, of the Western Virginia Conference, declared that there were not more than fifty slave-holders in his Conference; and among one thousand Methodists in the city where he resides, not one. These unchallenged statements,—made when the parties were face to face, and when the other side had every motive to dis-

provethe, — are evidently far more trustworthy than the inferences and second-hand rumours of Mr. Pullen's pamphlet; (inferences founded upon rules of proportion between the number of Methodists and the number of other inhabitants and of slaves; as if it were certain that Christians and Methodists held slaves in equal proportions with other people;) and they point to the conclusion that there cannot be more than from ten to sixteen thousand slaves held by members of the Church. We dwell on this, simply to show how great has been the exaggeration of the evil by the assailants of the Church, and how little reliance can be placed upon such one-sided publications as that to which we now refer.

But, more than this. It was repeatedly stated in the debate that the great majority of the slave-holding members were involuntary slave-holders. Slaves had come to them by bequest or inheritance. In some cases they had been bequeathed from benevolent motives, to keep them out of the hands of dealers and cruel masters; and the bequest was accompanied by proposals of emancipation which the legatees were endeavouring to fulfil. In nearly all the slave States, the law makes it impossible to emancipate a slave without sending him to a free State, to Canada, or to Liberia. Should he be liberated, and remain in the State, the sheriff is required to arrest him, and he will be re-sold into slavery at the nearest auction-block. It is evident that many a Christian owner must be unable to pay the expense of his slave's removal to a free country; and that, therefore, in the presence of such a law, it is really his duty to continue in the nominal relation of owner to the slave, while in all other respects he should treat him as a Christian brother. To put such slave-holders as these into the same category with the buyers and sellers of slaves, — the Haleys and the Legrees, — is an injustice so monstrous that we want a name for it.

But, it is said, many officers hold slaves, including local and even travelling preachers; and Mr. Pullen retails specific accusations on this point. As to lay officers and local preachers, of course the Discipline allows them to hold slaves, except 'where the laws of the State in which they live will admit of emancipation, and permit the liberated slave to enjoy freedom.' And we protest that we cannot see any ground of quarrel in this. If it can be made out that any such persons are mercenary slave-holders, and if the Church should fail to vindicate her Discipline by dealing with them, then, indeed, she would be unutterably dishonoured; and we fear that, in the *slave-breeding States*, some laxity exists. If it be so, unquestionably the Church will, *pro tanto*, forfeit her claim to be an anti-slavery Church, unless she insists on the amendment of the administration. We confess that, to our own minds, this appears to be the weak point.

We are not satisfied that there are no mercenary slave-holders, or even slave-breeders, in the Church. The number is much fewer than has been represented; but even a single such person is an Achan in the camp so wicked and treacherous, that we scarcely see how prosperity or purity can be secured till he is detected and expelled. As to travelling preachers, we simply say that, after very much inquiry, we do not believe the charge. And it is to be noted that no such accusation was made by any member of the majority in the late debate. Dr. Haven, the talented editor of *Zion's Herald*, and one of the most uncompromising abolitionists in the Church, was made, by a blunder of the reporter, to speak of 'ministers;' but the word he used was 'masters,' and he took especial pains to guard against being supposed to have charged any of his ministerial brethren with slave-holding. We must conclude, therefore, that, if such cases have occurred, they have been dealt with properly by the Annual Conferences; as no one alleged that any instances now exist, and no appeal was presented growing out of unfaithfulness in cases of the kind.

Thirdly, it is apparent, from the above review, that those who accuse the British Conference of not faithfully testifying against slavery in the American Church grossly misrepresent it. Mr. Edge, in a volume excellent and useful in many respects, shows himself to be all but totally ignorant on this point. He says:—

'We have yet to learn that the Methodist Conference in this country has taken any action on the question, except to give slave-holding Methodism a species of approval.'

And again:—

'A declaration on its part that it will no longer recognise anybody excusing or defending slavery, will do more towards limiting and eventually destroying that cursed system than the action of any other Church whatever.'—*Slavery Doomed*, pp. 172, 173.

We have no doubt that this misrepresentation arises from ignorance rather than from malice; but a man who presumes to write on such a subject, dedicates his book to Lord Brougham, and declares that he has resided five years in the States, ought not to be ignorant. We have shown how constantly the British Conference has faithfully testified against slavery; how its relations with the Methodist Episcopal Church are based upon the supposed anti-slavery character of that Church; and we may add that, at the very Conference which received Bishop Simpson and Dr. M'Clintock as Representatives, an application from a minister of the Church South, merely to attend as a visitor, was refused, because he belonged to a pro-slavery Church. But, indeed, Mr. Edge does not know that there are two Methodist Episcopal Churches in America. In his work, (see p. 171,) he

writes as if there was but one, and says, 'The southern portion of the sect has long been restless,' &c., and evidently believes there is but one General Conference. Should he ever be required to publish a second edition, we invite him to study Dr. Elliott's book. It will correct not a few of his mistakes on this part of his subject.

Fourthly, we have no wish to conceal our opinion respecting the action of the last General Conference. So far as it went, it was decidedly anti-slavery; and none but a very heated and uncandid partisan can deny this. The Discipline will henceforth contain an explicit testimony against the 'holding,' as well as against 'the buying or selling, of men, women, or children, to be used as chattels.' This is a great step in the direction of the anti-slavery movement. As to the change in the Rule, we have two things to say. First, the proposed change would have made no alteration in the position of involuntary slave-holders; it would merely have affected mercenary slave-holders; and, therefore, abstractedly, we do not see how it should have been so seriously and earnestly opposed. All the objections drawn from the admitted toleration of slavery in the primitive Church are inapplicable here. The most extreme member of the majority would not refuse communion with persons who hold slaves involuntarily, or with a benevolent intention, and with a view to ultimate emancipation. And we cannot bring ourselves to believe, on the other hand, that the Apostles would have suffered a 'man-stealer'—and a voluntary and mercenary *man-holder* is not one whit better—to remain in the primitive Church. But, secondly, the Discipline never did, in the purest anti-slavery days of the Church, include the 'holding' of slaves in the same category with buying and selling. Mr. Pullen himself admits that, at its organization, the Church was decidedly anti-slavery; and we willingly grant that *the extirpatory chapter* was much stronger then than it has been since 1816. But the General Rule was on this point precisely the same then as now; and the founders of the Church, the apostolic Asbury and Coke, and their coadjutors, by whom the rule was made, did not think it necessary to include holding, as well as buying and selling. Looking at this fact, and at the solemn and reiterated declaration of the bishops that, in their judgment, the Discipline was working towards the discouragement and extirpation of slavery in the Border Conferences, we are inclined to think we should have voted with the minority on this question; especially as all the Delegates from the Border Conferences—including that of Baltimore, which even before the secession was intensely anti-slavery—were opposed to the contemplated change. We do not see the necessity of taking any step in

advance of the original Discipline of the Church. Having said this, however, we are bound to add that it will give us unmingled satisfaction, if we hear that, instead of a merely advisory and declaratory chapter on slaveholding, such as is now introduced into the Discipline, the next General Conference restores the original and primitive chapter. If the number of slave-holders is so small as the minority represented, and if the greater number of these are 'involuntary slave-holders,' why should there be any difficulty in treading in the footsteps of the great, good, and wise men by whom the foundations of the Church were laid, and re-enacting, 'That no slave-holder shall be admitted into this Society, or to the Lord's Supper, until he has complied with the rules laid down for securing the emancipation of his slaves;' providing, of course, that 'these rules are to affect the members of our Society no further than as they are consistent with the laws of the States in which they reside?'

It is, as already suggested, impossible to say whether the anti-slavery feeling will spread and grow in the Church, till some such step as this is taken; or whether the reactionary movement to which Dr. M'Clintock has lent the weight of his honoured name will issue in the reversal of the decision of the last General Conference. Of one thing, however, we feel quite sure, namely, that a repetition of such intemperate appeals as have been published in this country, and any similar action to that which certain parties here adopted in answer to these appeals, will rather hinder than help the progress of anti-slavery principles in America. The rejection of memorials sent over by Mr. Pullen's advice from England, *was moved by one of the most earnest and eloquent advocates of a change in the Rule.* We unfeignedly believe that the temperate and dignified suggestions of the British Wesleyan Conference, presented as they were in the usual course of fraternal interchange, greatly strengthened the hands of the majority, while, at the same time, they gave no offence to the minority. But the memorials in question roused a feeling of national jealousy and resentment in both parties, and were treated with mortifying but not undeserved contempt. Let us pray for our brethren, to whom the common ancestors of themselves and us bequeathed the terrible legacy of slavery, and let us be ready to assist them by sympathizing and moderate counsels in their endeavours to rid themselves of it; but let no one imagine that so independent and able a body of men as the General Conference, in so free and proud a country as America, can be dragooned into any course of action by abuse and dictation from England. Our brethren and their country are passing through a most critical ordeal. By all accounts, the republican or anti-slavery party has before it the prospect of seating its

nominee in the Presidential Chair of the Union next November. The South, apparently, is preparing, in such an event, to sever its connexion with the North, and set up an independent Southern Slaveholding Republican Confederation. Should this take place, the historian of that event will probably have to say two things: first, that the way for such separation was prepared by the stupendous rupture of 1844 in the Methodist Episcopal Church; and, secondly, that, as there will then be a Free Northern and a Slave Southern Republic, so there will be the Methodist Episcopal Church, shorn of all jurisdiction over Conferences in slave territory, but gloriously purified, in the fires of contention and of much suffering, from the last taint of this 'execrable sum of all human villany;' and the Methodist Episcopal Church South, leprous to its heart's core with the foul pollution, the ready and submissive tool of the State in the maintenance of slavery, and in the unlimited oppression of its millions of unhappy victims.

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- ART. V.—1. *Exposé de la Religion des Druzes, tiré des Livres Religieux de cette Secte.* Par M. SILVESTRE DE SACY. Paris. 1838.
2. *Biblical Researches in Palestine, Mount Sinai, and Arabia Petraea: a Journal of Travels in the Year 1838.* By EDWARD ROBINSON, D.D. London: John Murray. 1841.
3. *The Lands of the Bible visited and described.* By JOHN WILSON, D.D. Edinburgh: Whyte. 1847.
4. *Mount Lebanon: a Ten Years' Residence, from 1842 to 1852.* By COLONEL CHURCHILL, Staff-Officer on the British Expedition to Syria. London: Saunders and Otley. 1853.
5. *The Druzes of Lebanon: their Manners, Customs, and History.* By GEORGE WASHINGTON CHASSEAUD, late of Beyrout, Syria. London: Richard Bentley. 1855.
6. *The Land and the Book: or, Biblical Illustrations drawn from the Manners and Customs, the Scenes and Scenery, of the Holy Land.* By W. M. THOMPSON, D.D., Twenty-five Years a Missionary in Syria and Palestine. London: Nelson and Sons. 1860.
7. *Papers relating to the Disturbances in Syria, June, 1860.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty. 1860.

THE submarine telegraph which for a short time united the Old World with the New, in its first message flashed forth the glad words spoken long ago by angel voices in the hearing of the shepherds of Syria: 'Glory to God in the

highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.' The time will come when this watchword of the millennial dawning shall be sent continuously, and in its perfect truth, by every electric wire upon the face of the earth; but the agency that recently thus carried it, amid the currents of the agitated sea, has since been mute,—as if to teach us, with most impressive solemnity, that there is a great work for us to perfect, before we can arrive at the universal establishment of the principle it presents. In an opposite course, the first extension of the same subtle power was followed by utterances of another order, daily recounting to us the progress of the strife in the greatest siege of modern warfare. From that time the character of its responses has seemed as if intended to bring to our minds another lesson, in the oft-repeated echoes it has given of the world's woes; the same series of wires having startled us with the intelligence of a revolt in India, and the massacre of numbers of our brave countrymen, attended with acts of cruelty towards their wives and helpless children, which will long exhibit one of the darkest pages in the annals of crime. Under the good providence of God we were permitted to hear, in due time, that the contest had ceased; and there followed the more welcome notes of peace. We had then a momentary pause in the story of blood; but the silence has been broken by the wail of martyred thousands, slain amidst scenes consecrated in our memory by the holiest associations. We were interested in the revolt of India, by the fact that its promoters were our fellow-subjects, and the objects of its vengeance our own kin; and we are not the less interested in the atrocities that have recently been perpetrated upon Lebanon, as they take us to the land where the woodman's axe struck deep for the honour of God, and the timber he prepared was for the most glorious of earthly shrines.

The mountains of every land are a wonder and a mystery to the inhabitants of the plain at their feet. In the two great mythologies of the world, Olympus and the Himalayas are the realm of innumerable legends; the chosen abode of the gods, and of the godlike from among men. But from the superstitions arising from this source the people of Israel were preserved by the teachings of their inspired word. Under the influence of the majesty of the mountain they sang, in one of their sacred hymns, 'The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars; yea, the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon;' but it was revealed to them that the tabernacle of Jehovah was nearer to their own dwellings, and that the locality He had chosen for the place of His presence was in the midst of their own homes; so that they could sing in more joyous melody, 'In Judah is God known; His

name is great in Israel; in Salem also is His tabernacle, and His dwelling-place in Zion.' The snow-clad ridges of Lebanon must have been regarded, both by prophet and people, with reverence and much marvel. It was the storehouse whence they drew the most striking scenes of their wondrous imagery; its name was a synonym for all that is magnificent; and, when the plains below were withered by the burning sun, the maidens of Israel would sigh for the privilege of reclining amidst its sheltered cedar-groves, or of listening to the soothing voice of its streams as they came cool from the melting snows; while the stalwart man would wish himself nearer its outspread glaciers, that he might join in the chase of the gazelle. We have an insight into the national feeling from the prayer of Moses, who asked of God that he might see 'the good land, that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain, and Lebanon.' The inspired writers tell of its fragrance and flowers; its box, fir, and pine trees; its thistles, thickets, and cedars; its streams and snow; and its eagles, leopards, and lions. The cedar forests upon its sides, though so vast in their extent, are declared to be insufficient for the fuel of a burnt-offering that shall find acceptance with the Lord, and all its beasts will not avail for the sacrifice of propitiation. Its trees wail forth a mournful lament for the coming desolations of Israel; and its deep ravines answer to the passes of Bashan in their cry of distress. But the sweet singer of Israel, in that grandest of prophetic Psalms, consecrates its associations to a nobler purpose, and tells us that such shall be the luxuriance attendant on the Messiah's reign, that even upon the top of the mountain the corn shall wave, and 'the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon.'

Like a rampart to protect the land of the people of God from the northern blasts in the cold of winter; like the wall of a mighty reservoir, whence its streams were to be filled in the hour of the summer's drought; or like a troop of lions crouching in silent majesty to espy afar off the coming of the foe, ready with their thunder-voices to scare the robber of the desert from his intended prey,—stand the two ranges of Lebanon. They are parallel with each other, and run with the trending of the coast, from N.E. to S.W. The western chain, known as Lebanon Proper, is the higher in its average elevation, the best cultivated, and the most numerously peopled. The eastern chain, or Anti-Lebanon, is separated from it by the plain of El-Bekaa, fertile but treeless, along which flows the ancient Leontes; and as it approaches Damascus, this chain is itself divided into two ridges, within the forks of which lies the Wady et-Teim. The highest mountain of the western chain is Jebel

Sunnin, about twenty miles east of Beirout; and the highest of the eastern, Jebel esh-Sheikh, about the same distance west of Damascus. The two mountains are a little more than this distance from each other. Jebel esh-Sheikh, which is to the south, and somewhat higher than any part of the opposite range, is the Hermon of Scripture, and the monarch mountain of Syria, crowned through every month of the year with a diadem of snow. It is more than 10,000 feet above the level of the sea, and was seen by Dr. Wilson in the afternoon of the day on which he left Jerusalem. The poets tell us that there are all seasons at once on this grand old Alp:—

‘ Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer in a vale of flowers
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.’

The eastern ridge runs towards the west, forming the southern boundary of El-Bekaa, broken at one place into a deep chasm, through which the Leontes dashes, on its way to the sea near Tyre.

Nearly the whole of Lebanon is composed of limestone. The lower hills are cultivated to the tops, and on their slopes the spreading vine tells of the grape and gladness; the stunted mulberry, of silk and luxury; and the gnarled olive, of fatness and the stern duties of home. The hedges are formed of the cactus, bristling with a thousand thorns. It seems to have been given to man for this very purpose; and woe to the animal, whether biped or quadruped, that dares to attempt a passage through the formidable barrier it presents. The gardens produce esculents of all kinds, from the pine-apple to the potato; among the wild products of the field are some of the most beautiful of the flowers we cultivate with so much care at home; the orchards yield every variety of the finest fruits of Europe; and in the higher regions there are forests of oak for provender and fuel, of fir for timber, and of juniper for the production of pitch. In these more elevated demesnes are found the wolf, the hyæna, and the panther. On the slopes of the hills, where there is no great breadth of earth, terraces are formed of large stones, built up with great labour, and presenting much ingenuity in their construction. Look upward, and you are startled at the sight of what appear like the fragments of the steps of mighty pyramids, that have been shivered by the earthquake, and thrown into every manner of fantastic form. Mount to the summit of that crag, and look down if you dare;—you are equally startled by the sight of the numerous villages that stud

the ravines, with their white convents and frowning castles. The scene is at once changed from cold cragginess into a picture all bright, and full of animation. We can scarcely imagine that the formal fir tree has power to make any one weep; but Dr. Wilson tells us that when he first saw it on these hills, after an absence of fifteen years, it called up a thousand associations, 'even to the shedding of tears.' There are many cedars of all ages, but the only trees that can have come down from the prophetic era are few, 'that a child may write them.' Yet we are scarcely prepared for the statement made by Dr. Thompson, that there are more cedars within fifty miles of London than in all Lebanon. The air is extremely pure, and to breathe it is health; but the night dews are heavy and chill. Fever and ague are almost the only diseases. The traveller is lulled to rest at his noonday halt by the hum of bees, and at night by the murmur of the waterfall. In the warm summer he needs no couch but the ground, upon which he spreads his carpet, and then prepares in all simplicity for his night's repose. Not long has he to court the coming of sleep, though his pallet be hard and comfortless; for he is weary with long travel, and his way has been over the pathway of rock, along which he has had in turn to creep, and climb, and leap, like the goat he has scared from its retreat. The announcement of the Prophet, that 'the rough places shall be made plain,' has a significance here which scarcely belongs to it in any other land; as, in addition to the ruggedness of the natural rock, the stones gathered from the gardens and fields are all thrown into the path, so that the feet of the passing horse have to plunge amidst the gatherings of centuries. The places were rough when the Prophet first spoke the word, and they were rough when the Baptist repeated it to his disciples in the wilderness; and they have been rough ever since; but the time is approaching when they shall be plain, both in the path of the mountain and in the spiritual fulfilment of the prediction.

In Lebanon there is all that is sought for by the painter, the poet, or the grim anchorite:—mountain peaks; precipitate rocks; deep ravines; caves drear as midnight; snow that yields not to the utmost strength of the summer's sunshine; the bright waters of the merry torrent, rejoicing with loud voice at their escape from the region of storm, and rushing swiftly onward now, that they may linger at the greater leisure when they arrive among the nodding lilies and the olive groves of the plain; the venerable cedar, nearly forty feet in growth of girth, but passed by as too young when the Sidonian overseer marked the trees that were to form part of the temple of Solomon; vineyards, villages,

and the remains of gigantic temples ; in the east, the limitless plain, where the Arab wanders, and the sand-storm gathers, and the mirage presents its deceptive glimmer ; and in the west, the Mediterranean, on the bosom of which the Apostle of the Gentiles sailed on his errands of mercy, and warriors many have kept watch as they came to elevate the crescent or to the rescue of the cross.

To those who have had the opportunity of studying their phases of character, all mountains preserve an identity as distinctly marked as the species of the naturalist. We know Lebanon by the splendour of its colours and the harmony of its hues ; and by the effect of the sunbeam which, after it has brought out every tree and rock in the clearest outline, throws upon the entire mass that rises in stately grandeur before our vision every variety of tint, and causes it to become the richer and more attractive the longer we gaze. In the same glance we can see the clear blue of the ocean creek and its green islets ; the dark shadows of the mountain moor, the rich verdure of the vineyard, the radiant red of the towering crag, and the pure white of the untrodden snow ; and there are times when the two great ranges, glowing in the golden sunset, are like the portals of a vast and magnificent temple, in which many myriads may worship God.

This vision of 'the head of Lebanon' may pass away ; and we now turn from the mountain in its immensity to the tribes that live within its fastnesses and cultivate its wolds. At once we see that there is among them an entire want of homogeneity. The blood of the Hivites, who 'dwelt in Mount Hermon,' may still mantle in the men who rush past us in pride and power, scaling the mountain pass as if well conscious of their hereditary greatness and of their present prowess. But there is scarcely any one, unless it be the Jew, who can tell whence he came, or who was the father of his race. The ramifications of his lineage may extend to every nation whose name is recorded upon classic or sacred page. Each separate tribe has a story of its own, full of incident ; and if our readers reposed under the shade of the palm tree, lulled by the music of its waving, we might hope that they would listen to its recital at length, like true orientals ; but our home is amid the activities and happy exigencies of the west, where the oft-repeated ejaculations of the east are exchanged for one of another order, short but significant : 'We have no time.' Yet there are two of these races we may not dismiss in so summary a manner. The voice of a mother is heard in mournful appeal ; and, as she stands before us haggard and weeping, she tells us that since the vine before the

lattice of her then full storeroom put forth its present leaves, she has lost her husband, her father, her brothers, and her sons; all, *all* have been slain. But her further words are lost in the harrowing howl, always sent forth by the females of Lebanon in times of deep distress. This woman is a Maronite. There are thousands in this helpless position as we write; and they tell us that the men by whom the warfare has been principally carried on, in which all their male relatives have been slain, and all their property harried or burnt, were Druses. The Maronites and Druses: who are they?

The Maronites are a sect of Christians resident upon Lebanon; and they are to the other Churches of the mountain what the Bedouins are socially to the races that inhabit the borders of the desert. They boast that they have ever formed part of the Catholic Church of Rome, and pride themselves upon their superior orthodoxy; thus uplifting against themselves in stern hostility the hand of every man who belongs to another community. They say it would be less offensive to God to worship in the mosque than in the church of a schismatic. But the obscurity in which their ecclesiastical origin is shrouded makes their pretensions appear absurd. They profess to derive their name from Maro; but we have Maro the monk, who lived in the earlier part of the fifth century, and Maro the patriarch, who flourished about three hundred years later. From whichever of these two their name has come, it is evidently that of a person, and not of a country; which would indicate that their origin must have been either in a reformation or a schism. They cannot, therefore, always have belonged to Rome. This fact may be easily proved from the earlier writers on Church history, and they have several usages *peculiar to themselves that lead to the same conclusion. They were infected by the Monothelite heresy, and in the year 1180 were brought under the authority of the Pope: they are now regarded as more devoted to the Papacy than any other of the Churches of the East.

The Patriarch is chosen in secret conclave, but must receive the approbation of the Pope, and a pelisse of honour is sent him by the Governor of Lebanon. From his decisions there is no appeal. 'The Patriarch is our Sultan,' say the Maronites. His winter residence at Kanobin was the scene of the martyrdom of one of the earliest Protestant converts, Asaad Shidiak. There are eight regular and four titular bishops. The priests are about a thousand in number. They may marry before ordination, but not after; and most of the parish priests are married, some of them having large families. The women are wisely forbidden to confess to celibates. The communion is given in

both kinds, the bread being dipped in wine before it is presented to the laity. The people are taught that the priest is more honourable than an angel, 'because the angel is a minister and servant of God, whereas the priest can command God to descend from heaven, as in the mass!' They have colleges and schools of some repute, but the ability to read is not general among their people. The college at Rome, for the education of a select number of their youths, was founded by Gregory XIII.; and its *alumni* do good service for the Pope on their return to Lebanon. The priests do not preach, except under extraordinary circumstances; and both the priests and their people are in ignorance of the true privileges presented by the Gospel. With an ingenuity that is almost without a parallel in priestly assumption, they sell sites in the golden area of heaven to their deluded parishioners. The convents are numerous, especially in the Kesrouan, the whole of which is regarded as sacred ground. They occupy the most romantic positions, and great pains are taken in the cultivation of the grounds belonging to the monastic domain. The monks may eat fish, but not flesh; and they may take snuff, but must not smoke tobacco. The landed property of the convents is said to include 'nearly a fourth of the entire surface of the mountain.' It is at the convent, 'the best silk, the best oil, the best wine, and the best confectionery are to be found;' and if the following *computus* of the provisions in their storehouse is to be relied upon, there is no lack of good cheer the year round: 'Huge jars of oil, butter, wine, olives, pickles, dibs, and honey; baskets full of rice and lentils, huge sacks full of wheat, mountains of onions, pyramids of figs, dried fruit, and nuts, and festoons of dried herbs and red chillies.' In the centre of the court are piled up heaps of dry faggots for the winter's fires. But we forbear to make merry at the expense of the monks, when we remember how many of these monasteries are at the present moment empty,—the provisions pillaged, and the gatherers killed. We would that henceforth they might remain unoccupied for ever, if, instead of the monk, there should be the minister of truth; and instead of the solitude of the convent, the graces and gladness of the household living in accordance with the precepts of Christ. To prevent the monks from forming local attachments, they were required to itinerate in rotation, from convent to convent. There are no mendicants among them; but there are several villages from which it is the custom, even for those who are rich or well to do, to wander about at certain seasons of the year, and ask alms, in order to gain merit.

The Maronite population of Lebanon is reckoned at 160,000 souls; and there may be about 40,000 of the same name in

other places. About 20,000 are trained for war. They are the most numerous of the mountain races; and when we are told that the language of the service books of their Church is Syriac, we have a key presented by which we can learn their origin as a nation. We are thus led to regard them with some reverence, as the descendants of men who once lived in the more sacred localities of the south. From the plains of Judæa and Samaria, and the hills of the nearer Galilee, they must have been driven by the hand of the persecutor; and they thus became exiles from their homes in Israel for Christ's sake. It is a wonder that they still exist. They have had to defend themselves against the Bedouin from the desert, the crusader from his distant fatherland, the rapacious Turk, issuing in wild array from the portals of the pasha's tower, and against the Druse from every defile of the mountains inhabited by his race. But though often conquered, they have again broken away from the power of the oppressor; and, like the shaking of the dews of Hermon from their rough capotes, they have driven the tyrant from their valleys, and once more become a prosperous people.

The Druses inhabit the western and southern slopes of Lebanon, with nearly the whole of Anti-Lebanon. They are said to be about 100,000 in number. Their territory extends southward as far as Tyre; and a line drawn from Sidon to Damascus would approach nearly the whole of the places that have become celebrated in the present war. They are principally descended from the Arabs of the plain, who about a thousand years ago fled to the mountains for refuge from the oppressions of an unprincipled ruler. The name of this remarkable people originated as the designation of a sect; but as they have generally been united, with a few insignificant exceptions, under one political authority, they may be regarded as forming a separate people. Under either aspect, their history presents much that is romantic or wild.

It has sometimes been received as a reproach peculiar to Christianity, that its professors are divided into so many sects, who oppose each other with bitterness of spirit and constancy of strife. But in order to see the principle of religious hostility carried out to its utmost extent, we must study the records of Mohammedanism, in which the sects that present themselves are numberless, and their mutual antagonism of a character the fiercest and most implacable. When the religious processions of the Shiites, as they celebrate yearly the death of the sons of Ali, are encountered by the Sonnites, there is contention, and sometimes deadly conflict. These are the two principal divisions of Islam, but each of them is again subdivided into innumerable

sections or communities; all of which are known by some distinctive doctrine or other characteristic. From the Shiites proceeded, with intermediate schools, the Batinites, or Esoterics, who assert that every exterior thing has an inner one corresponding with it, and that every passage of the Koran has an internal allegorical meaning. This canon of interpretation, as in Christianity, opens wide the door for the wildest speculations, the more dangerous as they profess to be founded upon the text of truth.

About four hundred years after the Hegira, at a time when these doctrines were in the ascendant, there reigned in Egypt the Caliph Hakim Biamrillahi, the sixth of the Fatimite dynasty. His acts were those of a savage and a madman. He forbade the women of Egypt to appear in the street, on any pretext; and would allow no one to make a shoe for a female's foot, thus obliging them to remain at home. It is said that no fewer than thirty thousand churches and monasteries were destroyed by his command. It was made a criminal offence to buy or sell with the Christians, who were required, when in public, to wear blue garments and a dark turban, and to carry immense crosses suspended from their necks. On hearing of the deception practised annually in the pretended descent of the holy fire, he commanded the church of the Resurrection at Jerusalem, in which it takes place, to be destroyed. Three or four years before his death, Mohammed ben Israel Darasi, a teacher belonging to the Batinites who had come from Persia, entered his service, and became an especial favourite at the palace. In return for the favours received from the Caliph, he publicly ascribed to his master divine honour and majesty; but when he attempted to teach this doctrine in the mosque, from a book he had written, he was violently assaulted, and escaped with difficulty from the hands of the enraged worshippers. By the advice of Hakim, he fled to Syria, and began to propagate his doctrines among the races dwelling on Lebanon, near the sources of the Jordan. In less than ten years nearly all the Arab tribes that had become located here professed the religion of the Druse. Living at a distance from the place of Mohammed's power, and their fathers never having joined in the forays of the prophet, or reaped the pillage of his battles, they were less attached to his faith than its other adherents. It is supposed that Darasi perished in a battle with the orthodox Moslem from the plain, as they resolutely opposed him, and he had to defend himself constantly from their attacks.

But although the name of the Druses is derived from this Persian, they do not acknowledge him as the founder of their

religion. The most eminent of their writers regard him as an impostor, and call him by many opprobrious names, such as Satan, and the Calf. There was a turban-maker, called Hamsa, and surnamed Hadi, the Leader, from whom Darasi received the instructions that induced him to deify the caliph. It is not improbable, however, that Hakim himself was the real author of this impious assumption, and that the others became his agents of proselytism, by the promise of a royal reward. The sect grew in influence, until the *cadi*, when in the mosque, was summoned to embrace the new faith; but the attempt was fatal to the neophyte who made it, as he and his attendants were slain. The presumption of the caliph was equal to the credulity of his disciples. When the divine name was ascribed to him, he willingly received it, and openly proclaimed himself to be the creator and ruler of the beneficent Nile, from which the land received all its luxuriance, and the people all their prosperity. The salutation he received with the greatest pleasure was, 'Hail thou one, and only one, who givest life and death, who bestowest riches and doomest men to poverty!' Though professedly an incarnation of God, his superstitious fears betrayed that he was man; for, whilst receiving divine honours, he trembled at the forbodings of his horoscope, which told him that on a certain night he would be exposed to imminent danger. The signs of the sky warned him that the hour was come; but he set off, attended only by a single slave, to the Mount of the Mokattam, on which the citadel of Cairo now stands, and was slain on the way. The assassins were sent by his sister, who put to death all who were privy to the transaction, and buried his corpse in the palace. The suddenness of his disappearance, and the mystery with which it was invested, gave additional strength to his cause. It was given out that he had been taken away because of the wickedness of men, and that all present search for him would be attended with disappointment; but that when the times should be more propitious, he would again appear, in a manner worthy of his supremacy. Our wars with China have excited the attention of the Druses, as they suppose it is in this far land he is next to have his advent.

The great apostle of the sect, Hamsa, still lived. He is called 'the channel of the divine ordinances,' 'the revealer of the will of the Most High,' and 'the sun of suns.' From a place of concealment he wrote several works which are regarded as the oracles of the Druses. The writings they possess are numerous. There are constant references in them to facts recorded by the Evangelists, but with some distortion of the truth. We may cite an instance from the writings of Biha-eddin, the fifth of

the impersonations afterwards to be named. 'In that hour of affliction,' he says, 'in that moment, sacred only to a chosen few, Jesus took bread and blessed it, and brake it, and gave to His disciples, and said, Take, eat, this is My body. And He took the cup and gave thanks, and gave it unto them, saying, Drink ye all of it. For this is My blood of the New Testament, for which much blood shall be spilt, for the remission of sins.' Thus, the blood to be shed is not that of the one Redeemer, but the blood of many, in the carnage of the warrior's combat.

We are told that there is one God, unknown and unknowable; the Creator, Preserver, and Judge of the universe. We cannot speak of Him by comparison, or by negation. 'He is,' is all we can say of Him; and if we go further than this, we bring in the human element, and therefore fail to set forth the truth. There can be no representation of God beside the form of man, who reflects the image of God, as the mirror reflects the object before which it is placed; and man is chosen to be the veil of God as being the noblest work of His creatures. There have been nine avatars of the one God, who has appeared in the form of men, but without man's impurity or corruption. They were not properly incarnations. God did not become flesh, but assumed the veil of flesh; as the man who puts on a robe is still distinct from the robe. The Druses admit the doctrine of free will, in opposition to Islam, and think that predestination is irreconcilable with eternal justice. There are five invisible intelligences of a superior order, all of whom have been impersonated in as many Druse teachers, of whom Hamsa was the chief. These intelligences are regarded as mediators in behalf of those who in earnest seek wisdom. The souls of men migrate into other human bodies, and rise to higher grades of intelligence by an attention to outer duties and submission to the divine will. In the religions that appeared in the ages preceding Hakim there was a mixture of truth; but these were only as starlight revelations, all of which were to be overpowered by the radiance of the full-orbed sun, which rose in its perfect majesty when the system of the Druses was proclaimed to the world.

They have seven great precepts:—1. To speak the truth. 2. To render to each other mutual assistance. 3. To renounce all error. 4. To separate entirely from the wicked and the ignorant. 5. To assert, on all occasions, the everlasting unity of God. 6. To be submissive under trial. 7. To rest contented in whatever situation they may be placed, whether of joy or sorrow. The first is the principal precept. But these obligations are not to be regarded as in force when intercourse is held with the un-

believer. Of their outward forms and ceremonies we have little information of a character upon which we can rely. In their temples there are no ornaments, and their sacred edifices are found among the shadows of high trees, or on the summit of the mountain. They have no prescribed rites, and do not offer prayer. When outwardly conforming to the practices of other sects, they refrain from the prayer of the heart. There are instances in which a spirit more in accordance with man's weakness is manifest; but even then, there is inconsistency between the profession and the practice. An okkal, on visiting Damascus, as we learn from Colonel Churchill, having alighted at the house of a sheikh of Islam, the two friends entered into conversation, when the sheikh asked the Druse if there were any true Mussulmans in his country. He replied that there were, and that they read the Koran. He was requested to show how they prayed. 'Who is without prayer?' was the reply. But the sheikh then wished to know in what manner prayer ought to be presented to God. The okkal proceeded to say:— 'When I enter the house of God, I endeavour to do so with pure thoughts and a clean heart, and call out, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed the prophet of God." I listen to the words of the book, with an earnest and teachable spirit. I look down in contrition and penitence; and, bowing down my head, kiss the earth; praying that I may be enabled to walk in humility and the fear of God, and to resign myself in all things to His will and decrees; to think that heaven is on my right hand, and hell on my left; and to bear in mind that, wherever I go, I am always in the presence of God; and that He is ever before me. That is enough.' His host of the city, turning to those present, said, 'All your prayers, compared to that, are useless.'

The okkals are the more devoted professors of the Druse religion, and they may be of either sex. They are not priests, and neither teach nor exercise discipline. They must remain a year on trial before they can be admitted to the secrets of the fraternity; after that they may wear a white turban, as an emblem of the purity they are to cultivate. They dress in plain garments, wearing no ornament, and are required to be simple in their manners, and careful in their mode of speech. At their funerals they receive marks of great respect; and their tombs are afterwards visited by the superstitious, who worship the departed spirit, and deposit candles or ornaments in the vault of the deceased. Hymns are sung in the Druse temples, and the people listen to the reading of the sacred books; they eat figs and raisins together, at the expense of the community; and all

matters of public interest are brought before a select council. They thus combine, in one service, the religious, social, and political elements. They have a golden calf, covered with secret characters, which is kept in a sacred chest; but whether it symbolizes some object of veneration, or, as some say, is intended to remind them of the dangers attendant on the errors of Darasi, whom they call in derision 'the Calf,' is not ascertained with certainty.

The Druses are extremely sensitive when inquiries are made of them respecting their religious practices, and usually parry the question by some evasive reply. A Druse, met with by Dr. Wilson, at Hasbeiya, told him that there is little difference between their creed and observances and those of the orthodox Mussulmans; whilst others tell us that they respect Christ and abhor Mohammed. No one has been more favourably situated than Colonel Churchill for learning their real sentiments and customs; but even he was not permitted to penetrate into the mysteries of their faith. 'Two objects,' he says, 'engrossed my attention,—the religion of the Druses, and the past history of the races which now occupy the mountain range of the Lebanon. In vain I tried to make the terms of extreme friendship and attimacy which existed between myself and the Druses, available for the purpose of informing myself on the first of these points. Sheikhs, okkals, and peasants, alike baffled my inquiries, either by jocose evasions, or by direct negation.'

The writings of the Druses, as translated by De Sacy, and the manner in which their system is elaborated, take us to the further East, as certainly as the aurora of the early dawn tells the traveller of the desert in what direction he is to look for the rising of the sun. We do not find in them the poetry of the imagination, or earthly imagery carried to extravagance or absurdity, and having the passions for the arena of their influence. We have rather the expression of a mind that finds in itself the beginning and the end of its abstruse speculations; reasoning of causes and their effects in language which has the appearance of sublimity, but which, when tried by calm thought, is found to be unsubstantial as a summer's cloud. As we listen, there is a strange mingling of many voices, among which we can distinguish words of the prophet, the rishi, the sramana, the magian, the apostle, and the imaum. An attempt has been made to adapt a medley, selected from all these teachers, to the circumstances of the wanderer in the wilderness and the dweller in the mountain. But it has failed. These dreamy mysticisms do not harmonize with the thinkings of men who, as they look around them, seem by day, from their elevation, to command

both the land and the sea, and by night, from the clearness of their atmosphere, to have the bright stars so near them that the heavens themselves are equally their heritage. To be adepts in their religion, they must doff their nationality and become okkals. The okkal is not a Druse, though retaining the name. He is now changed into something to which we may find a counterpart in any land.

We have now presented an outline of the principal facts which have been published relative to the Druse religion; but we are not to suppose that we have given more than one amongst its numerous phases. Were all the books now in the various libraries of Europe, written by the okkals, to be translated, we should still be little nearer a perfect representation of their system than we are now. The true Druse laughs at the writings of his own teachers, as much as at the Bible or the Koran. As we look at the living man, and try to make out what he is, he becomes to us a greater mystery. In the church, he is a devout Christian; in the mosque, an orthodox Mohammedan. And he is now a sceptic; and now something of his own, apart from all the rest of the world. He is anything, everything, and nothing. It is impossible to photograph his likeness. More rapidly than the play of the sunbeam on the wavelet, he has assumed another shape, and presents a different outline; so that we must rest contented in our ignorance, or conclude that the enigma is not worth the trouble of solution.

The Druse and the Maronite are more alike in their social customs than in the rituals of their religion. But there is a marked difference in their national character. The one acknowledges as his chief the patriarch, whose home is in the convent, and whose agents are monks and priests; the other follows the standard of the emir, whose home is in the castle, and whose retainers are ready at a word to prepare for the joust or the raid. The Maronite is the more industrious, his gains are the more honest, and his homestead is surrounded by more numerous signs of permanent prosperity; the Druse is the braver man, his plenty is from pillage, and he rejoices in the excitement of war. As to their social character, the Rev. W. Graham, formerly a resident in the country, says of them, 'The heathenish Druse and the superstitious Maronite are hardly distinguishable from each other in the moralities and charities of life.'

The people of Lebanon would revel in plenty if they were not so sorely oppressed by the rulers of the country, in the name of the supreme government. The majority of the peasantry are tenants at will; but among them there are many landed proprietors. A labourer can sustain a family for about a shilling

a day. Their principal food is bread and olives, onions, and dried apricots; with oil, raisins, figs, and *lebn* or buttermilk, the produce of his cows, of which he has generally two or three, varying in value from £2 to £5 each. The rearing of the silkworm is his most tedious and most laborious occupation. The system of clanship prevails to a great extent; and this gives the chief an immense advantage when summoning his retainers for war. They depend for success more upon cunning and the vehemence of the onslaught, than upon the regular evolutions of modern strategy. They have no military music; a wild war-cry takes its place. The conscription, as it carries the young men away from home, and is uncertain as to the length of the service it requires, is one of their greatest terrors, and to avoid it they will subject themselves to the most painful mutilations.

The wife of the Druse has a position which is not conceded to the woman by any other tribe of the mountains, whether Christian or Moslem. She makes her voice heard in the great council of the nation, and is ready to minister to her husband amid the dangers of the battle. When a young man intends to marry, a wife must be sought for him among his own relatives. On reaching her new home, the bride takes from her bosom a piece of leaven, which she dashes upon the door-post, to signify that thus closely she will cleave to her husband; and he, in turn, brandishes over her head a drawn sword,—not, we trust, to betoken his tyranny, but that he will be her defender, even unto the death. But these customs are not always alike, as Chasseaud tells us that, after the young man has solemnly promised to protect and love his future wife, 'the betrothed girl, veiled from head to foot, and accompanied by her nearest female relatives, is brought to the door, and her lover asks her, in a distinct voice, that all-important question which settles the destinies of so many poor mortals on earth. As a matter of course the girl replies in the affirmative, but at the same time she presents him, in token of her future obedience, with a dagger carefully sewn up in a woollen scarf of her own manufacture, and which she has many days, nay, years previously, knitted inch by inch, as she pictured up in her childish imagination the realization of this happy hour, when the bold lover should come to ask her for this token.' Thus delicately is it set forth, but in true consistency with the lawless habits of these hills, that he is to be her defender, and that she, by her gentleness, is to repress his violence, and throw around him the spell of a well-regulated home. The daughters of the emirs and sheikhs remain unmarried until death, rather than give their hand to a man of inferior rank. Plurality of wives is not permitted, but divorce,

as in nearly all eastern countries, is easily obtained. Among the more respectable families the seclusion of the harem is as complete as with the Moslems. The use of the tantour gives the Druse ladies, who are tall and well-proportioned, a singular and unlovely appearance; and it is so strange a custom, that we dwell for a moment on this deformity. Made of tin, silver, or gold, according to the wealth of the wearer, its length indicates rank; the nobler lady wears the longer horn, so that it is sometimes more than a yard long. It is of different shapes, usually tapering like a horn, and, being firmly fastened to the head, is never taken off, not even when retiring to rest. It is kept in its place by silken cords, about three feet long, to which silver weights are attached, hanging down behind the back. This gives the ladies an appearance of great stateliness as they walk. Unless in the higher ranks, it is only worn by married women; and it is sometimes placed upon the head by the bridegroom when he first removes the veil, and is equivalent to the putting on of the mystic ring. It is worn according to the whim of its fair owner, inclining to the right or left, or rising perpendicularly from the centre of the head. A large veil is thrown over it, which hangs loosely over the head and shoulders, the left eye being alone allowed to appear. An influential sheikh prohibited it in his own family, but the example was not followed. Recently, a more powerful authority has pronounced against the tantour. As a Maronite lady was receiving the sacrament from a bishop, she unfortunately gave her head a sudden toss, by which her tantour came in contact with the cup, and spilt its contents on the ground. The priests have denounced its use in consequence; and this old and inconvenient fashion will soon have disappeared, with the patches and hoops and more modern absurdities of another land. But the veil, which is the 'power' of the woman, her safeguard and defence, must still be worn, until the fountain opened in Jerusalem has exercised a more extended influence in purifying the polluted humanity of the East.

The emirs are the princes of Lebanon, and the sheikhs the nobility. By the former we are reminded most vividly of our own barons in the Middle Ages; with this difference, that the eastern chieftains had no King to control them in their exactions, or compel them to be at peace. Their glory is, to excel in the hurling of the jereed, and to rein in the fiery war-horse; to appear on the medan with a numerous retinue, and extend the domain of the family or the possessions of the tribe. The falconer accompanies them to the chase; they practise magic in the privacy of their own homes; and they are chivalrous in their

respect for woman. An emir having noticed the inconvenience to which a peasant girl was exposed when crossing the river Suffa, called his labourers, and never left the spot until he saw, at the end of forty-one days, the completion of a substantial bridge over the stream. Not long ago, feudalism reigned paramount as the bond by which their clans were united together. The emir was almost more than king. The castle in which he kept state frowned from some lofty eminence; its massive towers rose confusedly in defiance of all architectural rule; flights of marble steps had to be scaled before the entrance court could be reached; the hall of audience was vast and rudely ornamented; arms of every form hung from the wall, or were piled in the corridor; the sparkling rill from the hill-side again rose up in marble fountains; in gardens laid out at vast expense were porcelain tanks, in which gold fishes flashed in the bright sunshine, as languid eyes were turned towards them by the inmates of the harem; and a proud array of retainers were ready at the call of their master to greet the coming stranger and show him all hospitality, to go on an embassy to some pasha or sheikh, to collect a levy by force of arms, or to mount their horses for a foray in some enemy's district. But the recent wars, and the extension of the power of the Turks, have stripped the emirs of much of their former importance; the steed no longer paws the medan; and, though the head of each ancient house, and the members of his family, may still receive marks of homage from the people, their influence and authority are gone. The increase of European commerce is raising up a new element of greatness, and producing its wonted innovation. The castle is superseded by the silk factory; or its magnificent rooms are occupied, as a cool retreat from the sultriness of the plain, by the family of some consul.

The Emir Beshir of the house of Shehaab was the last of these stately potentates. As we read his history, it seems more like a romance of the past than a reality of the present age. After the death of the Emir Fakr ed Din, who was beheaded at Constantinople in 1635, the house of Shehaab gained the supremacy, and from that time it was regularly transmitted in the same line. The origin of the family was noble, as it sprang from a collateral branch of the Koreish, the tribe to which Mohammed belonged. The Emir Beshir was made governor of Lebanon in 1788, and was then in his twenty-fourth year. Two mules laden with the heads of his master's enemies, and sent to the palace, convinced his patron, the hated Djezzar, of Acre, that his attachment was sincere. His progress towards the attainment of power was marked by intrigue and dark crime. In 1795 ten powerful

sheikhs were presented in his own palace at Ebteddin with sherbet, pipes, and coffee. They were then separated from the other chiefs who were present, and in less than ten minutes they were gashed corpses, lying in their blood. At another time, the tongues of three emirs were torn out at a signal from his hand, and their vision was seared by the burning of the eyeball. When angry, the hairs of his beard stood erect, like a lion's mane. In 1821 his power was more fully established by the defeat and overthrow of his principal rivals; and he now supposed himself to be the founder of a dynasty that was to exercise supreme power throughout the mountain range for many generations. The other emirs, both Druse and Christian, stood before him with folded arms, until permitted to sit down. Thousands of persons were entertained at the palace for days together at his expense. In his vaulted stables was accommodation for a thousand horses; and he was able in a few hours to summon to his standard fifteen thousand armed men. On the invasion of Syria by Ibrahim Pasha, he waited to see on which side victory would declare itself, and then unfurled his banner in the cause of Egypt. In the years immediately succeeding, Syria was governed with an iron hand, but it was tranquil; property was protected; and no rule, since the era of the Roman, was ever more effective in restraining the turbulence of the mountaineers of all classes. The traveller and the pilgrim could wend their way fearlessly and alone, in places that at all other times have been inaccessible without an armed escort. But the Allied Powers of Europe came to rescue the Sultan from the hand of his rebellious vassals; Syria was returned to his rule; and in 1840 the Emir Beshir and his sons were sent into exile, with the exception of the youngest, whose imbecility was his protection. The old chief died at Constantinople, leaving a name that will long live in Lebanon, as that of the mightiest prince and the most efficient ruler who has ever governed in person its wild tribes.

It was at the foot of Lebanon, in the town that Eliot Warburton calls 'beautiful Beirout,' and to which he yields the palm over all the cities of the earth, that the first Protestant missionaries to this part of Syria were located. The Rev. William Jowett, of the Church Missionary Society, in 1823, and the Rev. Charles Cooke, afterwards D.D., of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, in 1824, visited the Holy Land, to make inquiries relative to its religious position and prospects; but neither of these great Societies was induced to establish a mission within its borders. For the American Board of Missions was reserved the honour of forming the first Protestant Church among the natives of the

hallowed region in which the Patriarchs wandered, the Psalmist sang his glorious hymns, the Prophets proclaimed the will of God, and Jesus Christ endured the agony of the cross for the salvation of the world. The youngest of the great nations of Christendom came, from the West, to infuse freshness and vitality into the oldest of the Churches in the East. The Rev. William Goodell and the Rev. Isaac Bird arrived at Beirut in 1823. They, and the colleagues who afterwards joined them, had to labour amid many discouragements; but they were faithful to their high trust, and God honoured their faith and patience. The martyrdom of Asaad Shidiak, who died after treatment that must have wearied his very persecutors by its length and severity, was at once a trial and a triumph. After seven years of hard toil, only seven persons had been admitted to communion; and, though many copies of the Scriptures had been distributed, from Aleppo to Gaza, 'not a single soul had, to their knowledge, been by this means brought to a sense of sin, and converted to God.' But in 1836, when under the rule of Egypt, a more cheering prospect was presented. 'Almost every change,' says the Committee, 'opens the door still wider for missionary work. Lebanon is completely open. Missionaries can go where they please. The Druse population, in particular, have been rendered accessible to the truth. They are frequently seen at the chapel of the mission.' Three years afterwards several Papal priests were impressed by the truth, and there was an excitement among the Druses of great extent and interest. In 1854 there were twenty mission schools on Lebanon, with five hundred children; and a seminary with forty-two students of both sexes, in which the religious character was an object of special attention. Four years ago, a great part of the southern side of Lebanon was regularly divided into parishes, and placed under the spiritual oversight of men in whom the missionaries had confidence. 'Among the villages of these noble mountains,' they tell us, 'the Gospel is spreading with more rapidity than in any other part of this land. The pure word of God faithfully preached, sound Christian instruction imparted in the schools, and the constant example of sterling integrity, piety, and zeal, in the acts, conversations, and labours of the mission families, have produced wondrous effects on a large section of the community. The Spirit of God has been poured out, too, in answer to earnest prayer, so that, while thousands have been awakened and enlightened, not a few exhibit all the evidences of a general conversion.' The enmity of the priests was still active in its opposition to the truth, but the protection of the government was asked, and in some instances granted. A missionary, on

going to Aramon, where attempts had been made to destroy the infant Church, was accompanied by two official agents, who told the people that there was to be perfect religious liberty for all, to-day, to-morrow, this year, next year, and for all time. This they declared to be the will of the Sultan, and then ordered some one to go to the house-top, and proclaim aloud, after the manner of the Mohammedans, that it was time for prayers, and that all who wished to come might come. But, in the midst of all this cheering promise, there were mutterings, near and in the distance, which told the missionaries a more fatal storm was about to burst upon the mountains than could be raised by the power of either patriarch or pope.

The feud between the Maronite and the Druse is as old as their proximity upon Lebanon, and has been as constant in its outbreaks as the return of the winter's snow upon the heights of Hermon. Wars, leading to reprisals, have been begun from the most trivial causes. In 1841 a quarrel arose between the two races in consequence of a Christian having shot some game in the preserve of the Druse governor of Deir-el-Kamar. On the following day a Druse fired at a Christian in the street of the same town. The entire population then flew to arms, and there was a general war. In writing to Lord Palmerston Colonel Rose says, 'The origin of the conflict was a partridge; but the real although remote cause may be traced to the inveterate dislike which has existed between Druse and Christian for centuries, which has been handed from father to son, and which it has so often suited the policy of their rulers to foster rather than to check.' Though peace was restored through the intervention of the British Consul-General, the grievances which had caused it still existed. In 1845 a simultaneous effort was made to drive the Druse from Lebanon. The patriarch proclaimed the rising to be a holy war; it was carried on with the usual recklessness, and scores of villages, on both sides, were burnt to the ground; but the Maronites had no leader of the genius required for so extensive a movement, and the advantages they gained in the end were of little importance. They had a bold and determined enemy with whom to contend, and of whose strength of resolution the most striking instances are constantly presented. At the battle of Muzzi, near Damascus, a sheikh had grasped his sword so long and firmly, that he was unable to withdraw his hand when the strife had ceased, and it was not until it had been repeatedly plunged in cold water that the contraction was relaxed. When the conscription was first proclaimed in the Houran, three hundred cavalry were sent to the principal village to enforce it. The

unsuspecting Turks were quartered upon the inhabitants, and hospitably entertained; but in the dead of the night the villagers arose, and cut off the head of every one of the detachment except the aga.

When these are the elements before us,—two nations in mutual antagonism of the bitterest character; the hatred they bear to each other the growth of centuries; a difference in their religion as well as in their race; the memory of a thousand collisions that have taken place in by-gone days constantly burning in their minds; the revenge of blood cherished as the most sacred of all duties; the hostile races living together in the same village, their fields and vineyards side by side in the same glen; and no supreme authority with sufficient power to restrain their violence, or bind them over to the keeping of the peace;—we wonder not at the recent outbreak, or at the atrocities with which it has been attended. We do not ask who was the aggressor. As well might we try to find out whether it was the nitre or the sulphur that first ignited in the shot that was fired at the commencement of the war.

Early in May of the present year it was observed that the mountaineers of Lebanon were in a state of great uneasiness and agitation, and that large bodies of armed men were assembling on different points, as if preparing for some great conflict. Towards the middle of the month there was a marked increase of restlessness and insecurity; and assassinations and reprisals were almost of daily occurrence between the Druses and the Christians.

The information we have received is too scanty, and the war too recent, to allow of our forming a proper estimate of its consequences, or presenting a connected narrative of its progress and events; but the general truthfulness of the accounts contained in the numerous letters from that ill-fated country is attested by the concurrence of their testimony and the uniformity of their details. And as it cannot but be interesting to know something more of the localities in which the sufferings of the Christians have been endured, we shall take a rapid glance at each place, and listen for a moment to its mournful story.

On the west of Sidon, in a ravine opening into the plain of Esdracelon, in the midst of rich gardens, shaded by noble trees, stands the village of Jennin. A few palms add further interest to the scene. It once belonged to the Levites of the children of Gershon. (Joshua xxi. 29.) The inhabitants, about two thousand in number, are nearly all Moslems, rude and lawless. After travelling from this place to Deir el Kamar, Smith says, 'This has been a day of days, and I know not whether I have

been better pleased with the country or the inhabitants. We passed a continued series of villages, embosomed in the hills, which presented the finest cultivation to the top, and enriching the land with wine, silk, and olive. The climate is lovely. The people are healthy. I have never been more gratified than to-day.' In the midst of the scene thus pleasantly pictured, one of the earliest slaughters of the present war took place. On the 16th of May a party of Christians on their way to Jennin were attacked by their enemies, and several were killed, including a Maronite priest. This was the signal for a general rising. The Druses began to sing their war-songs, and the Maronite patriarch suspended all religious services, enjoining all Christians, in the name of their religion, to repair to the standard of the faith; and all able to bear arms who refused to obey the call were threatened with his displeasure. The Christians of Jennin, and of the districts around it, received repeated assurances, both verbal and in writing, from the Druse chiefs, that they should be protected; but they were soon afterwards attacked, several villages were burnt, and the people had to hide themselves in the woods and caves. In other places similar outrages were committed; and on the 30th of the month, upwards of thirty villages were seen from Beirout to be burning on Lebanon.

Hitherto the outrages had been confined to the smaller villages, the convents, and parties found in the open country trying to escape from the place of danger; but on the 1st of June a series of attacks was commenced on the strongest and most flourishing of the Christian towns. The Maronites were no longer alone in their peril; the Christians of every Church were attacked indiscriminately, and the Moslem stood shoulder to shoulder with the Druse. At the distance of a few hours' ride from Beirout is the town of Deir-el-Kamar, the capital of Lebanon, said to have contained about eight thousand souls, nearly all Christians. They were famed for the manufacture of silk and cotton stuffs, which rivalled those of Damascus, and prosperity followed their industry and thrift. On the opposite side of a deep ravine, its slopes covered with the vine, the olive, and the mulberry, was Ebteddin, the residence of the Emir Beshir, and the most imposing of the baronial castles of Lebanon. A Protestant mission was established here about five years ago. There were seven schools in the district, attended by more than two hundred pupils. The noise of the thousand rills by which the cultivated terraces are watered, mingled with the hymn of praise from the lips of the children. At first stones and execrations were the greeting received by the missionary, the Rev. W. Bird. But brighter

days had come, and the anathema of the clergy was set at nought. The news of the insurrection was here received with regret. The inhabitants were reluctant to join in the warfare, and thereby endanger their hard-earned success. A promise was given them that the road to Beirout should be kept open if they would remain quiet. But they were vain words. The town was entered on the 1st of June, and on the next day was plundered; more than two hundred houses were burnt, and many murders were committed. The Emir Beshir el Kassim, ex-governor of Lebanon, eighty-five years of age, and quite blind, had been killed a few days previously. About three hundred men fled towards Sidon, but they were put to death within sight of the place, after they had laid down their arms and surrendered. The rest of the fugitives were not allowed to remain in any one spot. The Druses butchered them at the very gate of the city, like sheep; the officers of the Turkish garrison making no effort to stay the slaughter, and the soldiers and Moslem citizens assisting to render it still more extensive. Without the city the sword was everywhere drawn; and within were agitation and terror.

The city of Tyre owed its preservation to the tact and prowess of an Englishman, John Harvey, Esq., who was not far distant in his yacht, the 'Claymore.' When an appeal was made to him for his protection, he brought his vessel close to the town, and anchored her so as to protect the gate, in such a position as to be able to rake with his guns any party advancing to the attack. In this position he remained, with his ready crew armed for action at any moment, until the danger had passed away.

The pride of the Christians of Lebanon was Zahala, in the valley of El-Bekaa, and on the opposite side to Baalbec, with its noble columns and masses of ruin. It was built in a glen, round the steep sides of which the houses rose in terraces, whitewashed, and looking gay as only an eastern city can look. A river runs through the town, with tall poplars on its banks. Its inhabitants were ten thousand in number, and its merchants had become rich from their staple of wool. They sometimes went as far as Erzeroom, to purchase large flocks of sheep, which brought them great gain. It was the chief station of the French Lazarists, and had a handsome cathedral. On the 9th of June, a memorial was sent by the principal ecclesiastics of the place to the consuls-general at Beirout, in which they say, 'Should Zahala be destroyed, there will remain no name for the Christians in this country. The enemy are doing their best to destroy it for that purpose, as its inhabitants are all Christians.' It was pleasant to the Syrian traveller, after having long heard nothing

but the muezzin cry, to listen to the silver tinkling of the bells of the churches, which were rung out without fear. But the men of Zahala were amongst the most bigoted Christians upon the face of the earth. The Jesuits had here the opportunity of carrying out their principles to their hearts' content, and were virtually the rulers of the city. Though in the dominions of the Sultan, no Mussulman was permitted to ride on horseback within its precincts. An attempt was made by the Covenanting Church of America to establish a mission in the locality, but the Catholic bishop determined to drive their agent away, and at last succeeded. The sheikhs were persuaded to assemble, and convey the missionary, his wife, infant child, goods, and chattels, out of the town, and leave them, unprotected, in the open plain. Ecclesiastics of the Eastern Churches were treated with the same severity.

An attack was made on the Druse villages at the White Back Mountain, on the 29th of May, by a detachment from Zahala; various skirmishes took place, but the Christians were finally driven back to their own vineyards. On the 13th of June, an action was fought outside the walls, which lasted several hours, but was not decisive in its results. The place at this time contained seven thousand fighting men, and abundance of stores and ammunition. But on the 18th it was captured, and the inhabitants, on evacuating it, took with them only their women and children. It was then burnt down. The Turkish troops were among the foremost in the pillage and riot.

Of the lower part of the valley of Et-Teim, Hasbeiya is the capital. It is situated on one of the southern slopes of Hermon, a few miles north of one of the principal sources of the Jordan, and not far from Dan, the northern limit of the Holy Land. It was within the shadow of the mountain masses, here rising in indescribable majesty, that Jesus Christ spoke of the Church founded on the rock, against which the gates of hell shall not prevail,—words that cannot be read in the retirement of the closet without a sense of their grandeur, but which must have been most solemnly impressive, and most powerfully significant, when heard under the influence of the sublime associations of this locality. We wonder that amidst the darkness of former ages no church arose upon the spot, to claim the literal fulfilment of the promise. The town has long been a possession of the house of Shehaab. The Crusaders sought to expel them from it, but without success. Its population was estimated at five thousand, of whom about four thousand were Christians, and the other thousand Druses, with a few Moslems and Jews. In 1844, about one hundred and fifty of the Christian inhabitants

declared themselves Protestants. The place was visited by the missionaries from Beirut, and Mr. Smith thus writes :—‘How strange and exciting our circumstances! It seemed almost a dream. Here we were, in this wild corner of Syria, always peculiarly lawless, and now entirely without a government. Before us was a considerable congregation, brought up in the gross and deeply-seated superstitions of the Greek Church, but now abandoning, and with a suddenness almost miraculous, all their fasts and feasts, their image and saint worship, and worshipping God with us, after the simple forms of Protestantism; yet not a hand was raised to molest us, and we went through our worship with as much quiet and security as if we had been in the heart of New England.’ The Protestants entered into a covenant engagement to be faithful to each other and to the truth, which was signed by about seventy names, each person standing by the table, and laying his hand upon the Bible as it was read to him. The priests of the Greek Church, to which they had principally belonged, commenced a cruel persecution. They were defended by Mr. Wood, the British consul; but his efforts in their behalf were defeated by the interference of the Russian consul-general. The emir was threatened with expulsion from office, if he dared to protect the Protestants from the outrages of the Greeks. The men who had sought instruction from the missionaries, were obliged to take refuge in the mountains, leaving their wives and children behind them; and the Greeks threatened that ‘they would annihilate and destroy the seceders, if they returned as Protestants.’ The British consuls at Beirut and Damascus were reproved from home for the part they had taken; and Lord Aberdeen, in one of the most singular dispatches of modern times, cautioned all British agents ‘carefully to abstain from any act which might be construed into giving support or countenance to conversions from the Greek Church.’ The persecution continued some time, without producing any impression upon the minds of the Protestants; but at last the governor, who had failed to secure submission by persuasion and threats, marched them, under a guard of armed men, into the Greek church, and there forced them to conform. The good work was, however, not thus to be suppressed; although, from the distractions of the country, it had to struggle with many difficulties. At a communion, in 1853, the Protestants came fully armed, and piled their guns, and hung up their swords, in the court of the chapel, reminding the missionaries of scenes often witnessed in the planting of the early Churches among the savages of the American wilderness. The commotions which thus prevailed were not favourable to the growth of the Christian

character ; but schools were established, and a native of Lebanon was ordained as the pastor of the Church. The light thus happily kindled under the crown of Hermon, had gradually shed its rays far and wide over the surrounding district, where eager listeners gathered around the *colporteur* and schoolmaster, to hear the Scriptures read, and the missionary was joyfully welcomed on his visits. More recently, the Druses had gained the exclusive government of the district, and the missionaries thus wrote :— 'The atrocities they daily commit, and the outrages against every principle of humanity which they perpetrate, almost defy description.' But a large number of the Maronites had become regular attendants on the preaching of the word.

The town of Hasbeiya stood nearly at the head of a ravine, shut in by hills, and surrounded by luxuriant vegetation. Not far from it was the most celebrated of all the Druse sanctuaries, on the highest point of the ridge. It was plundered by the troops of Ibrahim Pasha in 1838, and its sacred books, contained in several chests, were afterwards scattered in various directions. As the Christians supposed they would receive the protection of the Turkish garrison, they flocked hither from the surrounding villages. When attacked by the Druses, they defended themselves successfully three or four days, after which they were persuaded by Osman Bey to enter the castle. Upwards of a thousand men, and double that number of women and children, were shut up within its walls, where they soon began to suffer from hunger and thirst. The promise was given them, that if they would lay down their arms, not a hair of their heads should be touched ; but the arms, on being given up, were sent to Damascus, under a small escort, which was soon attacked, and they were taken by the Druses. The distress in the castle was great. The younger children were dying for want of food, and the enemy was gathering around in greater numbers. The family of the governor was sent away from the apartments they had occupied ; after which all the men were called into the lower court. The doom that awaited them was now evident. Among them were a number of Protestants, one of whom, Shahin Barakat, 'venerated for his piety by all the mountaineers,' had fought by the side of his son, Mansour. This young man had, single-handed, cut a passage through the ranks of the Druses, seized their colours, cut off the head of the man who bore them, and returned unhurt to the midst of the Christians, waving aloft his trophy. The head of Mansour was demanded, but his father, with others, was offered an asylum at the house of Naifa, sister of the Druse general. The old warrior would not part from his son ; and when he saw the peril of their position, he addressed

the great company around him, telling them that they had no help but in God, and calling upon them to commend their souls to Christ. The gates were thrown open by the soldiers, when the Druses entered, and began to fire upon the crowd indiscriminately. But the word was given to spare the women, and all children under ten years of age. The hatchet and the sword were now used as the instruments of destruction; and from morning to night the slaughter continued. Barakat, after seeing his son cut to pieces, fell on his knees in prayer, and thus calmly met his own death. Not a month before, the missionary had, with his family, been a welcome guest at his house, and his soul then seemed athirst for the truth of God. A few of the intended victims, and among them the chief of the Protestants, were protected by the bodies above them, and in the night they succeeded in making their escape, their garments being saturated with blood. 'Our houses,' said these fugitives, 'are ashes, and our dead are in heaps.'

As Hasbeiya is at the head of the lower part of the valley of Et-Teim, so is Rasheiya the capital of its upper division, and equally commanding and beautiful in its situation. At the summit of the hill on which it stands, is another old castle of the Shehaabs. It had some three thousand inhabitants. Here, also, the Christians were induced to give up their arms, after which they were slaughtered. The houses were set fire to by night, and whole families perished in the flames.

The vengeance of the Druses, who had now become demons in their thirst for blood, was again directed against Deir-el-Kamar. Taught by their former sufferings, the inhabitants carefully avoided giving any occasion for further strife. Their safety was guaranteed in strong terms by Kurshid Pasha, who commended them for their prudence. But on the 19th of June, a body of Druses entered the town, unopposed, pretending that they had been sent as an escort; at noon they began to seize the arms of the Christians, and then pillaged their houses, shops, and stores. The affrighted inhabitants rushed to the serai, and about two hundred took refuge in the military barracks of Ebteddin. Early the next morning, the houses were set on fire, and the Druses proceeded to the massacre of the men and boys. All who had taken shelter in the serai were butchered; so that 'the blood in the court was about a foot deep.' The Druses then proceeded to the barracks, and put to death all whom they found there. The firing and slaughter continued the whole day, and throughout the night, and until sunrise on the third morning, when orders were given to the Druses to leave the city. The house of the Rev. W. Bird was the only one

which escaped destruction. The tortures that were inflicted, the blasphemies that were uttered, and the horrid deeds that were openly done, form a picture of cruelty and vileness scarcely paralleled in any age or place. Nor in writing thus do we forget Cawnpore, though a visitor to that foul spot said the sight of it made him feel as if his heart was stone and his brain fire. The women and young children were permitted to escape to the plain, where they congregated at the mouth of the river Damoor, north of Sidon, in a state of utter destitution. Her Majesty's war-steamers, *Mohawk* and *Gannet*, were sent down to bring them away; and the flag of England fluttered proudly in the breeze as the sailors took on board, though with some difficulty, two thousand two hundred of the fugitives, who were safely conveyed to Beirout. They hailed their deliverers with every demonstration of joy, and some could scarcely be prevented from throwing themselves into the sea, in their anxiety to escape.

We might stand upon the lofty summits of *Sunnin* or *Esh-Sheikh*, and, as we saw the flames of burning villages in all directions, recite a tale of woe concerning each; but the repetition would be wearisome,—one uniform story of misery and massacre. Yet *Damascus*, the proud and peerless, the oldest city in the world, the pearl of the East, whence came *Naaman*, with his present of 'ten talents of silver, and six thousand pieces of gold, and ten changes of raiment,' and near which *Saul*, the persecutor, was arrested in his career of enmity against Christ,—is too important a place, and too instructive in its own ancient story and more recent circumstances, to be passed by without at least some notice of its calamities since the rising of the *Druse*. Its annals are full of interest, but it has a sad account to give of the haughtiness of its people, and the cruelty of its rulers. Its principal bazaar has been literally paved with human heads; and the spot where *Abana* and *Pharpar* lose themselves amidst the sands of the desert must be more infested with ghouls than almost any other place on earth, from the myriads that have been slain upon their banks, and the number of the sack-sewn corpses, victims of jealousy or sin, they have rolled away from the scene of crime. Its inhabitants, one hundred and sixty thousand in number, have long been famed for their fanaticism. They clothe nearly the whole of *Syria*, as well as supply other lands, with some of the richest products of the loom; and thousands of pilgrims congregate here annually, and spend many months and much money amid the luxuries of the city, previously to their journey to *Mecca*. The Christians have been estimated at twenty-five thousand.

Nowhere was the news of the outbreak heard with more gloomy forebodings, or with greater reason for alarm, than in Damascus; and it was not long before the worst fears of the Christians were justified. On the 10th of July, men were seen to rush madly through the streets of the city, crying out for the plunder and slaughter of the Christians. With the rapidity of a whirlwind from the desert, multitudes gathered together, uttering threats of vengeance and words of blasphemy. A moment afterwards, and shrieks were heard from the quarter of the city in which the Christians lived; and a stream of men, women, and children was seen to pour out thence, with yells and loud imprecations, carrying in their hands and on their heads rich caskets, chests of goodly apparel, and costly articles of furniture, or driving before them in furious haste goats and cattle. The Arab from his tent, and the Gypsy from his lair, had heard the plunder-cry; and camels, horses, and mules conveyed to the encampment articles the use and value of which were alike unknown. A lurid blaze in the sky revealed to the breathless watchers in the distance that many a dwelling and storehouse would soon be utterly destroyed. At first the taking of life was rare, but afterwards the uplifting of the red hand ceased not until victim after victim had been sacrificed at the shrine of the prophet of blood. Swords, daggers, and axes flashed amidst the gleam, or a more speedy death was dealt by fire-arms. It was the resolution of the rioters that not a house should be spared, and that the whole of the Christian quarter should be levelled with the ground. Women, married and unmarried, were driven into the streets, and were seen to cry for assistance, with heads uncovered and feet naked, appealing to the murderers for mercy. Many were sold as slaves for a few piastres, or taken away to the desert. The streets were crowded with fanatics, who shouted continually, 'Death to the Christians! Let us slaughter the Christians! Let not one remain!' Every church and convent was plundered, and afterwards burnt. The silver plate, jewellery, and gold coin taken from these sanctuaries, 'were not allowed to be plundered by the rabble, but were removed by soldiers.' These are the words of the British consul, Mr. Brant. The consulates of France, Russia, Austria, Belgium, Holland, and the United States, were all burnt. Those of England and Prussia spared, from not being situated in the Christian quarter; and they became an asylum for as many as were able to reach them. Others were saved in greater numbers in the house of Abd-el-Kader, and in the citadel; but the governor, Ahmed Pasha, was an unmoved witness of the devastation, or an accomplice in the lawless deeds of the plundering rabble.

One of the greatest calamities of this outbreak was the death of the Rev. William Graham, of the Presbyterian Church of Ireland. He resided near the British consulate, to which he was directing his steps, after being driven from a house in which he had taken refuge. The murderer, who was known, openly avowed his crime; and the reason he gave for committing it was, that he mistook him for a consul. In his last letter home, Mr. Graham says: 'It may require a European war to wind up matters; but at the present rate of progress the Christian population will soon be totally ruined. Let us pray that all that has fallen out may be overruled for the furtherance of the Gospel, and amid such scenes of anarchy we will be glad, and rejoice that the Lord reigneth.'

It is not possible to number the victims slain, or estimate the value of the property destroyed. 'The conflagration extended,' says one account, 'from Brumana, the capital of the Christians, southward to Sidon; eastward to Hasbeiya and Damascus; and northward to Baalbec, over an area of more than a thousand square miles; and consumed nearly two hundred cities, towns, and villages of the Christian sects.' One of the latest letters from Syria states the amount of loss at '6,000 men killed, 15,000 widows and orphans, and 70,000 souls houseless and utterly destitute;' but of this there can be no certainty. There is one tangible fact of great significance, in the statement that at the end of July there were ten thousand persons receiving daily alms in Beirout. We trust that the liberality of British Christians will yet flow in a much nobler stream than it has flowed, for the relief of this severe and widely-extended distress.

The carnage has ceased for the present, but the principal causes that produced it are still there: the bigotry of the Moslem, the hatred of the Druse, the cupidity of the Turkish pasha, and the imbecility of the supreme government. The pride of the Eastern Christians is another cause, but this has been checked for the present. There is cherished in the heart of Islam a hatred towards Christianity of the deadliest and most unrelenting character. Nor is this feeling confined to the lower or more ignorant classes. Abdallah Pasha, one of the many tyrants of Acre, was accustomed to say, 'O God, why didst thou create Christians?' The frequent interference of the European powers in the affairs of the Sultan's government, the presence of consuls and consuls-general in all the more important towns, the formation of the Protestants into a recognised community, the publication of the Hatti-Houmayoun, by which liberty of religious profession was granted to all the subjects of

the Porte, the establishment of Protestant missions in the principal cities, the impression made upon the Eastern mind in favour of the Gospel by the circulation of the Scriptures, the massacres of Juddah, Nablous, and other places, the wars on the continent of Europe, the revolt of the Sepoys in India,—all these events have had their influence in producing an unwonted degree of uneasiness and agitation among the Mussulmans of all countries. The complicity of the pashas of Syria in the work of destruction has been too clearly proved, and proved in too many instances, to admit of any doubt as to its reality; but with them it was more from the thirst of plunder than from devotedness to their prophet.

‘What is the best course for the future?’ is a question most difficult to answer. The agent who has been sent from Constantinople with extraordinary powers, Fuad Pasha, seems wishful to assert the efficiency of the Sultan’s rule. For a time he may succeed in repressing further outbreaks; but, so long as the ordinary pashas, with almost unlimited power, are appointed for a few months only, and have in this short period to amass a fortune for themselves and their families, then being followed by successors equally rapacious, we fear that the provinces of Turkey must continue to be the theatre of oppression and misrule. The higher offices of the state are bought at Constantinople, and the successful purchaser recompenses himself by selling all the appointments in his own gift during his retention of power. The courts of law are conducted on the same vicious principle. The oppressor triumphs; anarchy reigns; trade is restricted; the traveller is unsafe; the villages are exposed to sack and pillage; and thousands have been massacred, with no effort to avert the hand of the destroyer on the part of the guardians of the people.

With the consent of the Allied Powers, France has sent her soldiers into Syria. But for what purpose? They cannot follow the Druse to his fastnesses; they can only overawe the people of the plain; and an overt interference in the punishment of the insurgents will be a violation of trust. Will Napoleon III. be at all the expense of the armament, without seeking some equivalent? Yet, if this be demanded, the weakness of ‘the dying man’ will be made weaker still. The banner of St. Louis waves once more on Lebanon, and it will require all the vigilance and firmness of the other powers to prevent the occupation from becoming permanent. There will be little difficulty in finding excuses for its continuance. There may be insult to repel, or grievance to redress, as well as indemnity to seek. The experience of the past renders us suspicious of our present ally;

and there are many circumstances which have paved the way for the position he now occupies in Syria, and which render the state of current affairs most favourable to the interests of France. The Jesuits have extended their influence so widely that there is scarcely a village in the whole country in which the Christian community is not divided into Greek and Greek Catholic, Syrian and Syrian Catholic, or Armenian and Armenian Catholic. When eastern communities are gained over to Rome, they are allowed still to use the native language in worship, and other ancient usages are retained; money, rank, and influence are promised; and protection from the oppressors is afforded. The French consuls make common cause with their co-religionists, and it becomes a coveted privilege to have their support. They throw their shield around the Romanists, as Russia around the Greeks; and these nations bid against each other in the purchase of influence; by which means converts are sought, not so much to extend religious privilege, as to increase the political power of the rival states. A writer in the *News of the Churches* said three years ago, 'Were the French to land troops to-morrow, every one who bears the name of Catholic would hail them as friends.' And more recently, a writer in the same periodical gives us this information: 'The strength and extent of French influence in Syria can hardly be understood except by those who are on the ground. The fact that 150,000 Maronites in Mount Lebanon are of the same religion as the French, has given the latter a strong foothold among them. The French have three seminaries for the education of Syrian youth, in all of which their language is taught by Jesuit priests and nuns of great accomplishments; and the pupils are taught to regard France as the impersonation of all that is good. The French language is of such great value in commercial pursuits, that persons of all sects, even Moslems, send their children to the Jesuit seminaries to be educated. As you travel through Mount Lebanon, you find the most lively interest awakened among priests and people when the name of France is mentioned; and as French and Papal interests are generally identical, it can be easily seen how strong a political position the French already occupy in their much-coveted province.' The establishment of schools and hospitals leads to the same results. The buildings are imposing in appearance, the expenditure is enormous, and the persons connected with them, or receiving assistance from them, are numerous. The Emperor recently transmitted to the Catholic Patriarch of Antioch the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour; and has signified his intention, to give him, as a royal solatium, 10,000 francs a year. Once in possession

of Jerusalem, it is impossible to tell what strange project might enter into his mind, in relation to the government of the Church, or his own personal aggrandizement; more especially when we remember the political position of the Pope and the uncertainty of his continuance in Rome. Reasons might be found why the mosque of Omar should be preferred to the shrine of St. Peter; and it might be discovered that the Mount of Olives has richer associations than either the Palatine Hill or the Capitol.

Some arrangement for the government of Syria is necessary. It has been recommended that it be erected into an hereditary pashalic, like Egypt, paying annually to the Porte a stipulated sum, and acknowledging the Sultan as lord paramount. The rule of Ibrahim Pasha is proof sufficient that under a governor with a strong will and a powerful force at his command, it may be kept in peace. Its central position, between the enterprise of the West and the productiveness of the East, renders it of so much importance, that it will not much longer be allowed to continue as a mere pillage-ground for the enrichment of Turkish pashas. The whole course of modern events seems to indicate that every nation under heaven is soon to be brought under the influence of Christian government; but the acquirement of Lebanon by the French would place the Protestant Missions in peril, and be attended with other circumstances of grave importance. The prayer of the Church must go up earnestly before God, that Her Majesty's Ministers may be guided aright in their decisions on this great question. There are intimations many, in the prophets, of the falling, the shame, the hewing down, the withering away, the cry, the mourning, the languishing, the violence, the howl, and the spoiling of Lebanon; but there are also joyous predictions which have yet to be fulfilled, when 'the glory of Lebanon' shall again appear, and 'the choice and best of Lebanon, all that drink water, shall be comforted.' Then shall be sung in gladness, by a happy and holy people, an eastern version of the Vaudois hymn,—

'For the strength of the hills we praise Thee.'

The statements that appear in the narrative we now conclude, have been culled from numerous authorities; but those named at the head of this paper have been our principal sources of information. The translations of De Sacy still present the fullest and most authentic accounts we possess of the mysteries of the Druse religion. Robinson and Wilson are authors to whom every student of sacred topography and history is largely indebted. The work of Colonel Churchill is without the assistance

which head-lines and indices give to the reader ; but when his plan has once been comprehended, his pages are found to be instructive and full of interest. Washington Chasseaud will write less floridly, but with greater precision, when he has had more experience. *The Land and the Book*, by Dr. W. M. Thompson, is a more generally useful work than any other that has yet appeared on the Holy Land. Attractive in its style ; vivid in its illustrations of scriptural scenes and eastern manners ; extensive in the range of the subjects which it treats, and the objects it describes ; correct also in its information, as the result of long experience,—it deserves, as it will receive, a large circulation.

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- ART. VI.—1. *Pictures from Sicily*. By the Author of 'Forty Days in the Desert.' New Edition. London. 1859.
 2. *Unprotected Females in Sicily, Calabria, and on the Top of Mont Blanc*. London. 1859.

THE events of the last few months have centred the eyes of all Europe upon the Island of Sicily. Our own countrymen, during a session unusually barren in interest and legislation, have divided their attention between the progress of the volunteers and the successes of Garibaldi. Our neighbours across the Channel have looked on with feelings varied as their political opinions and aspirations, the great mass of the people with hearty sympathy, their despotic Emperor with a distaste which he has hardly known how to conceal, but has been afraid to carry into action. All Italy has been in breathless anxiety, the free and enslaved portions alike conscious that their own cause was at stake across the Straits of Messina ; and has sent its sons to swell the ranks that are fighting under the banner of the patriotic general : whilst the more distant nations have felt the throbbings of the mighty influence that is abroad, and which is daily gaining such unexpected triumphs. But a short time since, our ablest writers were lamenting that the tendency of modern civilization was to sink individual character to the dead level of general society. Yet one man, under circumstances far from propitious, has succeeded, by his personal vigour, in concentrating upon himself the attention of the civilized world, and has led his undisciplined ranks to victory over the well-trained soldiers of an old established monarchy.

We are not about to enter into a detailed account of the steps by which Garibaldi's army has successively subdued all Sicily. The various battles, from his landing to the final

victory at Melazzo, have been abundantly chronicled by 'our own correspondents.' But we think that, at such a period, our readers will thank us for presenting them with a rapid sketch of the island itself.

It is strange that so few, comparatively speaking, of our countrymen visit Sicily. It would be impossible to find a spot uniting in itself more of interesting association. Every portion of it is crowded with memories that carry us back to the earliest period, through a series of events that reach down to our own day. It was the scene of many a story of early mythology; it was the battle-field of the Phœnicians and the Greeks, of Carthage and Rome, of the Saracens and the Normans. To recount at full length the stories with which it is connected, would fill the pages of a cyclopædia. The rape of Proserpine, the victory of Hercules over Eryx, the story of Acis and Galatea, the wanderings of Ulysses, the flight of Dædalus, the voyage of Æneas to Italy, all find their fabled scene on shores or valleys of this island. What a mass of literature is interwoven with its history! The masters of Greek and Roman song—Homer and Virgil—sang its adventures; Theocritus described its pastoral life; Pindar wrote his noblest odes to commemorate the victories of its rulers. Sophocles was born in it, and Æschylus retired to it to die. Plato spent a portion of his life at the court of Dionysius, and Cicero not only filled the office of Quæstor on the island, but composed his Verrine Orations in its behalf. It was the birth-place of Empedocles and Gorgias. Fragments of its annals were written by Diodorus, Polybius, Livy, and Thucydides. We scarcely venture to touch upon the military events that have been the crises of its varied fortunes; we should be only able to give a list of most noted names, some of which will recur as we proceed. Enough has been said to point out how vast a field of inquiry and of interest lies open to any travellers that visit its shores.

As might be supposed, when such a mass of incidental information is required, it is not very easy to find a satisfactory guide-book to Sicily. Of the works named at the head of this article, that by Mr. Bartlett, the author of *Forty Days in the Desert*, is decidedly the best. The views are good, and well executed; but the letter-press cannot lay any claim to completeness, and presents somewhat of a patchwork appearance, owing to the extracts from other works. The book by the *Unprotected Females* is at once feeble and flippant, written in a wearisome style of forced pleasantry. Its only value is the insight it affords into social life in Sicily, and this must be accepted with some reserve. Murray has not yet published a handbook to the island,

or we should have looked for something at once concise and complete. Probably the best English book on Sicily is the description written by Admiral Smyth, of scientific renown, and issued in 1824.

The traveller in Sicily must not expect to find those items of comfort and luxury to which he has been accustomed in England. Everywhere are to be met with the signs of a tyrannical government, and of a poor neglected people. This is true, to some extent, even of Palermo, the capital city, and the port by which the island is most commonly reached from Naples. Yet it would be difficult to find a more magnificent site than that on which Palermo stands. A marine walk stretches along the shore, bounded on the right by the rock of Monte Pellegrino, which rises abruptly to the height of two thousand feet out of the sea. Two long streets, with a handsome circus at their intersection, form the principal portion of the town, which is shut in behind by an amphitheatre of hills. You land and are at once in that strange mixture of squalor and splendour, dignity and dirt, which so astonishes the English in southern towns.

Like every other locality in Sicily, Palermo at once reminds you of the varied fortunes of the island. The name of the principal street, the Cassaro, carries you back to the Saracen occupation, being derived from *Al-Cazar*, the bazaar of the Moslems. The chapel royal and the cathedral present a strange blending of the mosque and the church. The language of the people is corrupted by the introduction of Greek and Eastern terms. And the Monte Pellegrino was the scene of an obstinate resistance by the Carthaginian Hannibal, who had intrenched himself upon it, against the arms of Rome.

Modern Palermo, however, seems to trouble itself very little with such antiquarian recollections, and Monte Pellegrino is best known as the shrine of their patroness, 'Santa Rosalia.' We commend the relics of this lady to Lord Fielding, as worthy to rank with the blood of Januarius. Flying from the brutality of a Saracen warrior, (so runs the legend,) Rosalia concealed herself on Monte Pellegrino, and died there in retirement and the odour of sanctity, in the twelfth century. Her burial-place was unknown until the plague of 1624, when she appeared to a soap-maker named Bonelli, and directed him to announce that, as soon as her body should be carried in procession through the city, the pestilence would cease. Of course her instructions were obeyed, and the anticipated consequences followed; and ever since the city of Palermo has remained under the patronage of Santa Rosalia.

Like all the cities under Neapolitan rule, Palermo abounds in

ecclesiastical establishments. 'The Unprotected' tell us that there are three hundred sacred edifices to be seen. Monks and priests throng the streets, and the monasteries supply, each day by day in turn, a meal to the beggars, who swarm on every side, importuning for charity, to be invested in a lottery ticket. Young girls, with pale faces and the conventual head-dress, look down upon you from the upper stories as you pass by, with a glance that hardly betokens a heartfelt separation from the world. But the laws of Sicilian social life are stern in one respect. The nobility are more numerous than wealthy; the eldest son carries off the property; and the rest are bound over to a forced celibacy, with the usual evil consequences of so monstrous a violation of the laws of nature. A curious custom prevails in some of the monasteries and cemeteries, of preserving the dead bodies by carefully drying them, and then placing them in cells, in an upright posture, clothed as they were wont to be when alive. Thus the remains of a soldier may be seen dressed in his military uniform, or a female in fine garments and white kid gloves,—the grinning skeleton, in such array, presenting a ghastly picture. In contrast to this treatment, the Campo Santo contains a number of large tombs, one for each day in the year, into which the bodies of the poor are thrown promiscuously; quick-lime is then cast upon them, and the grave is not re-opened for a twelvemonth. Mr. Bartlett assures us that the priests not only endeavour to exact money from the survivors in payment of masses to relieve the souls of their lost friends from purgatory, but that they do not hesitate to quicken their zeal by exposing representations of the dead liquefying in the flames.

The morning at Palermo is spent by the men in their business, if they have any, or in lounging about idly. Ladies set out for their devotions to the churches, and cross over very muddy places in the pavement by a sort of iron-bridge on wheels,—a substitute for improved paving provided by Sicilian refinement. Long lines of convicts, chained together, and in yellow dresses, march along to their appointed tasks. Young gentlemen start forth on their morning ride, and scholars to their class; beggars abound as usual. The sun reaches the meridian, and the thoroughfares are deserted. You might fire a cannon through the streets without injuring an inhabitant; all are in-doors; they dine and take a siesta. The cool of evening returns, and the fashionable world comes forth; and now appears one of the striking anomalies of life at Palermo. At the gateway of some large mansion stands an elegant equipage, and a well-dressed couple come forth and enter it. Look at the

damnable life, and supported.

filthy staircase by which they have descended, and the dirty entrance through which they pick their way to the carriage! They let the best part of the house, and live in discomfort in a small back room, that they may keep up the appearance of this handsome equipage. Such is fashion at the Sicilian capital. The Marina is thronged with carriages and pedestrians, and hour after hour is passed on the shore of its beautiful bay.

It would be giving a false impression of society in the capital, to represent it as contentedly acquiescing in so unprofitable and vapid an existence. The revelations made after the capture of the place by Garibaldi's forces, and particularly the condition of its prisons,—now so widely known,—show how deeply the iron of despotism had eaten into the heart of the Sicilians. Ever since the Revolution of 1848, the tyrant of Naples has exerted all his ingenuity to crush the spirit of this people. Their constitution was suppressed; and the various offices of government in the island were filled by Neapolitans, in defiance of express and repeated pledges. Spies swarmed in every rank, and all the foundations of social intercourse were undermined. By a system of restriction commerce was fettered, and the nobles were encouraged to absent themselves from their estates, and so to become indifferent to the condition of their tenants. By these means, systematically pursued, every species of enterprise was crushed, and the fertility of the country, and its fine harbours, became useless and unproductive. Nothing could exceed the hatred with which the islanders regarded their continental fellow-subjects; and beneath the outward gaiety of the hour, curses, muttered and deep, told how gladly they would seize an opportunity to shake off the yoke. This detestation of the Italians will help to explain the wonderful success that has attended Garibaldi; but it may also be the cause of no small difficulty, in the endeavour to consolidate the free states under the sceptre of Sardinia.

One enterprise has consistently received the royal sanction,—that of the lottery.

‘The traveller will notice in all towns certain parts of the street where it is impossible to pass, such is the dense and ragged crowd that sends him into the gutter. The rabble is besetting the office for lottery tickets. There, for one grano (less than a halfpenny) can be purchased the chance of a fortune. Who would drudge at work with such a possibility flashing on his imagination? On the Piazza, where stood the inquisition up to the end of the last century, now stands the Temple of Fortuna: on Saturday afternoon her devotees can be seen nibbling lettuces, and looking vaguely up at plastered pillars, between which is a balcony hung with red, supporting an urn, beside which stands a child in white. A polite ragamuffin showed us the way

through a file of soldiers to a staircase leading behind this frontage, where were seated the judges in their robes, before large volumes on decorated tables. A crowd of priests and devotees (to Fortune) of the upper classes stood around: at the sounding of a bell, the white-clad child put its hand into the urn, held up the ticket to the crowd, then to the judges, who inscribed the number in their book, and sent a herald forward to proclaim it to the excited people, who roared in chorus, as if all had won; while a fat rosy monk next to us was the real winner, and, as such, warmly congratulated by his attendant acolytes. One of the judges came in for the next piece of luck. Five prizes in all were drawn; a small number, considering the whole scum of Palermo seemed floating below. Some hollow-cheeked idlers had gained the remainder, enough to feast their fellow-lazzaroni for a month, then carry them off to the fever hospital; or else to invest (often the case) in other tickets, and fill up the time in nibbling more lettuces, or assassinating,—the latter occupation always following these edifying weekly events, by which the government clears £200,000 annually.'—*Unprotected Females, &c.*, pp. 23–25.

Among other notable objects in Palermo, we may mention the clubs, or casinos, to which strangers are courteously admitted on the introduction of a member, but which rarely used to contain more in the way of newspapers than the official journal of the government. The various examples of Norman architecture, of which the older churches in the city afford some remarkably fine specimens, are also well worthy of a visit. The bye streets are plentifully adorned with linen hanging out to dry; and Mr. Bartlett says, '*The shirt scenery of Palermo is quite unique, arranged on lines and poles, with a picturesque intricacy of effect, and play of light and shade and colour, which in its way is remarkably striking.*' This style of ornamentation is not confined to the back streets, the balconies of the noblest houses being not unfrequently employed for the same useful purpose; whilst elaborate gateways, emblazoned with coats of arms, are stuck over with bills.

Once beyond the precincts of the capital, and these hindrances to the effect of the *coup d'œil* are no longer seen. The views in the neighbourhood are magnificent, especially that from the Convent of Santa Maria de Gesu. The building is buried amidst the most luxuriant vegetation; cypresses of immense growth, with their dark foliage, masses of deep-toned pines, olives and oleanders, aloe and vines, clustered together in rich profusion; whilst a few palm trees still survive to remind the spectator of the Moorish rule. A ridge of mountains encloses at each corner the beautiful curve of the bay on which the city reposes; while behind it lies an amphitheatre of unusual fertility, bounded by its girdle of hills, and before it sparkle the 'countless dimples

of the ocean's cheek,' as it wavers beneath the bright sun of the south.

Messina is the most important town in Sicily after Palermo; and the excellence of its harbour, combined with superior accommodation for trade, has rendered it a place of more bustle and activity than the capital. Immediately without the projecting point which bounds the harbour, lies the far-famed whirlpool of Charybdis. Its fabled terrors have long since been fully appreciated; and it has been acutely remarked, that as the Greeks did not hesitate to fight in the Straits, they could not have been considered so fearfully horrible by ancient sailors as they were by ancient poets. In certain states of the current, Charybdis possesses sufficient power to endanger small craft, and will whirl round a seventy-four gun ship. Within the harbour there is magnificent anchorage, and a noble quay has been built at its brink. The resemblance to a sickle is plain enough to recall its Greek name of Zancle.

The view from the heights above Messina is at once striking and highly characteristic. The port, like most of those in Sicily, lies embosomed in a circle of hills. Across the bay are seen the jagged and rugged cones of the Lipari Islands, whose fantastic forms, from Stromboli to Alicudi, rise in marked outline against the sky; their tossed and broken sides and smoking summits revealing their volcanic origin. Across the Faro the stern mountains of Calabria seem a fit emblem of the dark Italian tyranny under which the Messenians have so long groaned; whilst the environs of the city are broken into conical hills and deep ravines, that bear testimony to the mighty agencies at work beneath the surface.

A city thus situated must have been in all ages liable to earthquakes. The most disastrous of these occurred in 1783, and its influence extended over a space of twelve hundred square miles. Colletta has given an animated description of the terrors that accompanied it:—

' Whirlwinds, tempests, volcanic fires and conflagrations, rain, wind, and thunder, accompanied the earthquakes; all the powers of nature were shaken; it seemed as if her bonds were loosened, and the hour had arrived for the commencement of a new era. On the night of the 5th of February, whilst the earth was still convulsed, a meteor burst, and swept away the highest part of several buildings; a bell tower in Messina had the top carried off, an ancient tower in Radicena was cut across above the base. Many roofs and cornices, instead of falling upon the ruins of the buildings to which they belonged, were carried away by the whirlwinds, and fell in distant places. Meantime the sea between Charybdis and Scylla was raised several *braccia*, (Sir C. Lyell

says, more than twenty feet,) invaded the shores, and, in retreating to its own bed, swept away with it *men and cattle*. Thus perished about two thousand persons in Scylla alone, all of whom had fled to the sandy beach, or had taken refuge in boats, to escape the dangers of the land. The Prince of Scylla, who was amongst them, disappeared in a moment, and neither the efforts of his servants and relatives, nor the promise of ample rewards, could lead to the discovery of the body, which they wished to honour with a tomb. *Ætna* and *Stromboli* emitted a larger quantity of lava and inflamed matter than usual; but this calamity did not excite much attention at the time, from being far the least disaster. *Vesuvius* remained quiet. Conflagrations worse than any fire from the volcano, were the consequence of the earthquake; for, in the fall of houses, the beams came in contact with the burning stoves, and the flames, fanned by the wind, spread so vast a fire around, that it appeared to issue from the bosom of the earth, which gave rise to false stories, and the belief in subterranean heat. This was confirmed by the loud noise and rumbling sound, like thunder, which was sometimes heard preceding and sometimes accompanying the shocks, but more frequently alone, and very terrific. The sky was cloudy, yet serene, rain falling, the weather variable, and there was no sign of the approaching earthquake; the indications observed one day were missing on the morrow, and others were discovered, until it was found that the earth shook under every aspect of the heavens. A new calamity appeared; a thick cloud, which dimmed the light of day, and increased the intense darkness of night, which was pungent to the eyes, oppressive to the breath, fetid, and motionless, hung upon the atmosphere of Calabria for more than twenty days, and was followed by melancholy, disease, and shortness of breath, felt by man and beast. — *Colletta*, vol. i., pp. 151, 152.

Whilst such were the physical concomitants of the earthquake, its moral consequences were far more poignant. The cries of the dying, the shrieks for help of those who were half buried beneath the ruins, the wailings of friends at the loss of those dearest to them, the terror universally inspired, combined to form a scene of horror such as seldom marks even the direst calamities. Some who escaped from the fallen dwellings, after a long agony of suspense, were never known again to smile. As is invariably the case at such periods of dire and universal suffering, human nature came out in its strongest contrasts of dignity and degradation. Self-denying love in many instances exhibited the noblest heroism in behalf of others, and rushed into seeming destruction to save a wife or child. Some betook themselves to devotion, and in the agony of their panic called on their patron saints to save them. With others rage followed upon despair at the loss of their whole fortune; they betook themselves to plunder, or abandoned themselves to lust. Murder, rapine, and lawless pillage reigned among the smoking

ruins. 'Were I,' says Colletta, 'to relate all the instances of kindness and savage cruelty, of gratitude and ingratitude, which occurred, I should fill many pages, merely to prove the truth of the old adage, that man is the best and worst of created beings.' The year 1783 had hardly closed when the shocks were once more renewed, and destruction again ravaged the miserable land.

The modern town of Messina presents an unimposing appearance, as, through dread of future earthquakes, many of the houses are built but one story high. Its bitterest sufferings have been, however, endured at the hands of its late monarch, who thus showed his gratitude for the asylum afforded to his race whilst the French overran the peninsula. It would be too long a story to relate how the Neapolitan King was welcomed in Sicily after his flight from the continent, and how our greatest naval hero sullied his fair fame by consenting to become the instrument of Ferdinand's despotism and revenge. We cannot recount how the King swore to observe the old Sicilian constitution, and to maintain the government of the island separate from that of Naples; and how he then violated all his pledges without symptom of scruple or remorse. We are led to speak of these things only by our recollection of the bombardment of Messina in 1848; and shall take advantage of this point of contact with the political history of the island, just to glance at the treatment it has experienced at the hands of the Bourbons, and then pass on to more pleasing topics.

The irritation excited in the minds of the Sicilians by the repeated perjury of their monarchs came to a crisis in the year 1837. Ferdinand then revoked the last remnant of the conditions enforced upon him by the English in 1816, 'by which public employments of the country were reserved for Sicilians;' and the plague following quickly on the heels of this outrage, induced the people to break out into open rebellion. The attempt at revolution was soon suppressed, and then the fitting hour of vengeance was deemed to have arrived. Del Carretto, the Neapolitan Minister of Police, came to Sicily in person, and, although order had been restored before he touched its shores,

'he immediately instituted court martials to try the offenders. A thousand of the Sicilians were placed under arrest; most of them were sentenced summarily to death, and more than a hundred executed. The leaders had escaped, or fallen in conflict; but Del Carretto hoped, by the number of his victims, to strike terror, prove the magnitude of the revolt to Europe, and justify the subsequent acts of the government, which had been already decided on. Such was the haste with which the executions were conducted, *that in one instance there was*

found one too many among the dead. A lad of fourteen perished, besides many priests and women; while, to add to the horror of the scene, a band of music was ordered to play during the executions. Del Carretto passed his time in feasting and dances, to which he invited the wives and daughters of those who had fled, or been compromised.

'On his return to Naples, the Minister of Police was rewarded by the order of St. Januarius. He declared Sicily to be in a state of barbarism, and unworthy of free institutions; every trace of Sicilian privileges was accordingly effaced, the taxes were increased, and everything centralized in Naples, while the administration within the island was entirely confided to Neapolitans. A system of espionage was organized, the principal management of which was intrusted to bishops, priests, and Jesuits. Any person denying an accusation, or offering resistance when dragged to the police-office, or barracks of the gendarmes, was scourged, hung up by the arms, or tortured still more frightfully to extract evidence against himself or others; while all found carrying arms were publicly flogged by the hands of the executioner, which punishment could be inflicted at the pleasure of the police. Such continued to be the state of Sicily from 1837 to 1847.' —*Colletta*, Supplementary Chapter, vol. ii., pp. 493, 494.

Under such a system, it is no wonder that the revolution at Paris, in 1848, touched an electric chord in Sicily, and once more the flame of rebellion burst forth, to be again extinguished in blood. But there was to be the usual prelude of a pretended conciliation by the King in the hour of danger. Ferdinand swore to observe, and cause to be inviolably observed, the constitution of the monarchy; nay, in his hypocrisy, he feigned a special interest in the progress of liberal views; and when Barbarisi told him that his sincerity was questioned, the King raised his arms as high as he could, and, with a look of virtuous indignation, replied, 'Had I not been anxious to give the constitution, I would not have given it.' The Sicilians, however, distrusted these protestations, (how justly, the event proved,) and elected the Duke of Genoa for their King; but the complications of European politics induced Charles Albert to refuse the crown for his son, and the fatal battle of Novara crushed all hopes of aid from Sardinia, and left them to the vengeance of King Bomba. It is not easy to give an opinion upon diplomatic questions, but we deeply regret that the French and English admirals should have calmly looked on and beheld the destruction of Messina. *For eight hours after the Sicilian batteries were silenced*, the Neapolitan fleet continued the bombardment, with a 'ferocity to which,' wrote the English admiral, 'a parallel can scarcely be found in the records of civilized warfare.' The place was then entered; whole streets were burned, and unheard-of cruelties committed, 'the details being, in some instances, too

horrible to be cited,' until the French and English admirals imperatively demanded a cessation of hostilities. To crown all, the Neapolitan governor issued a proclamation, 'that the King, like a loving father of his people, forgets their past errors, in the certain persuasion that they will, from henceforward, return to that devoted and faithful attachment to his sacred person, which has always endeared them to his heart.' Such was the method by which the recent overthrow of the Bourbon rule was gradually prepared.

The principal objects of interest to travellers in Sicily are the remains of classical antiquity, and the mighty volcano of Mount *Ætna*. There are vestiges of the former to be traced in almost every part of the island, but *Girgenti*, the ancient *Agrigentum*, is in this respect the chief centre of attraction. The site of the town, founded about B.C. 578 by a Doric colony from *Gela*, was admirably chosen, on a magnificent platform, surrounded by precipitous rocks on every side, save that which is open to the sea. So rapid was its progress, that in the days of *Empedocles* it contained eight hundred thousand souls; and was celebrated for the massive structure of its walls, the splendour, size, and beauty of its temples, and the luxury and affluence of its citizens. Happy in the possession of a fertile territory, and combining with the blessings of peace the energy and vigour of character for which the Greek colonies were remarkable, it fell at length beneath the curse of civil discord,—that disease so rife with death to flourishing communities. But, in the period of its prosperity, few cities could vie with *Agrigentum*.

It were no easy task to attempt to picture the condition of the old town in its palmy days. Stories, almost incredible, are narrated of the prodigality of its citizens, who were said to build as if they thought themselves immortal, and to eat as if they never expected to eat again. In the pride of his ostentatious hospitality, *Gellias*, one of the opulent townsmen, used to plant his servants at the gates of the city, with orders to invite to his house all strangers who were unprovided with a lodging; and none were allowed to depart without a liberal gift. Nor was his wit inferior to his magnificence; for when the senate of a neighbouring state, to which he went on an embassy, laughed at the insignificance of his person, *Gellias* replied, that though he himself was thought a suitable ambassador for them, yet nobler men were sent to nobler cities. Another citizen, on returning victorious from the Olympic Games, was followed by a procession of three hundred chariots, each drawn by four milk-white steeds. Astronomy, history, poetry, philosophy, rhetoric, and music, all

flourished, and were pursued with success. Of its architectural beauties we shall speak presently. Sculpture and painting reached the climax of ancient art in the temples of Agrigentum. It was here that Zeuxis determined to exhaust his skill upon a painting of the goddess for the Temple of Juno Lucina; and, having selected five of the most beautiful maidens in the city, combined their charms in his picture. Another work of the same artist represented the infant Hercules in the act of strangling the two serpents, whilst Amphitryon and Alcmena looked on in terror. So high was the estimation of this picture, that Zeuxis refused to put a price upon it, and presented it as a gift to the Temple of Hercules. It is not our purpose to protract this account to the length of a classical treatise; but it is well thus to be mindful of those who have gone before us, that we may not over-estimate our own attainments, nor forget that we, too, are figures in a shifting scene.

So much wealth became an object of cupidity to the Carthaginians. The following account of the siege is taken from *Pictures in Sicily*:—

‘After having destroyed Selinunte and Imera, Amilcar, their general, next turned his arms against Agrigentum. The citizens had made every preparation to receive him. They took into pay Decippus, the Spartan, with 1500 mercenaries, and also 800 Campanians, who had deserted from the Carthaginians, and who were posted on the rock Atenea. Amilcar surrounded the city with his troops, and erected wooden towers to storm the weakest part of the wall, but the besieged made a nocturnal sally, and burnt them. He next began to pull down the tombs, in order to erect some stonework against the walls. Whilst thus demolishing the sepulchre of Theron, a thunderbolt fell on them, which, with a malignant disease that broke out in the camp, appeared to the panic-stricken Carthaginians as a judgment against them. They left off, therefore, destroying the tombs, and sacrificed a boy to Saturn, to turn aside the anger of the gods.

‘Meanwhile the Syracusans marched with a strong force to raise the siege. A battle took place in sight of the walls; the Carthaginians were routed, and besieged in their own camp, where they were soon reduced to the utmost extremity for provisions. From this they were relieved by the activity of Imileo, who, learning from a deserter that a Syracusan fleet was on its way to carry succour to the besieged, intercepted it, with forty of his galleys from Panormus and Motya, and gained a complete victory. The tables were now turned, and, after a siege of eight months, the downfall of Agrigentum could no longer be averted. Decippus, and the other mercenaries, seeing this, and being bribed by Imileo, passed over to the Carthaginian service,—alleging as a pretext the scarcity of provisions. This induced the Agrigentines to institute an examination, when it was found that there remained only enough for a few days’ supply. The crowded

and luxurious population (to quote in full the language of the historian Palmeri) could not bear the idea of any stint. It was resolved to abandon the city under cover of night. On the publication of this decree, the streets and houses resounded with cries and unavailing lamentations. It was a mournful spectacle to see two hundred thousand citizens, of every age, sex, and condition, abandoning with tears their household gods; while matrons, beautiful virgins, innocent children, the old and the young, the slave and his master, the plebeian with the patrician, passed instantaneously from the summit of luxury to the extreme of wretchedness. The whole body, escorted by the military, retired to Gela, whence the Syracusans conducted them to Leontinum.'—Pp. 135, 136.

There were some few inhabitants who would not survive the fall of their state, or consent to desert their beloved city. Of this number was Gellias, who retired with his family and his property to the Temple of Minerva, hoping that the Carthaginians would respect the sanctity of his asylum: when he saw, however, that the other temples afforded no protection to the fugitives in them, he set fire to that in which he was, and perished, with all that belonged to him, in the flames. Despite the destruction that ensued upon its sack, an immense booty fell into the hands of the conquerors. Gold, pictures, statues, vases, and other furniture of a priceless value, was carried off to Carthage. Among the trophies, was the brasen bull made by Perillus for Phalaris, the exquisite workmanship of which was such as to excite universal admiration, notwithstanding the cruel purpose for which it was contrived. When Carthage fell beneath the power of Rome, Scipio sent back the bull to Agrigentum.

At a time like the present, when war is again rife throughout the world, one cannot help contrasting the humanity of modern practice with the spirit in which battle was carried on by the ancients. There seems to have been a peculiar savageness in the battles and sieges of Sicily. It was generally a war of extermination. There was no mercy, but ruthless destruction mowed down its victims with unfaltering hand. It will be necessary to advert, in the course of our paper, to other events which will justify these strictures, as well as to the extraordinary number of great military commanders whose fortunes have been involved with the history of the island. We will now invite the reader to wander awhile with us, in peace, amid the ruins of Girgenti.

There is a peculiar charm to all minds, save those most insensible of emotion, in visiting the shattered relics of a by-gone age. The intellect is excited by the memories which association awakens in such a scene. The distance which separates us from the period thus recalled, has toned down its harsher features; and

the memory dwells upon an ideal picture, which is softened as is the hard outline of the stony fragments by overgrowing lichens, or the mouldering hand of time. The very imperfection of the building, as the eye rests upon it, allows imagination to fill up the deficiency, and the fancies of our own brain mingle pleasantly with the facts of history, and the feelings they tend to excite into activity. The thought insensibly steals over us, that the decay which we witness will in time exert its power over ourselves; and thus a chord of sympathy is touched, the effect of which is at once profitable and pleasing. The past, the present, and the future, unite in their influence over us, and produce the mingled sensations we experience in gazing on a ruin. And how powerfully is the impression heightened which the artistic beauty of a fragment would make, when the whole is viewed beneath the sun of Sicily, and in the striking natural theatre on which Girgenti stands!

Nine temples, baths, tombs, and other buildings, are enumerated as still existing at Girgenti. We should be glad, were it possible, to transfer to our pages the beautiful views in which Mr. Bartlett has portrayed the Temples of Juno Lucina, of Concord, of Jupiter, and that of Castor and Pollux. The ruins of the Temple of Concord are the most complete, nearly all the columns being left standing. Of the fane of Hercules, but one 'solitary column mourns above its prostrate brethren.' The mingled remains of these ancient shrines, as they are grouped together with varied combination of light and shade, from different points of view; the picturesque confusion in which the columns are massed,—some still standing erect, others lying idly by; the delicate tints of the masonry, 'a pale gold amber,' relieved by the soft, brilliant sunshine, which brings into outline every architectural detail;—are features which invest the ruins with an indescribable beauty.

'Never, perhaps, was there an instance in which the admirable taste of the Greeks, in the position of their edifices, was more remarkably displayed than here. Art and nature are made mutually to enhance each other. From whatever point we view the temples, they are a glorious adornment of the scene; while the view from them is no less magnificent and commanding over plains, valleys, and mountains around, whose every outline is romantic, and the distant sea of a soft and slumberous azure, which expands towards the southern horizon. It is in the midst of such a scene, that we may comprehend something of the life of the ancient Greeks, and that intense feeling for beauty, which was the predominant element of their existence.'—*Pictures from Sicily*, pp. 139, 140.

We cannot omit all mention of Syracuse, although its present

condition is unworthy of its former renown. Its principal remains are the ruins of a theatre, which existed before the Athenian invasion; the Temple of Minerva, now incorporated into the cathedral; the curious excavation called the Ear of Dionysius, and the vast catacombs, which have never been thoroughly explored. Its glory is now a thing of the past, and its scanty inhabitants 'vegetate in indolence, filth, and wretchedness.'

And yet what heart-stirring scenes in the world's history has that city witnessed! It was from its walls that the army marched under Gelon against the Carthaginians, in the same year in which the battle of Salamis was fought, when the victory at Himera drove the sons of Shem from Sicily, on the very day that the same race was expelled from Greece. It was in that harbour that the proudest fleet which had ever started from Athens cast anchor;—an expedition the success of which might have made Athens, and not Rome, the master of the world. And the same spot saw the final destruction of the Attic armament. Only eight years rolled by, and a Carthaginian fleet was again gathered to besiege it, as though the wave of Semitic invasion recoiled only to dash with renewed violence against this one bulwark; and once more the same story of defeat was borne home by the feeble remnant of the besiegers, who were almost annihilated by Dionysius. An interval of two centuries, and a more obstinate race has become its foe. In vain the master of science, Archimedes, reduced the Roman ships to ashes with burning glasses raised on the walls,—the day of doom is come, and the freedom of the city is subdued beneath the arms of Marcellus. The ninth century of the Christian era sees the combat between the sons of Shem and Japhet resuscitated with increased fury around Syracuse,—the old hatred of race being now embittered by the rival faiths of the Crescent and the Cross. And after the expulsion of the Saracens, it suffered at the hands of the Pisans and the Genoese, until pestilence thinned its population, and earthquake despoiled its form.

Amid so many memorials of death and slaughter, there are some few incidents on which it is pleasing to dwell. Among these is the pretty legend that, after the destruction of the Athenian host, some of the captives gained kindly treatment by reciting the verses of Euripides to their conquerors.

'When Athens' army fell at Syracuse,
And fetter'd thousands bore the yoke of war,
Redemption rose up in the Attic muse,
Her voice the only ransom from afar;

See, as they chant the tragic hymn, the car
Of the o'er-master'd victor stops, the reins
Fall from his hands, the idle scimitar
Starts from his belt, he rends his captive's chains,
And bids him thank the bard for freedom and his strains.'

Childe Harold, iv., 16.

The siege of Syracuse by the Saracens is perhaps the most noted, even of Sicilian encounters, for the terrible obstinacy with which its citizens held out against the foe. Aroused by the determination of the men to offer an undying resistance, women and children, as well as the aged inhabitants, joined in the struggle to the last extremity. The able-bodied warriors fought in the ranks of battle, whilst their feeblers allies heaped up piles of enormous stones, which they hurled upon the Mussulmans, or poured cauldrons of boiling water and oil, or melted lead, from the battlements upon the foe. When all their daring proved vain, a fearful vengeance was to be expected; and horrible slaughter, accompanied by every outrage, ensued upon the capture of the city, which became one of the Saracen strongholds, until their expulsion by the Normans.

We now proceed to Mount *Ætna*. Take the map of Sicily, and describe a circle, having the volcano for its centre, with a circumference of about a hundred miles: this will define, accurately enough for our purpose, the boundary of the district over which the influence of the mountain extends. The whole of this region is one vast bed of lava; varying in character according to distance from the central object, and rising with so gradual a slope to the summit of the cone, that the spectator can hardly believe the highest point of the crater to be more than ten thousand feet above the sea level. Although the ground is far from being unbroken, yet it is most rugged at the extremities, and the country trends with gentle declivity to the base of *Ætna* itself.

The town of Catania lies at the extremity of the region of *Ætna*, and affords a sort of epitome of its history. In its rugged and jagged fields of lava, where they jut out into the sea, there exists a memento of former convulsions, just in the form in which the heated mass gradually cooled. The town itself is superimposed upon a former city of the same name, but which was overwhelmed by an eruption in 1669. The city had been completely destroyed several times before; but on the ashes of each predecessor a new town has constantly risen with the same title, the present Catania being built upon ground some sixty feet higher than the city of the seventeenth century. Everything betokens the volcanic origin of the place. The fields have lava for their soil; the deep well, which has been excavated by

the Prince Biscari, is reached through an orifice in what might be taken for solid rock, but is of the same igneous character. The houses are built of lava; the crumbling surface of which causes patches of the paint to fall off, and reveals the inevitable black material.

The Ætnean district is divided into three regions,—the fertile, or cultivated; the woody; and the Alpine, or deserted. The first of these includes within its range Paterno, Bronte, Taormina, Catania, and other towns interspersed with populous villages. The ground is composed of tufa and lava, in various stages of decomposition, the oldest beds being those most completely pulverized; and their elements abound in fertilizing properties, which impart a peculiar richness to the soil. Olives, vineyards, orchards, pasturage, and corn-lands, seem to flourish equally. The prickly pear, the Indian fig, the Palma-Christi, oranges, lemons, pomegranates, pears, and apples, abound in the richest luxuriance. Sarsaparilla, cinnamon, pepper, and a variety of other spices, flourish in great quantities; so that it is not to no purpose that the mighty mountain has poured forth its bowels over the soil. Almond and citron trees, and fields of Indian corn, add their quota to the varied wealth of this region.

The English traveller feels a special interest in being reminded that the town of Bronte supplied Nelson with one of his titles, and that a large estate, presented to him by the King of Naples, and celebrated for the produce of its vineyards, still remains the property of his descendants. But the prodigy of this region is the Indian fig, to which the soil seems to be especially adapted; one or two slips of the plant are stuck into the soil, and its roots quickly penetrate between its fissures. So fond are the natives of this fruit, that Mr. Bartlett assures us that an *habitué* at Catania had been known to *dispose of fifty at a standing*. Whether he found this attitude most conducive to this gastronomic feat is not added; but, without any expression of opinion on this individual case, we may add that the fruit is abundant, well suited to the inhabitants of the district, and easy of digestion.

The second region, called the Bosco, forms a belt, some six or more miles in breadth, which encircles the mountain, and abounds in trees and excellent pasturage. Oaks, chestnuts, pines, cork, and poplar trees, are named among its productions. There is, about six miles from Jiurra, a wonderful chestnut tree called, 'the chestnut tree of the hundred horses,' to which a visit is generally paid by travellers. Mr. Bartlett considers it worthy of some notice, and has given a sketch of its appearance. 'The Unprotected' regarded it with disfavour, and pronounced

it an impostor. It seems to have decayed since Mr. Bartlett's visit. The Bosco is, on the whole, a delightful region, and enjoys a delicious climate. When the region below is parched with heat, this district rejoices in cool, refreshing breezes. The woods abound in small game, with a few wild boars and wolves; wild flowers and aromatic herbs carpet the ground; rocks and caverns are interspersed with forest glades and sylvan scenes; and the base of the Bosco is diversified with one hundred and eighty miniature cones, which break up the ground, and afford many a striking group of scenery, although without any claim to grandeur. The most conspicuous of these is Monte Rosso, a cone of red lava, which rises above Nicolosi. Hard by are two other cones, which would elsewhere be considered sufficient to repay a visit, but are here almost forgotten in the presence of the giant form of the principal volcano.

'Finally, from the Bosco to the summit, extends a third region, a scene of utter desolation, composed of deep hollows and dreary plateaus, covered with scorix and ashes, and buried in snow during several months of the year. This snow, however, is of vast importance to the whole population of Sicily, Malta, and sometimes even Barbary, where ices, during the heat of summer, are among the necessaries of life. The exhaustion of the stock is capable of producing serious disturbances; and the governor of Catania was, on one occasion, obliged to offer a large reward for any one who would discover a fresh supply, when at length a bed of snow was found covered beneath a torrent of lava.'—*Pictures from Sicily*, p. 93.

Both Catania and Nicolosi are almost exclusively resorted to by travellers for the ascent of Mount *Ætna*; and the neighbourhood of such a mountain would have been a mine of wealth, had the inhabitants been Swiss or Savoyards. Large hotels would have arisen at both places, expressly arranged to gratify English taste; and thus the tide of *voyageurs* might have been tempted across the Straits of Messina. But no such welcome awaits the intending traveller to the summit. The difficulties of the route are overcome with comparative ease; the great *desideratum* (as usual in ascents) being clear weather for the view from the summit, and the great hindrance to be overcome being the fatigue of walking over the rough and crumbling surface which clothes the last portion of the way. As the usual plan is to time the journey, so as to see the sun-rise from the highest point, considerable inconvenience is often experienced from the cold, and from violent gusts of wind. All these obstacles, however, combined, are but trifling to the experience of tried Alpine travellers; and we doubt not that, with greater endeavours on the part of innkeepers and guides to make the journey agreeable,

very many English tourists would be led to climb *Ætna*, and to enjoy the magnificent panorama which its summit affords. The perseverance displayed by the two ladies who have described their ascent, is worthy of all praise; and we congratulate them on the successful issue of their attempt. But our compliments are almost stifled by the feeble and twaddling sentimentality in which the fair authoress has described her emotions on the occasion. That the natives who live under the mountain's shadow, and who derive their subsistence from the products it affords, should speak warmly in behalf of that which forms their world, is what would naturally be expected from a rude people; but that an English young lady should from her childhood have made *Ætna* 'her fairy queen,' and yet, after elaborate practice of the art of effective writing, should not succeed in giving more definite and forcible shape to her impressions, when 'her every wish was realized,' than the statement that 'the ascent of *Ætna* is a refined pilgrimage, gratifying mind, memory, feeling, education, heart,' is quite unintelligible on any reasoning from ordinary experience. In all composition, reality is the secret of success.

The ascent of *Ætna* has been successfully attempted from an early period. Empedocles lost his life in pursuing too sedulously his researches in the mouth of the crater. Plato is said to have climbed it, and Adrian visited this as well as every other notable spot on that part of the earth's surface that was known in his days. Strabo gives an account of a party which attempted the ascent; and of late years many persons have persevered till they accomplished the task. An interesting account of an ascent is given by Mr. Hardy in the volume entitled, *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers*. The view from the top is magnificent; and, although he reached it in a storm of wind, Mr. Bartlett has given a description in which many faithful touches may be recognised.

'Just as day began to break, the whole party were assembled on the summit. The guides had timed the thing exactly. It was between three and four; the stars were rapidly disappearing from the paling sky, while the eastern horizon began to faintly redden with the dawn. Those who have never witnessed can scarcely realize by any description the strangeness of such a scene. Everything in the vast gulf below was dark and formless,—the sea barely distinguishable from the land,—vast whitish clouds like wool-sacks floating solemnly above it. A few bars of crimson soon appeared on the eastward horizon, the sea-line became defined, the jagged edges of the distant mountains of Apulia cut against the sky. At this moment our guides shouted to us to stand on the edge of the crater, and look out over the interior of the island, which stretched away to the westward, like a sea of

jagged summits, blended in the shadowy mist of dawn. Just as the sun rose, an immense shadow of the most exquisite purple was projected from the volcano half over the island, while without its range the light struck with magic suddenness upon the tops of the mountains below,—a phenomenon so admirably beautiful that it would have more than repaid us for the labour of the ascent.

‘The view from *Ætna* proved rather different from what previous description had led me to anticipate. Vastness and dreary sublimity predominate, relieved with some few touches of exquisite beauty. Wandering on the dread summit of the volcano, the eye takes in with astonishment the immense extent of the region at once desolated and fertilized by its eruptions. Wide beds of lava—black, abrupt, and horrid—may be traced down its deep sinuosities and chasms, winding half-concealed among the extensive forests below, even through the midst of the fertile region which reposes at its base, until they pour into the sea; and interspersed with these are broad, dismal beds of scorie and ashes,—the seat of eternal desolation. Beneath the Bosco, and around the base of *Ætna*, the boundary of the region subject to its effects may be distinctly traced. Beyond, in all directions, extend the fertile plains and mountains of the island,—the latter, however, of an aspect little less wild and desolate than that of *Ætna* itself. The range of the view is almost boundless,—Catania, Syracuse, and even, when clear, Malta itself, are visible. Castro Giovanni stands up on its rocks, conspicuous in the centre of the island. The expanse of sea is most magnificent, with the distant mountains of Calabria and Apulia, and the entrance to the Faro di Messina.’—*Pictures from Sicily*, pp. 104, 105.

We do not wonder that the productiveness of *Ætna* has over-balanced in the minds of its inhabitants any fears of destruction from its eruptions, and that they regard it with a hearty affection. The numerous craters that girdle its base are converted into vineyards, and each man drinks the wine of his favourite crater. The woods and pasturage of the middle region supply a living to a considerable population; and, besides the trade in snow, sulphur, mercury, alum, and nitre are obtained in ‘the desert.’ ‘What nation is so liberal to her children as our Mount?’

Whilst nature has dispensed her bounty with so lavish a hand, the Bourbon Government has been very chary of any assistance which might enable the Sicilians to profit by the natural wealth of their island. Roads are unknown, save between one or two of the principal towns; and those persons who are not interested in scenery prefer to go from one port to another by steamer. Even on the single road from Messina to Palermo, which is traversed by a diligence, there are no bridges over many of the rivers; and at times the route is rendered

impassable for hours by the sudden swelling of one of the *fiumara*. On such occasions the passengers are required to alight, and are carried on men's backs across the stream, if fordable; whilst, by dint of much cursing, and lashing, and pushing at the wheels, the lumbering vehicle is brought to the other side. Travellers generally go on mules from place to place,—a mode of progress both dilatory and expensive; whilst the absence of further means of communication in the interior renders all production useless, save that which is required for home consumption. The government have designedly thus crushed all spirit of enterprise, and endeavoured to keep the people behind the rest of the civilized world.

There seems to be but little risk of violence or robbery, although those who wander from the beaten track are recommended to go armed. The stranger is commonly fleeced in more courteous guise; and, so prevalent is the notion that the English are universally wealthy, that it is necessary to make an agreement beforehand, both with muleteers and innkeepers. The latter fully retain the character for unscrupulous extortion which they have borne in Italy since the days of Horace; and a reduction of one third, or even one half, from the sum demanded, will generally more than satisfy all just claims. The principal cities contain a few tolerable hotels; but the inns at smaller places are mere places for lodging, to which the traveller is expected to bring his own provisions, and which he is sure to find pre-occupied. It would seem to be supposed at a Sicilian *venta* that you are not to eat, but *to be eaten*. Not unfrequently a single room supplies the place of *salle-à-manger* and bed-chamber,—a bedstead devoid of all furniture is the only preparation for repose,—whilst a window with a wooden shutter, and a door which must be barricaded to keep it closed, complete the catalogue of chattels. Nor is this lack of accommodation in any way compensated by extra politeness from the host. Yet despite all these drawbacks there can be no question of the pleasure which travellers in Sicily have experienced. To those who are not pressed for time, nor too fastidious about personal comfort, there is but little inconvenience in sleeping on a hard bed,—if you have taken the precaution to carry with you your own sheets sewn together in the shape of a bag, into which you may slip, and then slumber securely in your linen castle. The sumpter mule that bears your portmanteau will carry provisions, and these are to be obtained at a reasonable rate. The independence of this mode of travelling gives moreover an additional zest to the beauty of the scenery.

One main feature in the charm of Sicilian landscape is the abundance of flowers that embroider the ground with their blossoms, and load the air with their perfumes. Some interesting information on the flora of the country will be found in Mr. Grant Duff's paper on Sicily in the volume of *Oxford Essays* for 1857, where reference is given to further authorities. Since the days when Proserpine was carried off whilst gathering garlands in the fields of Enna, Sicily has been noted for the variety and beauty of its flowers, which neither summer's scorching heat nor winter's frost ever entirely banish from view. The vegetation of *Ætna* is distinct from that of the rest of the island, and is marked by the presence of many exotics, which have now become permanent settlers. Conspicuous among their number are the bright crimson blossoms of the Indian fig, which we have mentioned above, and the brilliant rose-coloured blossoms of the cactus, which not only flourishes in the lava, but breaks it up and prepares it for the reception of other plants. In addition to these Mr. Grant Duff mentions the *Euphorbia dendroides* with its yellow flowers, besides the mulberry, the pomegranate, and the vine.

Amongst the flowers which are characteristic of the general region of Sicily, the first-named should be the asphodel, not for its beauty, but as the constant theme of song: the yellow variety is the prettier, and glitters upon the hill-sides in the month of March. The *cytissus*, now so common amongst ourselves, takes the place of our furze. The oleander is so general, and flowers so freely, that it forms a special feature of Sicilian landscape. But we cannot afford space for a longer list of names. The aloe is commonly used, as in the New World, to make hedgerows, and nothing can exceed its beauty when in full bloom. 'It forms a splendid floral pyramid, with clusters of greenish yellow flowers at every point up to the summit, a succession of which is continued for three or four months.' Side by side with these the English traveller will recognise the corn-cockle, the dark scabious, the minor convolvulus, the anemones, the bindweed, and the ice-plants so familiar to his eyes at home. Nor ought we to omit all mention of the papyrus, which may be found in the bed of the Anapus: it is said to have been planted by the third Hiero, to whom it had been presented by one of the Ptolemies. The fertility of Sicily was the theme of song in days gone by; and the richness of its soil, combined with the safety of its harbours, raised its Greek inhabitants to the high degree of luxury and refinement for which they were renowned. It was the value of the prize which tempted first the Carthaginians, and afterwards the Romans, to

grasp at its possession; and, when the iron sway of the latter people was firmly fixed upon the island, it became the granary of the western metropolis. How much such a country can endure without being exhausted may be learned from the Verrine Orations; and its recovery from the wholesale spoliation of that shameless robber is at once an earnest of the speedy prosperity which may be anticipated under a free government, and a most decisive condemnation of the despotism which has reduced it to its present condition. There is no reason why, with an increased application of capital and energy, the harbours of free Sicily should not once more be crowded with shipping, and why she should not exchange her grain and the produce of her vineyards for the manufactures of Great Britain.

Among the items of the existing commerce the trade in Marsala holds an important place, and has flourished since the days of Nelson, whose estate at Bronte contains vineyards of good repute. Much remains to be done to improve the wines of Sicily, and they will possibly attain to a much higher degree of excellence. Linseed oil, liquorice juice, lemon juice, dried raisins, manna, almonds, and almond oil, pistachio nuts, lavender, and raw silk, are among the articles exported from Sicily; but the variety of these products is rather an indication of the natural capacity of the island than an evidence of any extensive commercial dealings. Large quantities of sulphur are procured from the lavas of *Ætna*; so ready is the supply that it exceeds the demand, and there is no stimulus to a further development of this trade. But all Sicilian commerce has been for some years past languishing,—a result due to the oppression of the government, and the distrust which has been widely felt in the stability of the existing *régime*.

Among the most conspicuous objects at Palermo are the numerous boats, and the fine robust forms of the fishermen, who form a corporation some 4000 strong, with a regular organization. Its principal occupation is in the tunny fishery. When the great current from the Atlantic sets in during the months of May, June, and July, vast shoals of the tunny are borne by it to the shores of Sicily: the masses present a broad surface, on which the tide can exert its power, as they swim in bands almost conical in shape, with their deep, wide base turned towards the current.

‘The manner of catching them is similar to that practised by the ancients; large nets are spread out in the shape of a parallelogram, about 1500 feet long, 800 wide, and from 40 to 100 deep, divided into four quadrilateral spaces, called rooms, having channels of communication with one another. These nets are moved east and west,

at about a mile from the shore, across the known route of the fish, with each of the spaces at right angles, and secured vertically by a number of anchors and stones at the bottom, while the upper edge of the net is floated by large logs of the cork-tree, and other light woods. The whole is then connected with the shore by a stout single net of very wide meshes, called "the wall," or by others, *il codardo*, that arrests the progress of the tunny, and induces them to enter the outer room, called *bordonaro*, which is thereupon raised a little and closed by the boatmen on the look out. The fish, alarmed, and seeking to escape, then swim from side to side, and thus enter the next room or *bastardo*, when their retreat is again prevented, and thus successively into the *picolo*, until they finally enter into the fatal part called the *corpo*, or chamber of death. When by these means the chamber is filled, which sometimes occupies two or three days, large flat-floored boats, peculiarly constructed for the purpose, assisted by many smaller ones, close round, and, weighing the net, secure the prey, with harpoons, and another species of sharp hook on a wooden staff that is struck into the head to prevent the fish from floundering, and in the management of which weapon the fishermen display an active dexterity.—*Pictures from Sicily*, p. 185.

The tunny fishery is of great antiquity. Athenæus tells us of the sacrifices established by the fishermen, who, in their solemn oblations to the sovereign of the sea, prayed for protection against the dangers of tempest, and the ravages of the sword-fish which destroyed their nets. It is probably a remnant of this superstition which induces the fisherman still to cast out alive the first prey he catches, with a prayer to his patron saint. Greek and Roman epicures both prized the salted roe of the tunny, which was deemed a delicacy like the modern caviare. To the English taste the flesh is not so palatable as it is to the Palermitans, with whom it forms one of the main articles of food, cut into long strips of from four to eight feet in length.

Superstition in its grossest form among the lower classes, and a practical infidelity among those better educated, are the prevailing modes of thought in Sicily, as on the neighbouring continent. We are indeed assured that the Neapolitans affect to ridicule the superstitions of their island fellow-subjects; and to an English mind there is something supremely absurd in this assumed superiority. For gross ignorance and blind devotion to legendary stories the population of the city of Naples might have been supposed to be unrivalled. But a variety of circumstances have combined to maintain in Sicily an outward show of respect for the relics and other ecclesiastical extravagances of the Romish ritual. Foremost among these is the custom of inducing the younger children of the nobility to become members of the monastic bodies: by this means they

become identified with the whole system, and it is hardly to be expected that they should denounce its impostures, unless influenced by the holiest convictions. The great mass of the upper class have consequently acquiesced, with quiet indifference or disguised contempt, in the established faith, while the lower orders are generally fervent believers, if not fruitful disciples, of the Papacy.

The distinguishing feature of Sicilian worship is its exclusive Mariolatry, and the veneration paid to female saints. Among the more marked instances, the sanctity ascribed to the picture of the Virgin may be quoted. Twice in the year the picture is exposed in its shrine to the public gaze, and after the earnest prayers of the worshippers is seen to shed tears for the wickedness of mankind. The imposture seems to be carried on through the medium of some chemical process; but the petitions of the people are sincerely deemed by many to be the cause of the tear-drops that bedew the face of the sacred image. The capital is under the protection of Santa Rosalia; Catania is guarded by Santa Agatha; Syracuse by Santa Lucia; Messina by the holy Virgin Mother herself.

Nor is this preservation of the names of their patronesses a mere relic of a by-gone age. When the *fête*-day arrives in each city, multitudes throng to the altars, and the population abandons itself to dissipation and devotion. In the capital the *fête* of Santa Rosalia is observed by a triumphal procession to the Monte Pellegrino; the car of the patroness is drawn through the streets by fifty oxen, accompanied by military bands, flying banners, and a host of ecclesiastics, in every variety of sacerdotal finery. It is not easy to estimate what proportion of the throng joining in the spectacle is under the influence of any religious feeling. But what must be the spiritual condition of a people that are either devoid of religious impressions, or in whom they are directed into such a channel! To Protestant minds, too, nothing seems less calculated to excite holy emotion than the incongruous ceremonies with which these saints are honoured, and the childish stories that are gravely related concerning them. As an example we may quote the fact that the dedication of Messina to the Virgin Mary is attributed to the following *historical* circumstance.

When St. Paul arrived at Messina, he was persuaded by its inhabitants to return to Jerusalem, at the head of an embassy from the city to the Virgin Mary. The deputation was favourably received; an autograph letter, written in Hebrew by the Virgin herself, was carried back by the hands of St. Paul, who was also the bearer of a lock of her hair. The letter was lost

during the period of the Saracen occupation; but a monk was fortunate enough in 1467 to discover a *Latin copy of the epistle*, which is still preserved in the treasury of the cathedral; and the lock of hair is guarded as a most sacred relic in one of the chapels near the altar.

While waiting for the opening of the Museum at Catania, the 'Unprotected' ladies were attracted by the cries that resounded near to them. On looking round, they perceived that it was the shrieking of a cock, that was being plucked and opened while living. On expressing their extreme horror at the cruelty of the proceeding, the answer was, that 'it was a work of necessity, a child in the house being ill of fever, which the spell of this ceremony alone could cure.' It is stated that the 'ceremony' is universal through the island.

Side by side with such observances may be ranked the prevailing ignorance with regard to all other creeds. No Protestant is allowed to give instruction in Sicily; indeed, throughout a large portion of Italy, which has been much more accessible to foreign influence, men, well educated on other subjects, constantly display the most complete lack of knowledge with respect to the Protestant faith, and suppose that all who have adopted it are infidels. What the effect will be of increasing information, of contact with Protestants of sincere and enlightened piety, and especially of a comparison of both systems with the inspired Word of God, we may not be able to foresee, but we are not afraid of the issue. The Reformation, which had formerly so strong a hold on Italy, may again recover its influence, if the God of all grace be only pleased to bless the events of the last few months to such an end.

It is not long since we advocated in the pages of this *Review* the cause of Italian independence. We then combated the prevailing cry, that the people of Italy were unfit for political liberty, and alleged such reasons in support of our position as seemed entitled to respect. Yet the boldest maintainer of the rights of the Italians felt cause for deep and serious apprehension in the critical position in which the states were placed after the treaty of Villafranca; whilst on every side were open enemies, or unsympathizing friends, ready to take advantage of any mistakes that should be committed. If during this period the newly-freed people have borne themselves with a dignity beyond our proudest hopes; if their calm, resolute, and self-restrained attitude has merited for them the accomplishment of their desires; the steady sympathy of this country has not failed them for a moment, and the powerful voice of Great Britain has supported in the great council of nations the justice of their

demand to be united to Sardinia. And now, as we write, the arms of Garibaldi have freed Sicily also from the yoke of the tyrant, and we await with confidence the vote of the people to range themselves beneath the sceptre of Victor Emmanuel.

We have already made some allusions to the social condition of the Sicilians. 'The Unprotected' were much pleased with the politeness and attention which they experienced during their sojourn in the island. Without wishing in any way to detract from the kindness of Sicilian gentlemen, we cannot help remarking, that it probably owes its origin to their lack of occupation. In one aspect the march of civilization presents certain features which are far from being pleasing or romantic. Old-fashioned hospitality almost everywhere disappears before the presence of well-regulated hotels; and the courtesy which devotes itself to lionizing strangers without the ceremony of an introduction, is never dreamed of in a country where the ordinary hours of business will hardly suffice for the discharge of the pressing demands upon them. Under Bomba's rule the Sicilian gentleman had no object in life save to get rid of the time which hung heavily upon his hands. A small sum sufficed to supply him with all the luxuries which education or the habits of his order rendered necessary. The pursuit of literary or scientific inquiry was a thing unheard of, save in the instance of some amiable enthusiast. All the avenues open to a man of natural energy and ability in other lands were closed against him. All public employments were conferred upon Neapolitans; and to accept office, if he could have obtained it, was to expose himself to the suspicions of his countrymen; to show ability in its administration would arouse the jealousy of the court. To idle away his time in gossiping at the club, and lounging upon the Marina, to drive out each evening in a well-appointed equipage, and to rid himself of his superfluous income in gambling, made up the routine of daily life. The general level of thought and education of the circle in which he moved, was not such as to arouse him to any intellectual effort. To dally with any stranger, and to learn any news of what was going on in the outer world, even to meet with a person who should express himself differently from one's every-day associates in a country town, was of course a subject of congratulation, of which men so situated would be sure to take advantage.

In such a state of society we shall not be surprised to find bigotry combined with ignorance. Amongst a people so unlettered, the influence of the priests, especially over women, will be in proportion to their mental superiority. Without any great claim to learning, the superior class of ecclesiastics in

Sicily may be expected to be better educated than their lay brethren; and where there is but little experience of men and things, a slight advantage in this respect carries much weight. There seems little reason to doubt, accordingly, that the priests and the Romish system in Sicily have really a powerful hold on a large proportion of the population. One lady, evidently a person of some position, objected to her son's intercourse with our lady travellers, *because they were Protestants*.

The general condition of society is also powerfully influenced by the vast number of 'religious' persons to be found in the towns throughout the island. Monasteries and convents abound to a degree that awakens the astonishment even of visitors fresh from the south of Italy. Long lines of children, dressed even in their childhood in religious garments, meet you in the streets. Monks and priests jostle you in every crowd, whatever be the purpose for which it is assembled, and unseemly as their presence would be regarded in English eyes. Amongst the most eager at the drawing for the lottery, with the gayest at the theatre, or in the public places of assembly, the eye never fails to light on their attire. A crowd of low-born and ill-conditioned friars throng the island,—some of whom will not hesitate to perform any menial service, will carry your carpet-bag, beg money from your hands, or even (so we are informed) filch it from your purse. Besides the members of the sacerdotal order who meet you in the chief cities of Sicily, they have separate conventual establishments in the country; and certain smaller towns seem to be exclusively devoted to them.

Side by side with such a plethora of the priesthood, there is always to be found a swarm of beggars. In so warm a climate life demands but little nourishment for its bare maintenance; and the natural indolence thus induced is greatly promoted by the dole distributed at the convent or monastery. To whatever cause the fact may be attributed, there would seem to be some natural connexion between Popery and beggary, and the two flourish together in Sicily with all the strength of union. The accounts of most travellers, however, agree in a more favourable estimate of the rural population. Though rude and ignorant, they are not deficient in many good qualities; and the simple gaiety of their festal days sometimes provokes comparisons that are unfavourable to English habits. Mr. Bartlett gives the following brief account of a *fête* at Giardini.

'We found this little town, which consists of one long street lining the sea, and crouching at the foot of lofty heights, amidst all the excitement of a *festa*. The inn was so crowded that with difficulty we obtained a room with a table and two trestle-beds, and a balcony

overlooking the street, and in which we took post to survey the humours of the scene. And a very pleasing scene it was too, contrasting very favourably with the drunkenness and riot of an English wake. The whole population, gentle and simple, fishermen and fisher-wives, turned out in their holiday attire, all the women wearing some ornament which seemed to have descended as an heir-loom from generation to generation. On meeting their friends and neighbours, they saluted them with an affectionate kiss, and entered into conversation. We were much amused with the airs of a few would-be dandies, most execrably dressed, invested in white kids, and carrying gold-headed canes. There was an air of genuine enjoyment spread over the scene. Across the street were suspended a considerable number of variegated lamps, a *chef-d'œuvre* of nautical art, with a large model of a ship,—the work of some gifted fisherman. After dark began the real business of the *festa*. Bands of music struck up, there were discharges of musketry, the streets were illuminated, and the great ship being suddenly set on fire created an immense sensation; bonfires blazed, rockets were thrown up: and all in honour of some saint, whose name has quite escaped my treacherous memory.—*Pictures from Sicily*, pp. 84, 85.

But beneath all this gaiety there exists a vast amount of squalid wretchedness; and those who are thus easily pleased with the trifles of a show, are stirred up with almost equal readiness to the use of the knife in the moment of passion.

It would be pleasing to turn from this account of Sicily as it is, in order to draw a picture of Sicily as it may be under a free and enlightened system of administration; but our speculations are cut short by the recollection of the unlooked-for issues that have resulted from former events in the same island. The recent passage of Garibaldi across the Straits of Messina is but the last link in a long chain of histories, each of which has had its influence upon the fortune of Sicily. It would be hard to find an arm of the sea that has witnessed so much. 'Through it the Greek colonists sailed to Cumæ. Alcibiades stood across it in his galley to plead the cause of Athens in the Agora of Messina. On its shore the Romans landed, nominally to aid the Mamertines, really to anticipate the Carthaginian invasion of Italy. By it Verres stored up his plunder: up it St. Paul sailed to Puteoli, in the "Castor and Pollux." Alaric attempted to cross it, but was foiled by a storm in this, the last enterprise which he undertook before the waters of Busentinus closed over his schemes of conquest. Count Roger, under the guidance of a more fortunate star, came over it to win a kingdom. Cœur de Lion, landing on its shores, eclipsed by his magnificence his liege lord and ally. In the city below he hoisted his flag, and there, too, he submitted to penance for his presumption. There

he listened to the apocalyptic dreams of the Abbot Joachim, and thence he sailed for the ports of sunny Cyprus, and the Holy Land. There Charles of Anjou received the ambassadors of Peter of Aragon, biting his sceptre with impotent rage. Hence, too, in later days, Don John sailed to conquer at Lepanto, and Nelson to conquer at the Nile;* whilst in our own days the same Straits have witnessed the bombardment of Messina, and the successful landing of Garibaldi's victorious troops for the siege of Reggio.

We must draw our remarks to a close, although we have left many points untouched that are well worthy of notice. In the present juncture of affairs the public mind is concentrated on the political future of Sicily. Much has been already effected, much more than the most sanguine friends of liberty could have anticipated. But whilst there are abundant causes for rejoicing over the past, all thoughtful men can perceive that there are also ample reasons for grave anxiety about the future. It is far easier to overturn a contemptible and cruel despot than to build up a system of representative government in the midst of a people unused to freedom, and excited by the rapidity of the changes they have experienced. In our own land the way to liberty was gradually won by a people who were well grounded in the precepts of the Gospel, and whose principles were leavened by the circulation of God's word; and their indirect influence has been even stronger than that which is distinctly traceable. We trust that no efforts will be spared by those who value the truth in this country to disseminate the Bible throughout Sicily. Its study will be the best agency for the promotion of those virtues which render men capable and worthy of liberty.

ART. VII.—*A History of England during the Reign of George the Third.* By WILLIAM MASSEY, M.P. Vols. I. to III. London: J. W. Parker and Son. 1855–60.

WE hold with Pope, but in a far wider sense, that 'the proper study of mankind is man;' and we venture to think that to that study are wedded full as much interest, quite as healthful occupation for the mind, and vastly more practical results, than to the pursuit, dissection, or classification of birds, beasts, fishes, or plants, ancient or contemporaneous. Far be it from us to endeavour to deter our patient readers from the favourite occu-

* *Grant Duff's Sicily.*

pation of their leisure hours, whether it be the collecting and grouping of the graceful fronds of the fern family, the careful conveying of the curious zoophyte, the unearthing of the secrets of the soil, or the accurate conjointing of the nodes of a *Plesiosaurus*. Such pursuits, in common with studies of more sterling importance, should raise the soul in devout adoration to the one great Maker who has studded the earth with varied millions of curious mechanisms,—the one wondrous Governor who has adapted with profoundest skill the movements alike of the mightiest nation and of the poorest peasant to the fulfilment of His great design,—glory to God, and happiness to man.

But, in the present day especially, it is far more necessary that attention should be devoted to the study of man, public and private,—not merely in the fleeting paragraphs of the newspaper, but also in the more permanent records of history and biography,—than to the marvels of physical discovery. We have in this country a sufficiently strong force of professional philosophers, who think it incalculably more important to dredge our coasts for some new variety of seaweed or periwinkle, than to knock a hole in the keel of the first French man-of-war that should steam up the Thames, or dash at our dockyards. We have plenty of those wise men who hold Government to lie under much greater obligation to give handsome grants for watching an eclipse, or calculating the eccentricity of a comet's orbit, than to raise the wretched, protect the helpless, and stay the ferment of discontent by wise laws and benevolent administration. These enthusiasts may safely be left for a few years to the discovery and collation of their imperfect 'facts,' and to the ventilation and demolition of each other's hasty theories. Now, if ever, the attention of every manly thinker should be directed to politics in their minutest particulars and widest scope.

We have often to regret that our rulers are behind the times: they seem to fancy that the kingdom is still dozing in the religious indifference of the last century, and that to the majority of the nation it is all one whether Popery and infidelity prevail, or not. We know that they are wrong, absurdly wrong: we see vital religion pressing its way on every side,—re-animating dead Churches, checking the flippant pens of venal journalists, striking out a thousand novel forms of practical benevolence, and giving us in army and navy a host of true and tried defenders. But who is to blame that our legislation changes but from the hands of this jaunty joker to those of that sporting nonchalant, and back again?—that, as a general rule, the law-making assembly of the most thoroughly Christianized people on earth is as slow in the production of any good and needful

measure as that of our most irreligious neighbours? Private Christians are much to blame for this. In fact, their religion is too private by half. In their love of a quiet and harmless routine, they too often forget that they are leaving the government of the parish, and, still worse, the care of the poor and friendless, in the hands of publicans and tax-gatherers,—the two classes specially unfitted for it,—and the government of the nation in the hands of men who will yield anything to the noisy, but who ignore, as long as they can, the opinions of those whose disciplined minds and thorough knowledge of actual life entitle them to be heard first on every topic of legislation. We do not forget the much-vaunted ‘force of public opinion;’ but, for the expression of this we are too dependent on such abnormal means as special meetings and petitions, which, though they may occasionally, at the eleventh hour, stop a bad measure from passing into law, are powerless to initiate or guide a course of policy.

Why should not a good man, in the middle ranks, who is prospering in business, sacrifice a little money by bringing up a son specially for public life,—teaching him to mark God’s footsteps in his country’s story, and practising him in the enunciation of those sentiments of patriotism which are harboured in the breast of almost every Englishman, but are seldom allowed fitting utterance? If this were the case, we should not in our House of Commons labour under such a plague of flies,—busy, bustling lawyers, who fritter away the time of the nation in battering and tinkering their own vague enactments,—dumb millionnaires and stolid squires, who can only vote with their party, and from whom a sensible speech would as much astonish the public as that of Balaam’s ass did its rider,—loose-principled, dandified loungers, who regard the House as their club, the premier as their buffoon, and the nation as their footman. A Buxton or a Kinnaird would not then want a host to support them in free and fair debate; and the people’s chamber would not so often submit to be bullied by a few impudent Romanists.

In order, however, to any material improvement of the House of Commons by the infusion of new blood, Christian men must not content themselves with merely reading the news of the morning, and taking the *dicta* of the ‘leaders’ as indisputable. They must study the history of the country for themselves, and spend some pains, too, in getting at least a general knowledge of the antecedents of neighbouring nations. The outlines which were sketched on the memory in boyhood must be re-touched, and their bareness must be covered with much thoughtful reading. And let there be no fear that these revived studies will interfere with more strictly religious pursuits: on the contrary,

the former will lend fresh zest to the latter. The enjoyment, for instance, of a missionary meeting, home or foreign, will be heightened by a more accurate knowledge of the present condition and past history of our own and other lands; and prayer for France and Germany and Italy will lose no whit of its power when the intelligent and well-stored mind points and particularizes the desires of the warm and loving heart.

But where are the histories of our own country which deserve such special study? They are but few, and have manifold imperfections. Our greatest historian is just departed, leaving but a few years of his country's story fully told; and as years pass away without furnishing his rightful successor, even his detractors will be forced to admit the merits which they refused to discern while he was yet alive. We look around in vain for a writer who unites Macaulay's completeness of knowledge and fascination of style. Who of living men could, in a few pages, that read with more than the charm of a romance, give us the marrow and fatness of scores of mouldy pamphlets on both sides of some ancient controversy? and that, too, with such fairness, that the lineal descendants of the combatants can detect no flaw in the presentation of their ancestral reasoning? However, if, as to more recent portions of our history, we cannot command the golden *stylus* of a Macaulay, let us be thankful for the laborious quill of a Stanhope, or the gentlemanly pencil of a Massey.

It is not very easy to realize, with any approach to exactness, the state of England at the accession of George III. We might, it is true, make a coarse sketch of the manners and customs of our great-grandfathers, drawn from the pictures of Hogarth, the satires of Churchill and Wolcott, and the novels of Fielding and Smollett. We might paint all the squires as boozing fools, all the clergymen as cringing hypocrites, and all the politicians as villains who well deserved hanging. But such a delineation would be about as just and as near the truth as the appreciation of our own times by posterity will be, if they take their notions of us merely from the caricatures in *Punch*, or from those elaborate portraits of blacklegs and flunkies on which Mr. Thackeray unfortunately delights to spend his noble powers. Even the newspapers and magazines of the Georgian era are scarcely a sufficient index of the state of manners and morals: for, though they are blemished with many a crime and impropriety, yet there is not to be found in them anything which exceeds the horrors and obscenities which have disfigured our daily papers during the last few years, in their minute details of certain

causes célèbres. Then, as must always be the case, the pure and even course of true English family life found but scant celebration from public journalists; whose profession, indeed, is principally occupied with what is out of joint and requires setting straight. If all went right, and nobody were doing anything worse than bottling gooseberries, we might almost dispense with the services of our diligent daily chroniclers.

Again: as to the outward appearance of England a hundred years ago. We must not allow ourselves to suppose that it was one wild expanse of furzy heath and tangled brushwood. On the contrary, it is more than probable that—spite of the manifold enclosures and improvements of common land, spite of the laying out of new parks and pleasure-grounds, the extensive planting of noble trees, and the naturalization of a thousand beautiful exotics—our country was ten times more lovely then than it is now. The unbroken stretch of landscape was far greater, the hedges were more gloriously luxuriant, the villages snugger and quainter, and the farm-houses more irregular and picturesque, than in our iron age of economy. London itself, instead of covering whole counties with its wilderness of bricks, was then of modest dimensions, hemmed in with a chain of fields which separated it from such little hamlets as Islington, Hoxton, and Stepney. What are now large manufacturing towns, were as yet little more than overgrown villages, skirted by sweet pastures and shady lanes, and intersected by pure brook or fish-fall river,—too soon, alas! to be dyed to a poisonous and unseemly black.

But when every allowance is made, and every caution against exaggeration is duly observed, it still is very evident that—in its moral aspect, at all events—a mighty change for the better has passed over this land of ours. In the large towns, for instance, and pre-eminently in London, a hundred years ago, no female could walk the streets by herself, even in broad daylight, without great danger of receiving the grossest insults,—and that not so much at the hand of some brawny porter or lusty waterman, as from those who enjoyed the title of ‘gentlemen.’ When evening closed in upon the narrow straggling thoroughfares, happy was the man who had no call to go about on foot: for, what with the twinkling uncertainty of the oil-lamps, the ruddy ruggedness of the cobble-stone pavement, and the exceeding drowsiness of the watchmen, he would run a fair risk of tumbling headlong down a flight of unguarded cellar-steps, being knocked on the head by highwaymen, or coming off with cropped ears and slit nose from the delicate attentions of some bright bevy of titled worthies, who were infected with as strong a rage for leaving each his

cowardly mark on 'the human face divine,' as that which possesses a pair of rustic lovers for 'carving' their 'passion on the bark' of some old oak, or cutting the full dimensions of their four feet on the leads of some old hall or tower. A curious illustration of a happily extinct freedom of manners may be found in the fact, that even as late as the end of the last century it was a favourite amusement in 'well regulated' families for a party of ladies and gentlemen to seat themselves at the top of a broad staircase, and, amidst uproarious merriment, to shuffle and flounder and roll themselves down the steps, careless alike of dress and decorum.

So marked was the deterioration of public security in 1753, that it was thought necessary to call attention to the matter in the King's speech at the opening of Parliament, in a passage which declared that 'it was with the utmost regret he observed that the crimes of robbery and murder were of late rather increased than diminished.' The state of the prisons was still abominable; for Howard, at the period we are treating of, had as yet scarcely begun his tour of mercy, having himself but recently been delivered from that sharp taste of bondage which gave him to his life's end such a blessed fellow-feeling with 'all prisoners and captives.' We may form some idea of the barbarous punishments which were still in force, when we find that not only were the ducking-stool and the pillory in frequent request, but in 1765 a servant girl of eighteen was judicially *burnt to death* for the murder of her mistress.

No feature of the times is more characteristic than the election rows and riots. As a general rule, the middle classes did not and could not choose their so-called representatives. A court nominee, or the aspiring, and sometimes talented, protégé of a nobleman, had the best chance of winning the day, and the questionable enjoyment of being carried aloft in a chair on the shoulders of a posse of drunken but 'true-blue' electors. The popular part in the exercise of the franchise consisted in killing the tedium of the many days' polling by fierce skirmishes with the mob of the opposite colours, skilful manœuvres to waylay, kidnap, and intoxicate or imprison obnoxious voters, and promiscuous pelting of all who had the misfortune to appear on the hustings. This, however, was merely an elephantine gambol. The affair became more serious when, for want of the safety-valve provided by subsequent legislation, the body politic burst into riots, and London or Leeds wore for days the ghastly aspect of a city in revolution.

The state of religion was unquestionably low and languishing.

Alike in the Establishment and among the Dissenters, Arianism and its natural ally Deism had abundance of adherents. The Church parson in country parts lived, generally, the life of a farmer and sportsman,—stacking his wheat, following the hounds, and taking particular notice of the pigs of his parishioners. In towns the clergyman usually passed a good deal of his time at card-tables, talked scandal at very miscellaneous tea-parties, and acted as lacquey at the breakfast-in-bed of any fashionable lady who chose to patronize him. Should, however, some itinerant Evangelist chance to trespass within the bounds of his parish or ‘cure of souls,’ then, in town or in country, all his priestly energies were aroused to full muscular vitality, and, to preserve his flock from the contagion of Gospel preaching, he would bribe the mob with pots of beer, to pelt the intruder with stones none of the smallest, or to souse him in the nearest horsepond. The average Dissenting minister was of a quieter turn,—dabbled in scientific experiments, wrote essays in the dull periodicals of the day, and with gentle voice and cautious manner delivered from the pulpit exceedingly watery moral treatises to a very select and sleepy congregation.

There were, however,—fortunately for this kingdom and for the world,—a few men of another spirit, whose mighty zeal and unrelaxing efforts were already telling powerfully upon the masses of the people. First and foremost was the great Reformer of the eighteenth century,—John Wesley, a man of sincerest piety, of undaunted courage, and of such varied talent and active habits as would have insured him signal success in any profession to which he might have devoted himself. His Journals—charming in style and rich in matter—show us what place he might have taken in secular literature, if he had cared to leave the pulpit for the pen; his keen eye, plenitude of resource, and undaunted spirit would have fitted him to be the great engineer or sanatory reformer of the age; and his sound judgment and peculiar ability in government might have saved to England her American Colonies, spite of the sturdy stupidity of the monarch, and the sullen stubbornness of the minister. But by devoting himself to that honourable work to which God had specially called him, he was doing more for the England of that day and of our day than if he had beaten a Johnson or a Gray on their own ground, or had eclipsed the fame of a Walpole or a Pitt in the management of public affairs.

But he, though a host in himself, was not alone. Besides his brother Charles, the hymnist of the century and of all future time, there was the fiery Whitefield, whose thrilling eloquence told with lasting effect on many a mighty multitude.

True, for want of the system and order of his co-Evangelist, he left behind him but few tangible results in separate and substantial churches and congregations: yet imperishable traces of his ministry may be found in the national life of England and of America. And let us not forget that 'honourable woman,' Lady Huntingdon, who, with many faults of temper and much frailty of judgment, was used by Divine Providence as the centre and mainspring of much good in high life and low, both within and beyond the boundaries of the Establishment.

So, in counteraction of the pestilence that was fostered in 'Beer Street' and 'Gin Lane,' in stern opposition to the flaunting vice of Ranelagh and Vauxhall, and in warm sympathy with whatever was sound and wholesome in the clerical and political worlds, there grew up a mighty influence, which, in its ameliorating effects upon the nation, cannot be ignored by the historian, however he may profess to sigh for the rough jollities and loose morality of a hundred years ago. Early in the winter morning, there might then be seen, trudging through the mud of Moorfields or the rugged lanes of Kingswood, many a poor wayfarer who had been rescued from the bull-ring or the cock-pit, or still worse haunts of vice, and who was picking his darksome road to some plain factory-like building, where a preacher in earnest would endeavour to enlighten and cheer his newly awakened soul. At mid-day, on the wild moors of Cornwall might often be found a crowd of anxious faces upturned to the weather-beaten Evangelist, who, perched on some gray rock, was warning his hearers to flee from the wrath to come. And at night, in many an upper room of the large towns of England, might be discovered goodly companies of holy men and women, gathered together to unite in fervent prayer and the artless relation of Christian experience.

The times of which we are writing have not generally been accounted the very brightest period of English literature. Still they could boast a fair share of poets and prose-writers of more than common ability. At the head of these stands the burly figure of sturdy Samuel Johnson, who, at the death of George II., was advanced in years, and had won his laurels in various fields of authorship. Many years before,—having demonstrated his industry by undergoing the drudgeries of magazine work, and his strength of imagination by inventing reports of parliamentary debates, which probably, in many instances, surpassed the real ones in oratoric power,—he had stamped himself a sterling poet by his *London* and *Vanity of human Wishes*. The *Rambler*, and more recently the *Idler*, had proved his talent as an essayist ;

and his great *Dictionary*—which, notwithstanding the rapid advance of linguistic science since his day, must, from its racy explanations and rich illustrations, ever hold prime rank as an English classic—had borne lasting witness to the extent and variety of his reading. Poor Goldsmith had returned from his continental ramblings, and, struggling with debt and difficulty, had enlightened the world with his *Inquiry into the present State of Polite Literature in Europe*, but had yet to produce those exquisite pieces, *The Traveller* and *The Deserted Village*, with the never-to-be-forgotten *Vicar of Wakefield*. Gray had published his celebrated *Elegy*, and some other poems, a few years before; and, having declined the honours of the laureateship, had not as yet been successful in gaining the suitable post of Professor of Modern History at Cambridge. Young was still alive; and, though verging on fourscore, soon afterwards obtained a tardy piece of preferment, in being made Clerk of the Closet to the Princess Dowager of Wales. Cowper, as yet undistinguished, was enjoying the dangerous society of his friends of the Nonsense Club, and contributing occasional papers to the *Connoisseur* and the *St. James's Chronicle*, whilst his little patrimony was fast sinking away, and the deepest depression was about to overwhelm his soul for a season. Churchill—a man of Drydenic strength of utterance—was now busy in his attendance at the theatres, in order to produce the *Rosciad*; a poem in the reception of which we have a gauge of the taste of the reading public of that day; for it at once attained a popularity which had been denied to the finest productions of Gray and Akenside, while poor Collins's choice *Odes* lay buried in dust and neglect in the warehouse of their publisher. Hume had already published the greater part of his history of England; and Robertson had just won wealth and fame by his history of Scotland.

The men of that day seem to have been afraid neither of a large book nor of a long one. Poets published in portly quarto, and in a good bold type, which by contrast appears doubly pleasant to the jaded eyes of this small-print-and-many-columned generation. The booksellers, too,—worthy men!—were not afraid of a work in a score or two of volumes. In fact, as country gentlemen and retiring tradesmen often ordered their libraries by the yard,—the genus is not yet quite extinct,—it was convenient to have a good series of substantial volumes that would fill a handsome shelf with a regiment of gay uniforms. Of such a class was the *Universal History*, which was completed about the year 1766, and ran through some twenty-one tomes of ancient, and forty-four of modern, history. Its compilers were as curiously assorted as the nations whom they

undertook to immortalize: for among them are found the names of George Sale, Archibald Bower, and George Psalmanazar,—a notable trio,—joined with a few more respectable hacks, and headed by one man of genius,—the facile Goldsmith, who received, for his preface to the whole work, the munificent sum of *three guineas*.

It was also an age of magazines and reviews; but though these *passe-temps* were then in the very spring of their days, we cannot affirm that they are redolent with remarkable sweetness or freshness. Let us take the most ancient of them,—the old *Gentleman's Magazine*,—and examine the bill of fare for October, 1760. We find its first and leading article to be a jumble of details and opinions as to the murder of a young female in very doubtful company; followed, amongst other things, by remarks on the precariousness of health in old men, on Handel's Memoirs, on the skeleton of an alligator,—with a recipe, modestly asserted to be 'next to infallible,' for the ague, —an account (by Johnson) of 'a defence' of Mary Queen of Scots, (Tytler's, we may presume; but our forefathers were fond of a little mystery,)—a memorial of the King of Poland,—a letter about a wonderful yew-tree,—an account of the taking of Montreal,—communications on the staple topic of mad dogs,—a dialogue respecting Hervey's works,—an epitome of the *Philosophical Transactions*, &c., &c.; this curious farrago being completed with some tawdry verses on ladies bathing at Margate, &c., and the usual Historical Chronicle and Lists. The tendency of the whole can scarcely have been to edification; but the Magazine was evidently got up on the principle which actuates so many editors of our own enlightened times,—to try to suit every palate; and palates then were not of the very nicest.

In the scanty enumeration of authors which we have given above, many names of mark are omitted; but it will serve to show that the republic of letters was even then cheered by the splendour of not a few choice luminaries,—some just visible above the horizon, some at the zenith of their powers and fame, and some rapidly descending to the darkness of death. The brilliancy of many of these, it is true, has been overpowered and eclipsed to our view by those 'bright particular' stars whose rise may be dated from the era of the French Revolution, when the terrible excitement of the times caused our fathers to shake off much of the stagnation from their lives and of the powder from their hair, and roused into mighty expression the genius latent in men who would otherwise have been 'mute' and 'inglorious.' But, though our forefathers had to put up with newspapers of a very inferior quality,—with exceedingly prosy works of fiction, whose

dulness was not always compensated by purity of morals,—with wretched woodcuts and miserably daubed caricatures,—and with maps in which vigour of imagination is more apparent than any near approach to accuracy; yet, then as now, England took high literary rank among the nations. The brightest era of French literature was already past, and poetry was being superseded by treatises on government and political economy; Italy was almost dumb, and Germany was but just finding her tongue; so that a people who could boast of a Johnson and a Goldsmith, a Young and a Gray, needed not to fear comparison with any folk in Europe.

In the fine arts, two thorough masters of their craft were now exercising their highest skill,—William Hogarth, the great father of caricature, in its most telling and instructive effects; and Joshua Reynolds, the founder of the English school of portraiture, and the friend and host of Johnson and Burke and many another man of genius. In music, too, England had honoured herself by honouring and adopting Handel, and by giving his bones a resting-place in Westminster Abbey; and Arne and Boyce were showing, in friendly rivalry and differing styles of composition, that our own home-born Purcell was not without some worthy successors.

Statesmanship, one hundred years ago, was not of the purest quality. The House of Commons, though it then contained a greater number of able politicians and brilliant speakers than it does now, was a thoroughly venal assembly. Almost every member had his price; and most of them were paid it by that shuffling old jobber, the Duke of Newcastle; in whose hands, and in those of a few congenial peers, lay the principal part of the representation. Indeed, so carefully were all the avenues to Parliament closed against candidates obnoxious to the Duke, that, on Pitt's accession to office in 1757, he, the one true statesman of the day, had great difficulty in getting returned for any place. It was, therefore, a convenient, though strange, conjunction, when the Great Commoner took office in alliance with this notorious paymaster of Parliament. For, while the latter kept the purse and the boroughs, and made up majorities to order, the former had, for a few years, free scope for his daring genius, and, by virtue of his colleague's whipping and coaxing, could lead anywhere the House which, so long as he sat on the penniless bench of opposition, had remained unmoved by his most impassioned declamation.

Mr. Massey does ample justice to the character and talents of the great minister, to whose undaunted courage and con-

tagious energy England owed as well the renovated activity and glorious successes of her forces by sea and by land, which brightened the latter days of George the Second's reign,—as the resumption of her rightful place as a first-rate power, which had been won for her, once and again, by Elizabeth, and Cromwell, and William III., and had been lost by the dissolute race of Stuarts and the blundering House of Hanover.

The following extract, however, will serve to show that, with all his admiration of Pitt, Mr. Massey is fully alive to the defects which preserved this eminent man from any danger of being regarded by his untoward contemporaries as that perfect example of a statesman, of which they stood in so much need.

'Pitt's character had many faults, and one above all, which is hardly consistent with true greatness. A vile affectation pervaded his whole conduct, and marred his real virtues. Contempt of self was one of the traits which distinguished him in a corrupt and venal age. But not content with foregoing official perquisites which would have made his fortune, and appropriating only the salary which was his due, he must go down to the House of Commons and vaunt in tragic style how "those hands were clean." On resigning office after his first great administration, he could not retire with his fame, but must convert a situation full of dignity and interest into a vulgar scene by the ostentatious sale of his state equipages.

'Sometimes, to produce an effect, he would seclude himself from public business, giving rare audience to a colleague, or some dignified emissary of the Court. Then, after due attendance, the doors were thrown open, and the visitor was ushered into a chamber, carefully prepared, where the Great Commoner himself sat with the robe of sickness artfully disposed around him. Occasionally, after a long absence, he would go down to the House in an imposing panoply of gout, make a great speech, and withdraw.

'At a later period, he affected almost regal state. His colleagues in office, including members of the great nobility, were expected to wait upon him; at one time he did not even deign to grant them audience, and went so far as to talk of communicating his policy to the House of Commons through a special agent of his own, unconnected with the responsible Government. The under-secretaries of his department, men of considerable official position, and sometimes proximate ministers, were expected to remain standing in his presence. When he went abroad, he was attended by a great retinue; when he stopped at an inn, he required all the servants of the establishment to wear his livery.

'Yet all this pride tumbled into the dust before royalty. His reverence for the sovereign was Oriental rather than English. After every allowance for the exaggeration of his style, it is still unpleasant to witness the self-abasement of such a spirit before George the Second

and his successor. "The weight of irremovable royal displeasure," said he, "is a load too great to move under; it must crush any man; it has sunk and broke me. I succumb, and wish for nothing but a decent and innocent retreat." At the time when Pitt indicted these shameful words, he was the most considerable man in England, and on the eve of an administration that carried the power and glory of England to a height which it had never approached since the days of the Protector.—*Massey's History*, vol. i., pp. 7-9.

The tradition of the wonderful oratory and perfect gesture of this able statesman seems entirely to overshadow the fame of more recent parliamentary speakers. Indeed, it has often been a question in our own day, whether we, as a people, are as susceptible of the influence of eloquence as our predecessors were. Our own conviction is, that we are even more so; and that a really good orator is listened to with as much delight, and excites as much enthusiasm, as at any former period of our history. Such we believe to be the case even in the present matter-of-fact House of Commons; and we are glad to find ourselves confirmed in this opinion, to a certain extent, by Mr. Massey's long experience in that assembly.

'Many persons, both in and out of Parliament, disgusted at this waste of time in useless oratory, are inclined to regard debate altogether as an obstruction to public business. No man's vote, it is said, was ever affected by a speech, nor is the result of a division ever calculated upon the course of a debate. But even if both of these propositions are admitted, it does not follow that the practice of debating should be dispensed with in the British Parliament. The debates of both Houses are eagerly read throughout the country; and many a speech which nobody listened to but a reporter, is perused by thousands out of doors. The speeches of those members who derive authority from office, or from their general reputation, are sure to be considered and canvassed by the public with the greatest attention and interest. From the consideration of the parliamentary debates by every class of the community, giving rise as they do to innumerable other debates in every haunt of business or pleasure—in every club, at every market-room, at the dinner-table, in the ball-room; in the beer-shop, at the cover side, at the corners of the street, in every family circle—from this manifold discussion, public opinion is to a great extent formed, and re-acts upon Parliament itself. It is not true, however, that debate does not immediately influence the vote. Even on occasions when the fate of a Cabinet is to be decided, and each party musters all its strength, some stragglers there are who address themselves only to the merits of the particular question upon which the battle is fought, and reserve their decision until they have heard the arguments on either side. These uncertain votes frequently turn the scale. The general business of Parliament is materially

affected by the course of debate, and frequently by particular speeches.* This independent action of the House of Commons, which is of recent growth, is to be attributed mainly to the increased freedom and purity of election. A member who is returned by the nomination of one or more great proprietors follows, as of course, his party or his patron. A man who has purchased his seat has commonly some personal object in view, and can be accounted for accordingly in an estimate of the effective strength of a Government or an Opposition. But the representative who has been chosen by fair and open election is seldom attached to either party; and, except, perhaps, on some cardinal points, is free and willing to act as his own judgment, or any accidental influence, may direct him.'—Vol. i., pp. 550–552.

These extracts will serve as samples of Mr. Massey's style. Any examination of his views as to the character of George III., and his narrative of the events of his long reign, must be left for a future opportunity. Our object has been simply to present a slight sketch of the state of England at the accession of that monarch, when Quebec had been taken, Conflans's fleet had been demolished, the great Pitt was in power; when religion was reviving, literature improving, and a more active phase of manufacturing energy and invention was beginning to dawn. We shall therefore content ourselves by saying, that though we differ from Mr. Massey on many points, (as, indeed, he often differs from himself,) he has our hearty thanks for these instalments of a work which we trust he will be spared to finish; evincing as they do a statesmanlike breadth of thought and freedom from party prejudice, which might scarcely have been anticipated in one who has mingled much in the political combats of the day. We commend his volumes to the attention of the student and the politician: but at the same time we advise every young man who has access to a well stored library, or who has the opportunity of forming a collection of books in accordance with his own tastes, to search out the isolated facts of our history from old files of newspapers and batches of magazines, from the lumber of the bookstalls and the superannuated volumes of the topmost shelf,—to classify them and reason on them for himself, aided by the illustrative reminiscences of aged friends,—and so to gain a more accurate and permanent notion of the growth and vicissitudes of this kingdom than can be acquired in any other way.

* 'Among numerous instances which have fallen under my own observation, during my short experience of Parliament, I may mention Lord Hotham's Bill for disqualifying persons holding certain judicial offices for seats in the House of Commons. The Bill was carried through its first stage by a considerable majority, notwithstanding the opposition of the Government. But on the second reading the Bill was rejected by a majority as decisive. This result was entirely owing to a speech from Mr. Macaulay. No attempt was made by the supporters of the Bill to answer his argument; and its effect was manifest in the division which almost immediately ensued.'

ART. VIII.—*Life of the Rev. Thomas Coke, D.C.L.* By J. W. ETHERIDGE, Doctor in Philosophy. London: John Mason. 1860.

BARTHOLOMEW COKE, Mayor of Brecon, and his wife Anne, a worthy couple, with some fear of God, and much good will to their neighbours, passed their days in the midst of plenty and respect. Death had twice carried away promising sons, and cast the shade of probable childlessness upon their prosperous home. Therefore special welcome hailed a boy who was born on the 9th of October, 1747, and his grateful parents early dedicated him to the office of the Christian ministry. He grew up a short, bright-looking boy, with black hair and cherry cheeks; and ran the course which Dr. Etheridge has related in the pleasant biography before us, which we may venture to say will be a long-lived book.

He was early placed at the old college at Brecon, a foundation the purpose of which is well expressed in the quaint words, 'For preaching and teaching, and good literature, and dedication of youth.' Here his studies were carried on until he had reached his sixteenth year. At that age his father carried him, for the first time, beyond the Welsh hills, across the English plains, to the banks of the Isis; where, having established him among a number of his countrymen, at Jesus College, as a gentleman commoner, he left him to emulate the honours of the university, and to run its risks. The latter are never light, but at that time were indeed heavy. The picture of the moral condition of Oxford then, drawn by Dr. Etheridge, is really frightful; for dissoluteness of manners raged equally among undergraduates and superiors, and was kept in countenance by prevalent infidelity. 'In the instance of many a young man,' says Dr. Etheridge, 'who has commenced his university course with the noblest tendencies, vice, in the disguise of pleasure, has met him in the way, and destroyed, by her unholy spells, those hopeful yearnings after the beautiful and the true, and changed the aspirant for whatsoever things are lovely and of good report into the wavering imbecile or the reckless reprobate.' Solicited by vice and assailed by infidelity, young Coke frequently reeled on the brink of precipices, once over which he, probably, would never have recovered; but an unseen power held him back, raising in his heart remonstrances that availed to save him from the extremes of evil. The mental struggle, as to whether his mother's cherished faith was a fable or a revelation, was long and painful. During its progress, on one of his visits home,

he spent a Sunday with a clerical friend, and heard him preach an able and impressive sermon, which warmed the heart of the young doubter, and raised the feeling that at last he had found one to whom he could confide his thoughts; but his statement was listened to with a sardonic smile, and met by a frank avowal, that his friend believed nothing of what he had been preaching! This caused a revulsion in his own ingenuous mind, as he felt that infidelity taught this man publicly, and without shame, to play the part of a hypocrite. On his return to Oxford he fell earnestly to the study of works on the Christian evidences, and by degrees the clouds which had hung about his mind broke away, and he emerged into a clear conviction that the Gospel was indeed the revelation of God's will and mercy to man; and thenceforward he undertook a student's work, and stuck to it: read hard, graduated, and returned home at the age of twenty-one.

Between his college course, and the duties of the ministry, a period of practical training in the business of life intervened. Young as he was, the partiality of his townsmen raised him to the position of mayor, often filled by his father; and in the discharge of its duties he acquired habits of attention to business, which proved of much service to him in after-life. It also gave him the opportunity of materially serving the interests of an influential man during an election; and, in return, he received the promise of a prebendal stall at Worcester. Finding, however, that he would probably have to wait long for the fulfilment of the promise of his parliamentary friend, he saw that he must either purchase a living, or take the ordinary course, through the working pathway of a curate. His fortune would have enabled him easily to do the former; but his feelings rose against it, as a proceeding that he could not distinguish from simony. Therefore he sought a curacy, and, finding one at Road in Somersetshire, presented himself for ordination: but at this solemn crisis his mind was 'fluctuating and uneasy;' shadows passed across it which chilled him with a deep feeling of the responsibility of the work he was about to undertake, and a misgiving that all was not right in his own soul. He was on the point of proclaiming the Saviour to other men, and of that Saviour he felt that he had no real or regenerating knowledge. In this agitated state he knelt down to receive upon his head the Church's solemn seal to his vows, and her commission. He arose with that commission in his hand, the accredited minister of the Church; but feeling that to be the ambassador of God, he yet wanted 'the sun-spark of celestial life.'

How long he worked at Road we are not informed by the

biographer; but we presently find him transferred to another parish in the same county,—South Petherton,—a farmer in which contends that he is the proprietor of the best field in the world; and throws his argument into the form that logicians call a *sorites*, the conclusion of which is incontestable, if the premises be granted. ‘England,’ he says, ‘is the best country in the world: Somerset is the best county in England, Petherton the best parish in Somerset, and my field the best field in the parish: therefore, my field is the best field in the world.’ In this fertile region Coke went to labour. He was no hireling, but honestly desired to do good, feeling, however, that he did not know how, and that his own soul needed to be taught as much as those of the people who looked to him for teaching. He read, in order to find matter for his sermons; and became more and more impressed with the truths and beauties which Christianity opened to his view. At last came the great crisis, when, no longer able to unburden his soul by reading, in private, the forms of devotion which had hitherto been his solace, he came to the point of actually praying, lifting his own heart and opening his own lips to his Maker, and telling the things he needed, as a child to his father.

While in this state of mind, he found in his neighbourhood a clergyman who differed much from others around him, and who gladly and largely conversed with him on the great subject about which his conscience was working. To this good man such themes as repentance, and faith, and pardon, and peace with God, and the comforts of the Holy Spirit, instead of being Sunday words that floated away with the Church music, as something sacred but intangible, were expressions of the solid business of life, and the most blessed experiences of the heart. He talked over these things with Coke; and, as he did so, the young curate saw more clearly, and felt more deeply. This clergyman was Thomas Maxfield, who had been trained under John Wesley, and had been the first of the lay preachers in the last century; whose voice, bearing evident tokens of Divine commission, had broken down the old exclusion established by Church order, and opened the way to the new race of Evangelists, who were soon spread through the country. Subsequently he had taken orders in the Church, and in that capacity had been brought into connexion with Coke.

Another good man in the neighbourhood, Mr. Hull, a dissenting minister, hearing from different quarters of the disposition and preaching of the new curate, felt so much interested, that he wrote, encouraging him to persevere in his search after the life and power of religion. Coke replied with cordiality; and

finally a proposal was made, by Mr. Hull, that they should meet to talk over matters together. But here arose a great difficulty; the curate had never, hitherto, touched anything so unclean as a Dissenter. And he says himself, that he believes at this time, 'had Mr. Hull been dying, and needed the offices of devotion, he should have declined to administer them to him.' Still his longing to meet with any one who would tell him more about the problems his soul was revolving, made him desire to know this good man: yet he could not make up his mind to go to Mr. Hull's house, and it would be, perhaps, worse to ask Mr. Hull to come to his; and so, eventually, it was agreed upon, as a compromise, that they should meet at a farm-house in the country part of the parish.

Strengthened by his intercourse with these good men, he came nearer and nearer to that point at which the struggling penitent finds his way to peace and comfort; and the more he advanced the more earnest became his efforts for the salvation of his people. No longer content with the stated Sunday duties, he established week-evening meetings in some of the country places; and one evening, while walking to meet one of these little companies in one of these, his heart was specially lifted up, praying that he might receive and enjoy the grace and salvation he was endeavouring to preach to others; and while in the meeting proclaiming Christ's mercy to those who were before him, that moment came which in the history of the regenerate soul is as memorable as is that in the history of a mother, when she first hears the voice of her own child,—the moment when the soul first consciously feels the smile of God, acceptance into His favour, forgiveness of sins, and hope of life everlasting. Filled with a new and unearthly comfort, with a deep and untold happiness, his lips more copiously and more amply than ever enforced the truths that had now become not only serious but precious to him.

After this, a new power began to manifest itself in his public preaching; and the rustic congregation were aroused by hearing no longer the well-read sermon, but a stream of earnest teaching and exhortation pouring from the lips of the curate. The tidings and the impulse, too, spread throughout the parish. The people gathered—some to repent, and some to oppose; but in such numbers that the church was no longer sufficient. Coke, who had now taken his degree of Doctor of Laws, met the emergency by proposing that a gallery should be erected; this was stoutly opposed and refused by the vestry; upon which he undertook the cost of erecting it himself. The crowds increased, and so did the opposition; and at last the disturbing curate was publicly branded as a METHODIST.

Very probably he knew nothing or little of the meaning of that word ; he might have heard it at Oxford, a few times, as the nick-name of some students who had been expelled before his day, for praying and singing, and such like irregularities : but he now found that this was the name which his earnestness had fastened upon him, and he naturally desired to know what it meant, and who the people were to whom it was applied. On a visit to Devonshire, he met with an humble man who was a Methodist class-leader in a village, and with him he had much intercourse, and returned with a deep impression that those who were called by the odd name knew the true meaning of heart-religion, and showed the path of Christian life.

Shortly afterwards he discovered in his own neighbourhood, at Kingston, near Taunton, a clergyman named Brown, who was deeply imbued with the Methodist spirit, and lent him the Methodist writings. He read them with more than interest,—with profound impression, and such conviction as to the system of doctrines, as settled his views for life ; and, in the fervour of his impressions, he could not restrain himself from writing to Fletcher of Madeley, whose works had especially excited his warm and sympathetic nature. He soon learned that his friend at Kingston was to enjoy a visit from John Wesley, and, anxious to see this renowned man, he rode twenty miles to meet him. The young curate and the old divine must have formed a striking contrast ; the one blooming, impulsive, and youthful ; the other laden with the labours of a life, into which more had been pressed than is often done in a thousand lives, but showing on his countenance that youth of the affections which is given as an earnest to the heirs of immortality ; and that combined expression of purity, happiness, and power, which carried into the hearts of all who came under its influence a consciousness of being in such a presence as they had seldom, if ever, stood in before. His great character at once impressed itself upon the susceptible mind of the young curate ; while the warm heart, the winning and polished manners of the latter, united with his talents and piety, did not fail deeply to interest the old soldier of Christ. After the conversation of the night, they early met in the morning to walk together, and parted, for the old man to record in his journal the hope that their union would never end, and for the young one to return again to his parish, revolving new plans of awakening the people, and bringing them to salvation. He had shown his readiness to join Wesley in his itinerant labours, and take upon him the full reproach of Methodism ; but the leader had wisely counselled him to abide at his post, and do his ordinary work, evidently foreseeing that

further training and hardship were desirable to prove whether or not he had fully counted the cost of the contemplated career.

Returning to the parish, his labours were renewed with greater zeal than ever, and plans were organized for preaching during the week in numerous places, a list of which he read out on the Sunday in the church. This proceeding gave huge offence, as savouring much of what the Methodists call a 'plan.' Earnest remonstrances against this troublesome curate were addressed to the bishop; but after careful inquiry he found nothing worthy of his censure. The bishop of the neighbouring diocese of Exeter was also moved in the matter, and wrote to Coke, but appeared to be satisfied with his explanations. At length the rector of the parish was completely gained to the side of the objectors, and made up his mind not only to dismiss, but to disgrace Coke; and therefore in the church, at the close of the service, before the whole congregation, suddenly announced the dismissal of the curate, who was ignominiously rung out of the building by a jangle of bells. The next Sunday he took his stand outside the church, and, as the congregation retired, solemnly delivered a sermon, which was listened to, on the whole, with attention. Repeating this on the Sunday afterwards, he found the ground prepared with stones to use against him; but a young lady and gentleman of the name of Edmonds placed themselves one on each side, and he was permitted to preach without personal injury, and thus ended his career in South Petherton.

Before him now lay the alternative of moderating his zeal, finding another parish, and gradually regaining the good opinion of those whom his Methodism had offended: a course which he might have taken, adducing many arguments to satisfy his mind; and, had he done so, he would probably have died the rector of some comfortable parish, and been by this time utterly forgotten. The other course, to which his heart impelled him, was to join the old man he had met at Kingston, near Taunton, and devote his life to a ceaseless struggle to awaken a slumbering Church, and reform a wicked nation; but he knew that in this case, if he sowed glory, he should in the first instance reap infamy. He was about thirty years of age, and had had sufficient experience of the ways of men to know the consequence of incurring odium: but his mind was made up; he chose his course by the side of Wesley and his fellow-labourers, and, casting behind every purpose but the one to promote pure religion among men, to this 'he surrendered mind and body, fortune, learning, life, and all.'

It was in the year 1777, at Bristol, that he made his appearance first at the Methodist Conference, and there met face to face with Fletcher of Madeley, whose works had already exercised so powerful an influence upon his character, and in 'the perpetual doxology of whose countenance'—to use the words of Dr. James Hamilton—he read the temper of one of the purest and brightest human souls that ever encouraged the common race of men to look upwards for Divine light. The company of men by whom he now found himself surrounded was something totally different from such as he had hitherto known. Their prayers were meant directly for the ear of God; their songs rang with almost superhuman joy and ardour; their souls burned with zeal for one work; an atmosphere of religious power enveloped their solemnities, in which his heart, like fired steel in an atmosphere of oxygen, seemed to flame with unaccountable intensity.

He now entered upon a new sphere. Being much with Mr. Wesley, he gradually became acquainted with his plans, and with the condition and operation of the Methodist Societies in the different parts of the country. He was soon found in London, preaching in the open air to crowds; and we are told that one favourite ground for such assemblies was the open space now covered by the neighbourhood of Tavistock Square. In such places, the beautiful countenance and clear flute voice of Dr. Coke were welcomed by large multitudes; and although his eloquence had nothing to distinguish it beyond respectable talent, great fervour, and uncommon religious power, the effect of his ministry was very deep, and many a wanderer in sinful ways had cause to bless the day when first he heard him.

Upon one of his country excursions we find him placed in the following not flattering circumstances:—

'As soon as he had commenced the service, he and his audience were attacked by a turbulent mob, headed by the vicar of the parish. Stones and sticks were plentifully used. Dr. Coke was violently pushed from his stand, and his gown torn into shreds. Nothing daunted, he continued the service. The vicar then thought of another expedient, and gave the order, "Bring out the fire-engine." The mandate was obeyed, and both preacher and congregation were compelled to retire before the well-directed volleys of this liquid artillery. But, while leaving the square, the Doctor turned, and remarked to the people, that there were other uses for the fire-engines, of which Providence might soon permit the perpetrators of this outrage to become well aware. His words were drowned by the cry of "False prophet!" Yet, within a fortnight, a fire broke out which destroyed nearly all the houses in the square, and extended a considerable distance down the street of the village.'

But he did not always fare thus. In many places not only welcome but honour awaited him; and, strangely enough, on revisiting his old parish of Petherton, it proved that his enemies had relented, and the people were as ready to hail his return as they had been urgent for his expulsion. 'We chimed him out,' said they, 'and now we will ring him in.' He says, 'One night I preached in the church to, I suppose, two thousand people, who came not only from the little town, but from all the villages round about; and I wept over them in a manner I never before, I think, wept over a congregation in my life.' While thus zealous for the conversion of sinners, his impetuosity led him into some efforts which had been better left alone. He laid a charge of Arian heresy against Joseph Benson and Samuel Bradburn, two of the most eminent of Wesley's coadjutors; the former as much superior to Coke in theological acumen, as the latter was in oratorical power. The matter had no other issue than to show his own liability to act with indiscretion, and at the same time to bring out the fine and generous points of his character, which always prevented him from aggravating any false step by bad feeling. In the great questions which were now affecting the Methodist body in regard to the settlement of its interests and the shaping of its polity, in the event which was yearly to be expected, the demise of Wesley himself, Coke was called to take a prominent part. His intimate relations with the Founder of the body, and his activity and readiness in matters of public business, made this natural; and sometimes he got credit for doing more than he had even attempted, and incurred no little blame. Dr. Etheridge has amply related his share in these important matters, and done so in a very interesting manner.

One day in the month of February, 1784, a new era opened in the history and career of Coke. He was called into the study in the house in City Road, opposite Bunhill Fields, where the old man who had long proclaimed that the world was his parish, revolved his plans for the cultivation and spiritual tending of this wide field. It was evident that he had something of peculiar importance to communicate to his young and trusted assistant. He began by referring to the late events in America. That country had now finally separated from England. While the struggle lasted, he, as a true Briton, had been staunchly in favour of the mother country; but now that it was ended, copying the example of good King George, he recognised the independence which had been providentially gained; and, as to the consequences of it, was prepared to listen, not to his antipathies, but to the counsels of reason and necessity. The

Methodist Societies there had already become very numerous. The Clergy of the Established Church had nearly all disappeared; and Mr. Asbury, the leading preacher, claimed from Mr. Wesley regulations whereby the Societies might be fully provided for as Christian Churches, and enabled to pursue the work which they were now doing, in evangelizing the country. Wesley proceeded to show that he was persuaded that an Episcopal form of Church government was on the whole the best; but that (as his writings proved) he had long disbelieved the opinion prevalent in England, that bishops were of a different order from presbyters, holding the ancient, primitive doctrine of a unity of order, coupling with it the expediency of the especial office of bishop; and therefore he proposed that Coke should be ordained as superintendent or bishop for the Churches of America, and that he should ordain Asbury to the same office; and that the two should undertake the solemn charge of giving a constitution and a form to these rising communities in that new and infant State. Coke demurred at first to this seeming innovation upon the Church-of-England order; and after a while proposed as a medium course, that some one should be appointed to go out and report; but, finally yielding to the decision of Wesley, he accepted the solemn commission, and set forth with two helpers, who were ordained to the work of the ministry, he only receiving the special ordination to that of superintendent or bishop. The biography gives the history of this great transaction with care, and also the original documents which were put forth upon the occasion. The concluding paragraph in which Wesley states his reasons, gives a tolerably clear view of the way in which he regarded the ecclesiastical relations of the Methodists.

‘It has indeed been proposed to desire the English bishops to ordain part of our preachers for America. But to this I object,—1. I desired the Bishop of London to ordain one; but I could not prevail. 2. If they consented, we know the slowness of their proceedings; but the matter admits of no delay. 3. If they would ordain them now, they would expect to govern them: and how grievously would this entangle us! 4. As our American brethren are now disentangled both from the state and the English hierarchy, we dare not entangle them again, either with the one or the other. They are now at full liberty simply to follow the Scriptures and the primitive Church. And we judge it best that they should stand fast in that liberty wherewith God has so strangely set them free.

‘JOHN WESLEY.’

These words, ‘at full liberty simply to follow the Scriptures and the primitive Church,’ embody the ruling idea of his life.

Wedded by the strongest affection to the existing institutions of his country, and especially to the Anglican Church, rights which to him were sacred, and interests that were venerable and commanding, often interfered with his liberty to follow this simple course, the higher law of love and unity overruling that of liberty; but wherever this higher law did not *justify* him in foregoing his Christian rights, there was no other rule to follow than the Scriptures and the primitive Church.

It was in September, 1784, that Coke started upon his voyage, the first of a long and eventful series. He soon appears to have got over the miseries of ship-board, and, like a true student, to have turned his cabin into a place redolent of wise lessons: and so much does he enjoy the retirement, that he cries out,

—‘*Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.*’

His reading took a considerable range, and bore upon Church questions, such as the controversy between Presbytery and Episcopacy; and one entry in his journal appears to convey what, notwithstanding several fluctuations, was the prevalent tenor of his thoughts as to Church and State.

‘Tuesday, October 5th, 1784.—I have just finished “The Confessional,” and believe the author does not speak without reason in his observations concerning national Churches, that the kingdom of Christ is not of this world; that, in proportion to the degrees of union which subsist between the Church and State, religion is liable to be secularized, and made the tool of sinister and ambitious men.’—Page 108.

Landed in New York, he at once entered upon his great work of preaching the Gospel; and, passing southward, through Philadelphia and into the State of Delaware, everywhere laboured zealously. At a place called Dover, he met with a young gentleman from Maryland, Freeborn Garrettson, whom he describes as ‘all meekness and love, and yet all activity;’ and whose name is to this day venerated in multitudes of households over the whole extent of the American Union.

Sunday, the 14th of November, was a memorable day in the ecclesiastical history of the new republic. About ten o’clock that morning Dr. Coke and his colleague arrived at a place in the midst of a forest, where some person of the name of Barret had built a chapel. Here a noble congregation was assembled, to whom he preached. While he was doing so, one entered unobserved by him, and took his place among the crowd; but after the sermon, he says, ‘A plain, robust man came up to me in the pulpit and kissed me.’ As this man moved towards the preacher, although his eyes recognised nothing special in him, those of the congregation beamed with pleasure and respect;

and when, ascending the steps, he stretched out his brawny arms to embrace the polished and handsome doctor, those beams were turned to uncontrollable emotion. There stood two such bishops in that pulpit as, if judged either by the acts of their lives, or the results since their death, modern ages have never seen. The plain robust man was Francis Asbury. A greater contrast, or a better association, hardly ever existed than between him and Coke:—the latter, with forehead fair as vellum, and still the cherry cheek; rich, liberal, and full of attraction; by study, travel, and society, an accomplished man of the world; by grace, at the farthest possible distance from a worldly man: Asbury, on the other hand, weather-beaten as a tar or forester, a son of the people, owing all his knowledge of English and Hebrew to his own hard work, and all he was to the grace of God; without accomplishments, but with much knowledge and prodigious virtues, far the wiser and stronger man of the two, and yet in his old age weeping over the tidings of Coke's death as the knell of 'the greatest man of modern times:' they offered a grand example of the two classes of men from whom the Christian ministry ought ever to be drawn,—the man of the people, never separated from the sympathies of the mass by a training that places too great a distance between him and them; and the man of finished manners and education, fit to meet with any adversary, or adorn any circle.

It was now decided that the preachers from the different parts of the country should be called together to hold a Conference. The chosen messenger to summon them was the young, rich, holy, happy, Freeborn Garrettson, who set off 'like an arrow from north to south,'—to quote Coke,—to call them together by the tidings, that men had arrived with full powers to give them a Church constitution, and to launch them more fairly upon their great career. Time, however, must elapse before they can be drawn together, and this was not to be lost,—so Coke informs us.

'Mr. Asbury has also drawn up for me a route of about a thousand miles in the mean time. He has given me his black, (Harry, by name,) and borrowed an excellent horse for me. I exceedingly reverence Mr. Asbury; he has so much wisdom and consideration, so much meekness and love; and under all this, though hardly to be perceived, so much command and authority.'

During the itinerancies thus planned, the Doctor had all sorts of fare,—good receptions and rough ones, elegant homes and coarse,—sometimes delighted audiences, sometimes such vicissitudes as are disclosed in the following extract:—

'Sunday, 5th, Cambridge.—In this town, which has been remarkable above any other on the continent for persecution, there arose a

great dispute whether I should preach in the church or not. The ladies in general were for it, but the gentlemen against it; and the gentlemen prevailed. Accordingly the church-door was locked, though they have had no service in it, I think, for several years; and it has frequently been left open, I am informed, for cows, dogs, and pigs. However, I read prayers and preached, at the door of a cottage, to one of the largest congregations I have had in America.'

Travelling in America then was very different from what it is now. Even in our own days, the readers of *Uncle Tom* have a vivid picture of what a country road is. But then, roads existed only in comparatively few places. The Methodist preachers, following hard upon the heels of the pioneer, had invented, for themselves, a way-mark, which was called 'split bush,'—a peculiar mode of splitting a bush, by which, when arrived at a critical part of the forest, a stranger might know which way to turn. Not unfrequently involved in the endless mazes of the woody wilderness, man and horse would be benighted and lacerated, but, through a wonderful care of Providence, rarely lost. In addition to the perils of forest travelling, were the less perplexing, but more direct, dangers of the great rivers. Between England and America the contrast, in respect of forests, though great, is perhaps less striking than in respect to rivers. Here, a man may live all his life, and travel a good deal, without seeing a stream larger than such as in America men will cross twenty times in a day, without asking their names; and it is only a very few of our greatest rivers, such as the Thames, Humber, and Severn, and they only in the last miles of their short course, that give us any idea of the floods that pour down the broad continental plains, making a grand mark on the landscape, and interposing to the traveller a formidable obstruction. Unaccustomed as Coke was either to forest or flood, or any of the rough work to which Asbury and his coadjutors had now become habituated, he took all that lay before him, with the heart of a conqueror. When it came to peril of life, he felt the danger, and acknowledged that he felt it, but went through the trial like a man. After he had completed extensive rounds, the preachers convoked by Garrettsen gathered together in the beautiful city of Baltimore. There, the plan proposed for the organization of the Church being unfolded, the designation of Coke and Asbury to the office of superintendents, or bishops, received the unanimous concurrence of all present, signified by a solemn vote. Dr. Coke then proceeded, assisted by two presbyters, one of whom was a Lutheran, to ordain Asbury to the great work to which he was thenceforth to be devoted; who had thus in his designation the conjoined hands of a clergyman of the two great branches

of the Reformation,—the Anglican and the Lutheran Churches. Dr. Coke preached a discourse on the occasion, in which he describes the true characteristics of a Christian, and says, that ‘the man who answers to this description is a blessing to the world,—a polished shaft in the quiver of God,—a burning and a shining light. When he visits his people, he comes in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel;—he husbands every golden moment, picks up every fragment of time, and devotes his little all to the service of his Lord.’ On the other hand, alluding to the effects of raising immoral or unconverted men to the government of the Church, he says, ‘The baneful influence of their example is so extensive, that the skill and cruelty of devils can hardly fabricate a greater curse than an irreligious bishop.’ This sermon, and the proceedings with which it was connected, involved the Doctor in some controversy on his return to England, and raised questions of great interest and importance. Our author devotes a whole chapter to the discussion of holy orders; and it is the only part of the book in which he allows that various ecclesiastical learning, for which he has long commanded a reputation, to peep out. Into a very small compass, and with much perspicuity, he presses a store of information and good thinking. The Constitution of the American Methodist Church was now fixed, and from that day its progress has advanced with a rapidity and energy unparalleled, so far as we know, in the history of ecclesiastical development. According to the latest information it appears that it is a Church on the ministrations of which about seven millions of the people of the United States habitually attend; and it takes the lead of every other section and denomination in the country. It can never be told how much this wonderful growth is due to the spirit infused into ministry and people by the two great men who were designated as the first bishops of that Church. Emulating one another in courage, disinterestedness, and zeal, they spread their labours over the widest surface, and exposed their persons to the heaviest toils, rejoicing always with holy joy, and despising every thing below, but opportunities of doing good.

Foreseeing at once the necessity of providing educational advantages, they chose, upon the shores of the magnificent Chesapeake Bay, a site for a college, which, under the name of Cokesbury, as combining that of the two bishops, was soon erected, and became the first of that rare list of similar establishments which have since sprung up under the patronage of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Of their present number, we do not pretend to give accurate information; and we believe our

readers would hardly credit us if we did. Many of them are, it is true, young and imperfectly organized; but others, as Dickenson College, the Wesleyan University at Middletown, and several others we might name, are already commanding a very important influence in the education of their country.

Dr. Coke could not travel through the States without coming face to face with slavery. He did not meet with it as we do here,—in newspapers and public meetings,—but in every-day life, as an institution twined into the framework of society. He very soon began to lift up his voice, and protest strongly against the evil, calling upon Christian men to manumit their slaves. He naïvely mentions a most hospitable man,—one Captain Dillard,—who was as kind to his Negroes 'as if they were white servants;' and 'yet,' he says, 'I could not beat into the head of that poor man the evil of keeping them in slavery; but his good wife is strongly on our side.' In another place, the principal class-leader 'raged like a lion,' and another was appointed leader in his stead, whom the people surrounded, asking if he would set his slaves at liberty. 'Yes,' he said, 'I believe I shall.' Colonel M— acknowledges the force of his argument, but does not choose to take any active part 'for fear of losing his popularity.' Another, in a quiet ride, confides to the Doctor his determination to emancipate his twenty slaves; and his father, at whose house the preachers used to stop, shuts the door in their face, because he had eighty slaves of his own. In another place he says:—

'I had now a very little persecution. The testimony I bore against slave-holding provoked many to retire out of the barn, (where he had been preaching,) 'and to combine to flog me, as they expressed it, as soon as I came out. A high-headed lady also went out, and told the rioters that she would give fifty pounds if they would give that little Doctor one hundred lashes. When I came out, they surrounded me, but had only power to talk. Brother Martin is a justice of the peace, and seized one of them; and Colonel Taylor, a fine strong man, who has lately joined us, but is only half-awakened, was setting himself in a posture of fighting. But God restrained the rage of the multitude. Our brother Martin has done gloriously; for he has fully and immediately emancipated fifteen slaves. And that sermon which made so much noise, has so affected one of our brethren, Mr. Norton, that he came to brother Martin and desired him to draw up a proper instrument for the emancipation of his eight slaves. A brother, whose name is Ragland, has also emancipated one.'

Having thus given a great impetus to the conscience of the country upon that question which can never rest so long as slavery remains, he took his departure, and was soon again among his friends in England.

As we have already stated, his proceedings in America involved him in some difficulty and controversy at home, particularly with Mr. Charles Wesley. That, however, was of short duration, whereas the work to which he had put his hand had in it, even then, promise of immortality, and already yields amazingly rich fruit. He ranged through the whole of the United Kingdom, and even went to the Channel Islands, in the French-speaking population of which he saw a key to direct missionary action upon the Continent; everywhere labouring earnestly, and everywhere blessed with no ordinary success. In all these labours at home, he was continually dwelling upon the vast field which had been opened upon the other side of the great water. Besides the United States there were the remaining territories of Britain, to one of which his attention was specially turned by appeals made on behalf of those settlers in Nova Scotia who had removed thither when the independence of the United States was acknowledged, and they could not retain their British citizenship without removing to British territory. To provide for the spiritual wants which they pressed upon the attention of Mr. Wesley, three preachers were designated at the Conference of 1786, who were to be placed in Nova Scotia by Dr. Coke on his way to revisit the United States. Few voyages across the Atlantic, even in that day, were fuller of incident and difficulty than that one. We find the Doctor, with his usual diligence, studying hard in the midst of storm and leak, and various maritime misery. In addition to his favourite Mantuan, he extols Spenser as the English Virgil, and is astonished that his writings are not more read. He has also added to the list of his studies French; for he was one of those who are never too old to begin new studies, or too well furnished to need new instruments of usefulness; and probably his short visit to the Channel Islands had shown him the importance of this. But the storms grew heavier, and the ship weaker. No man knows what the meaning of a leak is in the midst of the Atlantic, but one who has really been on a creaky ship, and heard the clanking of the pumps, and seen the rushing of the water, and listened to the murmurs of the doubtful men. It was no small sign of the gravity of the case that the sailors came and joined the missionary party in their evening prayer. Still matters grew worse, and 'a whirling tempest blew with a fury greater than the captain had known for ten years.' The main-mast seemed giving way, and axes were ready to cut it down; the leak gained; the hour of final danger was evidently at hand, and Coke said,—

"What reason have I to desire to live? I have really forsaken all for Christ, and have neither motive nor desire to live but for His

Church. Yet why should my desires be so strong on that account? With what perfect ease can the Lord fill up my province with one infinitely better qualified! I am therefore willing to die. I do love God, and have an indubitable assurance that whatever is wanting He will fully supply, before He takes me into the world of spirits."

So he went on in the midst of danger. The main-stays went, the tackling in general gave way, and in the midst of the gathering evils the poor captain was unable longer to restrain his impression that the four black coats on board were the real cause of all the mischief. The Doctor, especially, he looked upon as an evil genius, and his very prayers, he thought, increased the danger. 'We have a Jonas on board, that's plain,' said he; and one day, when the hurricane was roaring wildly, and Coke was in his cabin in earnest prayer, in burst the captain in a fury, and, seizing books, papers, and all, flung them overboard; then returning, he laid hold upon the Doctor, but did not send him after them, contenting himself with a few cuffs and shakes. It is some proof of Coke's quality of mind that he did not even think this worth recording in his journal. A day or two afterwards the inexhaustible storm reached such a pitch that one of the passengers came running and crying, 'Pray for us, Doctor, for we are just gone.' The ship was on her beam-ends. At that moment, while the missionaries were in earnest prayer, the fore-sail was shivered to pieces, and the ship saved. 'It appeared,' said the captain, 'as if the clouds and air and waves were all mixed together.' The ship under bare spars, and 'oozing at every joint, as if in her last agony,' drove helpless before the wind. For three weeks they had gained only one hundred and twenty miles. The captain, feeling that it was hopeless to attempt to reach Nova Scotia, put about the ship's head, and let her go for the West Indies. Then all changed, as if nature had been instructed first to drive them thither, and then to bid them welcome. 'The clouds broke away in dissolving forms of beauty; a splendid tropic bird floated in the air before the ship, as if to welcome them to its own region; and the shattered bark, on the gentle ripples of the Carribean Sea, reached a grateful though unexpected haven in Antigua, on the Feast of the Nativity,—a day of good omen to those islands of the west; for to their sable myriads fast bound, it brought the messengers of their redemption for time and eternity.'

Coke landed on that Christmas morning, and in going up the streets of St. John's, Antigua, saw advancing to meet him, not a stranger, but a brother preacher of good tidings. It was John Baxter, surrounded by a band of black people, on their way to celebrate the nativity, in the first Methodist chapel that had

been erected in the torrid zone. He held a situation in the dockyard, had been a local preacher in England; and, on his arrival in the West Indies, had laboured zealously, and had now about two thousand persons united in church-fellowship. He afterwards sacrificed his lucrative situation, was fully ordained to the ministry, and devoted himself to that work. To him and to Dr. Coke equally the meeting was one of wonder and joy. He and his blacks had long sighed for help. He knew not whence it might come; and Coke had already recorded in his journal, when upon the waters, an impression that the winds which were forcing them away from Nova Scotia were meant to carry them to the West Indies. In this new brother and his flock, and the opening connected with it, he saw at once a sphere which he could not have anticipated; but the peculiarities of its claims spoke for themselves at once.

Baxter was not the founder of the Methodist Societies in the West Indies. He succeeded as chief in care to two black women whom, upon his arrival, he found as the main-stay of a considerable number of people who, were in the habit of meeting to edify one another, and promote Christian life and good works. They, in their turn, were the successors of Mr. Gilbert, a man of much note in the island, the Speaker of the House of Assembly, who, on a visit to England, had been brought to a happy knowledge of practical religion through the instrumentality of Wesley, and who, immediately upon his return, had become so anxious for the welfare of his neighbours, that he began himself to instruct and exhort them. This excited much attention, and of course opposition; but when he proceeded to gather in the black people, and teach and preach to them, he was subjected to torrents of reproach. Still he went forward, and at his death left about two hundred of the poor black outcasts enclosed in the fold of Christ. When, therefore, in the future ecclesiastical history of Antigua, the Methodist Churches shall trace their apostolical succession, the first evangelist will be a Speaker of the House; next two nameless black women, next a ship carpenter, and then an Oxford doctor. Coke says, 'I went to our chapel, and read prayers, preached, and administered the sacrament. I had one of the cleanest audiences I ever saw.' And his heart, which thus at once warmed to the Negroes, still opened and warmed more and more. He went from island to island, everywhere gathering fresh enthusiasm, and almost forcing open doors; here and there finding attention and kindness from the planters; his person and address acting as a choice letter of introduction to all classes of society. During this visit he and his companions had an oppor-

tunity of dining in company with Prince William, afterwards William the Fourth, who was then in the navy. Coke disposed of the Missionaries who had been meant for Nova Scotia at the different islands; and in St. Vincent's, where one Mr. Claxton had opened a spacious warehouse as a chapel, and where some of the chief people of the town had united themselves to the Methodist Society; the poor Negroes were so filled with joy that they used the expression, 'These men have been imported for us;' an expression full of meaning. They, poor creatures, had been imported for white men, and now at last came the day when, by the good hand of Providence, some white men were really imported for them; and from that day their darkness gradually began to lighten, until at last the hour came when the successors of those men told them to kneel down in the temple of God, and receive at His hand in silence the great boon and blessing of temporal liberty; and then, when the clock had struck, told them to rise up again, and to sing to His praise their first loud hymn as freemen.

Coke's visit to these islands was not more useful to the people than delightful to himself. He not only deeply tasted his chief enjoyment, that of doing good, but their skies, their mountains, their rocks, their forests, and plantations, and flowers, all charmed his fancy, and fed his gratitude.

'The genial spirit, too, of a number of persons with whom he had met in social and religious intercourse, found a full response in his own friendly heart; and, above all, the prospect of rendering these beautiful scenes more beautiful by the adornments of religion gave him a consolation which only such as he can understand.

'Coke says that he embarked (the 10th of February) laden with seed-cakes, sweet biscuits, oranges, bottles of jelly, *et cetera*, heaped upon him in such profusion by his black friends, that, though he made his seven fellow-passengers sharers of them, they had not consumed half of them when the voyage ended.'

He soon was again among his friends in America, holding Conference, travelling through swamps and morasses, through forests and rivers, preaching amidst the trees, with scores, and occasionally hundreds, of horses tied to them; every now and then meeting with traces of dangers which he had escaped from the friends of slavery. One man came and told him that since his departure he had become converted to God, but that on his last visit he had pursued him with a gun, intending to shoot him. He mentions one Sunday when, at a great distance from any town, they had a concourse of about four thousand hearers; and here in the forest they held an ordination. 'The great cathedral of the woods,' says our author, 'with their gothic

arches of outstretched boughs, had never echoed, we dare say, with an ordination hymn before.' At the Conference held here, one of the elders from Kentucky, appealing for the appointment of a preacher to that then new and wild region, used earnest entreaties, but said plainly, no one must be appointed who is afraid to die; for the Indians 'frequently shoot the travellers and scalp them.' After the letter making the appeal had been read, a young man of the name of Williamson rose up and volunteered. Coke was soon back again, and in Dublin once more had the happiness of meeting Wesley, then fresh from his labours in England and Holland. Thence to the English Conference in Manchester, and thence together they went to the lovely little Channel Islands. Their return to England was by way of Penzance, and at that extremity of the country Coke began his labours, and travelled on, everywhere seeking to bring sinners to repentance, and to kindle an interest in the great work of Missions, which he had been the instrument of originating. He was often called upon to interfere in matters of home discipline and arrangement; and, though always beyond praise in his intentions, was not always happy in his course; his impetuosity sometimes leading him to steps which brought upon him some little trouble; but little indeed compared with the universal esteem and love which his zeal and excellence secured.

He now began a systematic course of humble begging, from house to house, in which he proceeded for a long series of years, not only giving very largely of his own funds for the work, in which he laboured unsalaried himself, but submitting to all sorts of rebuffs and difficulties in gathering means to provide teachers for the neglected people of the West Indies and the colonies. His bland address and radiant smile generally made friends of strangers; but on the other hand, like all beggars, he was exposed to hard words and hard faces. Among those whom he occasionally succeeded in getting to act with him as local guides, and who in his society imbibed somewhat of his own zeal, we may mention the present treasurer of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, Mr. Farmer, whose long life has testified that he has not forgotten the lesson. By the fruits of his begging he presented to Mr. Wesley a fund which warranted him in appointing preachers to Newfoundland, and three additional men to the West Indies. With these he set forth, and had a delightful voyage, in the year 1789; and we cannot help expressing a regret that our biographer does not more frequently give the dates, so as to enable us without reference and comparison to identify the voyage. This was one of the pleasantest and most useful in the whole of his varied life. One circumstance attending it

has escaped the notice of our biographer. The Doctor carried with him a youth who became himself worthily the subject of an interesting volume. The Rev. T. T. Thomason, then only between fifteen and sixteen, accompanied him as his French interpreter, and in one of his last letters Coke is found calling him his spiritual child. Mr. Thomason afterwards became eminent in India, as a leading chaplain of the East India Company, the closest friend of Henry Martyn and Bishop Corrie, and one of the brightest ornaments of Christianity in India. He was father to that celebrated and lamented Thomason, whose able administration, as Governor of the North-west Provinces, had raised him to a point of reputation at which the highest places of Indian statesmanship were before him, had not a premature death borne him away. This youth expressed in his private journal his pity for the missionaries who suffered; but he says, 'What a recompence will they receive when instruments in the hands of God of converting many to righteousness!' When they landed at Barbadoes, the Doctor went to an inn. His companion, Mr. Pearce, suddenly recollected that a regiment, some of whom he had known in Ireland, were then stationed in the island. He soon brought one of them to the Doctor, and shortly afterwards in rushed a serjeant, who recognised in Mr. Pearce his former minister, and seized him in his arms in a transport of joy. These good men had been endeavouring to awaken their neighbours, and a merchant had provided them with a large room for meetings. To him the Doctor went, and to his surprise found that he was one Mr. Button, who had frequently heard him preach in Maryland, and of whose black servants four had been baptized by himself. They were no longer strangers at the inn, but were obliged to take up their home with this hospitable and generous friend.

Coke had heard of the few thin remnants of the Carrib race still contained within the island of St. Vincent. After them, as after every forgotten and neglected class, his warm heart yearned. He had persuaded Mr. Baxter to devote himself to an effort for the instruction and recovery of this poor tribe; and now they set out together to meet them; young Thomason being of the number, as well as the Missionaries Gamble and Clarke. At one part of the progress, we find it stated in the journals both of Coke and of Thomason, that they could not even lead their horses, till a company of Carribs, who were passing by, lent their cutlasses, with which at last they cut their way. Then they came to what Thomason calls 'a beautiful plain, seven miles long,' which Coke describes as being 'as beautiful as uncultivated nature can make it. Here the Carribs

chiefly dwell. They are a handsomer people than the Negroes, but have a warlike appearance. The very women carry cutlasses or naked knives at their sides.' Thomason says that the Carrib children, all naked, met them by the hundred; that they would rush into the boisterous ocean with perfect composure, and at the approach of a wave dive under, and not appear again until the billow had spent its force, when 'their fleecy locks would be seen again, like so many black rocks.' Mr. Baxter had already organized schools for them, and Thomason says, 'I heard two of them read and spell, and the progress they had made astonished me.'

The next scene of the journey described in the journal of Thomason is the following one. They had arrived in the island of Antigua, where Christian efforts were already beginning to produce a great impression on the black population. 'By noon we arrived at our destined place, where was a congregation of twelve hundred blacks. They were seated on benches on a small declivity. The Doctor stood on a chair, and preached to them on Philippians iii. 20. The Negroes wept much.'

In the Dutch island of St. Eustatius, the Doctor had found before opposition and persecution, and now found it again. The following decree was then in force; we quote from the Memoir of Thomason:—

'If any white person should be found praying with his brethren, for the first offence he shall be fined fifty pieces of eight; for the second, one hundred; for the third, he shall be whipped, his goods confiscated, and he banished. If a coloured person shall be found praying, for the first offence he shall receive thirty-nine lashes; for the second, he shall be fined, whipped, and banished: but if a slave, he shall be whipped every time.'—*Thomason*, p. 10.

Yet, Coke says, 'We ventured to baptize about 140 of our society; and even under this cross and hot persecution our numbers amounted to 258.' As before, he passed from the West Indies to America, and again rejoined his faithful fellow-labourer. He found a great revival of religion spread throughout the country with amazing rapidity; and though sometimes he lost his way by no less than twenty miles, and in general had nothing to eat but Indian corn and bacon and eggs, and in several places had to lie on the floor, still he enjoyed the glory of the forests, and the 'tender fawns and hinds,' and the strange illuminations arising from the forest fires and burning grass; and, above all, he rejoiced with great joy in Divine comforts in his own soul, and the progress of the good work in those of others. And, therefore, with thanksgiving, he sometimes took his repast on the stump of a tree near a spring of water, and at

other times travelled without tasting a morsel from seven in the morning till six in the evening, and then took up his lodging in log-huts, open to every blast, singing praises to God, and smiling benignity to men. He had, also, now to meet with bitter attacks in the public papers; but these produced no more impression upon him than the other little trials of which he scarcely cares to make mention. He gives more space to the beauties of the river Yadkin than to all his troubles, either by print or personal hardship. At Alexandria, he praises God that his sermon 'gave huge offence to the unregenerate rich;' and when at Annapolis he met with revival scenes, similar to those which a twelvemonth ago were attracting much attention in the North of Ireland, he acknowledges that at first he felt some reluctance 'to enter into the business;' but soon persuaded that whatever he might demur to in appearance, there was really a deep influence upon the hearts and consciences of the people, leading them towards a new and holy life, he says, 'Whether there be wildfire in it or not, I do most earnestly wish that there was such a work at this time in England.'

During this visit he fell into one of those acts of indiscretion, by which every now and then his placid course was a little ruffled. The Federal Constitution, whereby the several States really united in one common organization, had just been adopted, and Washington installed as President of the United States. The Conference very naturally wished to present a respectful address to this great man, as the chief magistrate of the country. For them, as American citizens, it was a becoming and appropriate document; but Dr. Coke, who was a British subject, very oddly appended his name to it as one of the bishops, thereby exposing himself to much remark on his return to England. He evidently saw how unbecoming the act had been, and made no attempt to justify himself.

The intervals spent in England were filled up with incessant preaching, begging for the existing Missions, and projecting new ones. Everywhere he carried with him a cheerful soul, burning zeal, and the stamp of ready self-sacrifice. To him ease and money were matters of no account, and the happy work of saving souls, at home and abroad, was the joy of his heart early and late. In the year 1790 he had the pleasure of seeing the missions,—the resources of which hitherto had been almost concentrated in his own person, and dependent upon his exertions,—more formally provided for by the appointment of a Missionary Committee, with Wesley at its head, and the chief men of the Connexion for its members. He was soon again upon the broad deep, and once more among his beloved islands.

of the West Indies, crossing from one to the other, cheerfully taking up new positions, and joyfully witnessing the fruit of labours upon the old ones. It was on this his third visit to the islands, that he first entered upon the field of Jamaica, where, while preaching at Montego Bay, in the Assembly Room, he was encouraged by some young gentlemen clapping their hands and calling out, '*Encore! encore!*' until the graver part of the audience forced them to desist. On the Sunday, at church, as a little rain happened to fall, there were only six persons present at the exact moment for beginning, and the clergyman, availing himself of the circumstance, immediately retired. Had he waited ten minutes, the Doctor says, there would have been twenty. The Sunday before there had been no service either; and he mentions another case, in which a well-paid rector never thought of performing any service at all beyond that of marrying, baptizing, and burying the dead.

This time his voyage to the mainland terminated by the ship grounding several times, and at last becoming a wreck. He was safely carried ashore in a small boat, and on the beach found Mr. William Eding, a friend, standing, 'as if sent there by Providence.' Here, again, his heart rejoices over the growing prosperity of the work in which he had borne so prominent a part; and though sometimes losing himself in the woods, he greatly rejoices in their splendour and beauty; for they assist 'to make his heart gay,' that he may the better praise God. In the midst of his pleasant toil, the news reached him that the friend to whom he looked up above all human beings had closed his career below. At first he would hardly believe that Wesley was dead; but when assured of the fact, he hastened to England with an energy, not to say a precipitation, which caused many to think that he considered himself necessary as the successor of the great man who was now removed. He landed upon the Cornish coast, and on his way found, that whatever might be the views of himself, or one or two others, the prevalent sentiment of the Methodist ministers and people was, that there was to be no individual successor to their departed founder. To us it seems more probable that Coke's idea was not the one attributed to him, of becoming a successor to Wesley, which it was scarcely possible for any man with the least common sense to expect. He rather expected that as Wesley had ordained him as superintendent and bishop in America, with Asbury as his co-adjutor there, and had also ordained Alexander Mather to the same office in England, that fact would be taken as a clear indication of his intention that the Church polity of the two branches of the body should be the

same; and that, therefore, an organization, such as that in America, should immediately be instituted, with Mather for its resident and bishop, as Asbury in America, and Coke for a tie and medium of intercourse between the two. If this was his view, it must be said that the acts of Wesley gave it strong countenance; and without anything like ambition on his part, he would naturally form some such expectation. But he was a man whose soul abhorred any divisive proceeding; and when it was proved that the general opinion was in favour of a form of government rather Presbyterian than Episcopalian, he made no attempt to disturb this decision, but to the end of his life worked with his brethren with the same cordiality as he could have done under any other circumstances.

His life alternated between the sea, the foreign stations, and the work at home. He visited France immediately after the Revolution in Paris, and endeavoured to commence missionary operations in that capital, himself preaching in the French tongue. But he met with no encouragement, and the work did not then take root. He also visited Holland, with a view to obtain from the home Government of that country liberties for preaching in the Island of St. Eustatius, which the local authorities had always denied. In these negotiations, again, he was unsuccessful. In Ireland and Wales he was the means of establishing internal missions, the benefits of which, in both countries, were sufficient to make his name ever dear to those who have traced their operation. In England, also, he was the chief means of promoting a similar agency. His soul always embraced the human family; and wherever an access to any portion of it, standing in need of Christian ordinances and comforts, occurred, he never failed to embrace it. All the details of these various undertakings are well given by Dr. Etheridge, and among them there is not one that is more beautiful and attractive than the mission to the French prisoners, who were crowding the hulks upon the Medway and at other stations. The man who first and most prominently laboured in this peculiar field, Mr. Toase, still lives, the diligent pastor of the Methodist congregation in Boulogne-sur-Mer, carrying on his venerable head the blessings of many an old soldier of the Republic and the Empire, for whom he spent weary days. Few documents are more touching than the grateful testimony of those officers and men, as recorded in the book by Dr. Etheridge, to the self-devotion and zeal of those who laboured so long for their welfare. Beside all this, Dr. Coke was incessantly occupied with every sort of engagement connected with the business and duties of the growing Methodist Connexion,—ranging from negotiations with the

Ministers of the Crown, with whom he had considerable influence, down to difficulties with the humblest provincial class-leader. Amid this he was ever preaching, more than ordinary men, and inflaming with missionary zeal every congregation into which he came, and yet finding time to go from door to door to beg; and, in the midst of it all, writing books, some only pamphlets, important at their time, but destined, like their race, to an ephemeral existence; but one was a joint biography of Wesley, in which he laboured in conjunction with Henry Moore, a man as unlike himself as it was possible for two good men to be. This work must live, partly from the importance of its subject, partly from the fact that its two authors were the executors of Wesley, and the parties authorized to use his papers. He also wrote an important history of the West Indies, the islands he loved so much, and served so well; and his great work was a voluminous commentary upon the whole Scriptures, which, though chiefly a compilation, and though to some considerable extent (the biographer does not know precisely what) indebted to the hand of his able friend and zealous assistant, Mr. Samuel Drew, is nevertheless a work which gives one a higher opinion of Coke's mental power, than anything else that remains behind, many of its original reflections having real value. Still, it is not as an author that his name will live, but as a man of action, who conceived, originated, and, to a surprising extent, carried out vast plans for spreading the kingdom of God. If his success in writing was not brilliant, in publishing he had the ordinary lot of losing money; and, happily for him, he had money to lose.

His seafaring was extended until he had actually crossed the Atlantic eighteen times. It was not then as now, when great ships and nimble engines make the passage of the Atlantic comparatively an easy excursion; he had to put up with creaky brigs and coarse captains, sometimes enduring the extreme of ill-treatment, and even abuse. On one occasion he was pursued by a French privateer; and on another, actually captured and carried away to Porto Rico, where, however, when the vessel was condemned, he, with the loss of his property, was set at liberty as a harmless priest. When all these labours are joined to his travelling, preaching, and administration in America, it makes a total of exertion that seems almost superhuman; and yet he was advancing in years, with a short neck and corpulent person, a delicate rather than a robust frame, and everything that would have made ease and self-indulgence apparently natural.

One day calling upon a lady at Clifton to beg, as usual, for his beloved missions, he was charmed by the ready promise of £100; and going to her residence at Bradford, Wilts,

according to agreement, to receive the amount, his heart was fairly won by finding it doubled. Dr. Etheridge does not seem wholly to agree with the general run of religious biographers, who appear to think that it is a mistake in the Bible to tell us how Rachel was loved, and how Rebecca was won, and keep out of sight everything connected with courtship and marriage. Our biographer easily and naturally introduces us to the Doctor's relation with his beloved Penelope, and gives a portrait of the lady, and notices of their happy though short life in matrimony, which is one of the heart-warming passages of the book. Like himself she had property, and it was, as cheerfully as his own, devoted to the purposes for which he lived. She shared his journeys and his toils with him, but was soon removed. A second marriage was with a lady equally estimable, but death speedily terminated the union.

For a long time Coke had been revolving schemes for Africa and India. After some failures, for the former a Mission to Sierra Leone had eventually been organized. In India he had corresponded with one and another, and his soul chafed and fretted against the restraints imposed by the East India Company. Being personally intimate with some of the King's ministers, and with some leading men at the India House, he had thoroughly ascertained how the matter stood, and concluded that it was impossible to get any sanction to the undertaking which he had so warmly at heart. As his years advanced, the resolution grew to make this the one great object of his last days; and he was determined, by one means or another, to find his sphere in India, and that for it he would live the little time yet remaining to him below. The passion became absorbing, and led him into one of the oddest acts of indiscretion by which his life was distinguished. Finding that, although the Government shut up the way to all missionary effort, there was some probability that a bishop would be appointed to Calcutta, he wrote to his friend Mr. Wilberforce, in the most artless and childlike manner, stating all his own relations to the Methodist Connexion, (with which, indeed, Wilberforce was perfectly acquainted,) and yet saying that such was his desire to be the means of commencing a great Christian work in India, that as no door for undertaking a mission was open, if the King's ministers would recommend him for the bishopric, he would gladly go. With some of them he was intimate, with several of them friendly, and with characteristic ardour he thought all the difficulties in the way might easily be overcome. This communication could produce little other effect upon Wilberforce or the ministers than a little amusement; but the Doctor

was not to be balked of his great object. Finding that the continent was sealed against him, he determined on attempting the crown colony of Ceylon, where the exclusive system of the East India Company was not in force. He matured his plans for a mission here, and in his journeys through the country selected some young men whom he thought suitable for the work ; and at a meeting of ministers in London solemnly consecrated himself to this great undertaking, and deprecated everything like discouragement.

The oldest and wisest men among his brethren were averse to the step ; he was between sixty and seventy, and they doubted the ability of the Connexion to sustain the missions already existing, and in addition the one now projected, when his personal applications and influence, through which funds had hitherto chiefly come, should be withdrawn. When, therefore, the matter came before the Conference, after a serious debate, the prevalent opinion seemed to be against giving sanction to the departure of Dr. Coke. As he left the assembly, he was leaning upon the arm of one of the coadjutors whom he had chosen for the work, Mr. Benjamin Clough, who has left on record that as they went away from the discouraging debate, the Doctor literally wept along the street. In the morning, Mr. Clough went to his room, and found that he had never been in bed, but had spent the night in prayer, and weeping, and preparing to address his brethren and plead with them, that they should no longer resist ; ' For,' he said, ' it will break my heart.' In the Conference he poured out a stream of impetuous and affectionate entreaty, meeting objections, and soothing fears ; and at last saying, that as to the funds, if the Connexion could not find them, he was ready himself to lay down £6,000 for the support of the Mission. Before this flood of zeal, every barrier gave way ; the sanction he desired was granted, his heart sang for joy, and that countenance, the ordinary beams of which won the affections of most men with whom he came into contact, shone with special radiance. Thenceforth the little time he spent in England was a time of gladness and activity, making minute preparations for the outfit of his colleagues and their wives, and yet working like an under-graduate for honours, to acquire the Portuguese language, as the most useful for his new sphere in Ceylon. Ordinary men would have thought it quite enough to conduct the enterprise and stimulate the zeal of younger preachers, but not so Coke ; he must have the language upon his own tongue, and with his own lips proclaim the message with which he was fraught. Dr. Etheridge's narrative of these latter transactions in his life is worthy of the man and

the events. From the time he approaches the last great enterprise; whether it be describing the singing tones and beaming looks of the thrice-happy missionary leader, or the affectionate farewells of friends he loved, or the mingled care and wonder of the youthful coadjutors who surrounded him, or the grand panorama of the fleet with which they sailed for escort;—it being in time of war, and part of their companion ships being freighted with stores for the Peninsular army under Wellington;—or whether it be the ardent, not to say enthusiastic, studies in his cabin from early morning to late at night, or the pleasant social scenes on ship-board, and interchanges between the Missionary party in different vessels,—all through, the pages of the biographer live.

This final voyage of the great missionary seafarer is advanced to near the western coast of India, when the second return of the vessel to the tropics appears accompanied with some little decline of the Doctor's health, attributed by his friends and fellow passengers to the undue closeness and perseverance of his studies. But at last one morning, the faithful attendant, who always at half-past five knocked at his cabin and heard the answer of the clear kind voice, heard it no longer, and going in found the man whom every one on board had learned to love and venerate lying upon the floor, cold and lifeless. The signal was made to the whole fleet, 'The Rev. Dr. Coke is dead;' and then in a short time longer the little missionary group, joined by a really melted crowd of soldiers, sailors, and passengers, stood thoughtfully round the hastily made coffin, and in a few moments more the waves of the Indian Ocean rolled over the mortal form of the most extensive planter of Christian Missions in modern times.

In every county in England and Ireland, in every State of the Union, in every Colony in the West Indies and British America, and in Sierra Leone, Christian congregations heard with hearty sorrow that Doctor Coke's life of praying, smiling, working, singing, and giving was ended. By a resistless impulse multitudes sprang up resolved to adopt and cherish the now seemingly orphaned Missions; and a Society arose to take his place, which has become the largest in the circle of Protestant Missionary Societies. A special Providence seemed to open the hands of the rich, and the homes of the great, to the band from whose head he had been so suddenly taken; and though they landed penniless, they never wanted, lived long, and left fragrant names behind them. Lynch will not be forgotten while Methodist Missions exist at Madras; M'Kenny will be remembered in Australia; Harvard lived to publish the history of their vicissi-

tudes, and died in age and honour; and Clough wrote his name on Singhalese literature. One veteran of the group, Mr. Squance, yet survives, to sing the favourite hymn of the glowing Doctor, and to kindle in younger men the old missionary flame.

We hope that we have told enough of Dr. Coke to make our readers desire a more extended acquaintance with him, and quoted enough of Dr. Etheridge's book to satisfy them that in its pages their desire will be agreeably and profitably satisfied.

ART. IX.—*Speeches in Parliament and some Miscellaneous Pamphlets of the late Henry Drummond, Esq.* Edited by LORD LOVAINE. In Two Volumes. London: Bosworth and Harrison.

MORE than twenty years ago we remember to have witnessed a remarkable triumph of oratory. We saw a large and highly respectable assembly, under the spell of a powerful orator, adopt and endorse, by vehement applause, the sentiment that this was 'an age of little measures and little men.' Yet that very generation had within the preceding ten years repealed the Test Act and removed the Disabilities of Romanists, carried the Reform Bill, emancipated the Negro, suppressed ten Irish Bishoprics, established the Ecclesiastical Commission, and initiated Railways. Now whatever opinion may be held as to the tendency of the measures just referred to, there can be but one as to their scope and range. For good or evil they were undoubtedly great measures, and the age which produced them had, we may be sure, its share of great men. The speaker himself might be quoted in disproof of his own assertion. It is doubtful if the fulminations of Demosthenes were more effective than those of Chalmers; and when we think of his own estimate of several of his contemporaries in Church and State, we are less than ever inclined to indulge in depreciatory criticism. Our great men do not, indeed, stand out, and probably will never stand out, so prominently as some in former times; but why? Because, owing to the progress of society all around and below them, they have not the same relative superiority. 'In the kingdom of the blind,' says the proverb, 'the one-eyed is king;' but among those who see, distinction must be gained some other way. Our statesmen and publicists seem 'little,' because there are so many of them. They are surrounded by those who are their equals, and the distinction which some acquire is as often due to accidental circumstances as to superior merit.

Were the bulk of our country gentlemen such as Macaulay describes, or were even Sir Roger de Coverley the prevailing type, what would be the fame of our Aclands and Barings, our Pullers, Henleys, and Pakingtons! What prodigies would Sir George Lewis and Mr. Gladstone be! And where and how should we classify the accomplished, versatile, generous author of these volumes? Had he lived two hundred years ago, we should probably have found a pen-and-ink sketch of him in that noble gallery entitled *The Life and Times of Richard Baxter*, where, if he figured in no other character, he would at least have been recognised as a 'Sect-Maker.'

What the next age may think of Henry Drummond we shall not stop to inquire; but among the men of our day there have been few more truly remarkable, or whose memories are invested with a more melancholy interest. We are, therefore, not sorry to see these volumes published within a moderate interval after his decease; though we could have wished for a fuller sketch of his life from the pen of his noble son-in-law, as well as for the inclusion of one or more pamphlets which have been omitted from the second volume; and we particularly regret that the collection of his speeches does not contain some of those which excited the greatest share of attention at the time of their delivery, while others are printed without adequate notices of the reception they met with. Nothing could be more thoroughly characteristic than the dauntless manner in which he met the opposition provoked by one of his speeches on the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill; and a few historical memoranda of that and some similar scenes, such as Lord Lovaine's memory would supply, or which might easily have been compiled from the newspapers, would have added much to the interest and value of the first volume.

Mr. Drummond was in the House of Commons at two periods of his life. When he was twenty-four years of age, he sat for the borough of Plympton Earle; but being then actively engaged in business, in connexion with the Bank which has made his name so famous, he found his health unequal to the labour, and, after three years, retired; not, however, until he had carried a Bill which made bankers who embezzled the securities intrusted to them punishable with fourteen years' transportation. A useful measure this, and one which it was very creditable to a banker to have introduced. The outcry against class legislation will derive no support from such a fact.

From 1813 to 1832, Mr. Drummond continued in business; but he did not return to Parliament till fifteen years after his retirement from the Bank as a working partner. He had then become well known as an able and active county magistrate; and

being requested to stand for West Surrey, on the Conservative interest, he consented, and continued to represent that important and wealthy constituency as long as he lived. He disclaimed party considerations and pledges; and, judging merely from his votes, it would not be easy to say to what party he belonged; for he thought it his duty to support the ministry which the Sovereign had chosen, whenever he could. 'There is a class of persons,' he said, 'who think it the highest point of statesmanship to harass, and torment, and obstruct every administration that can be formed. I have a profound contempt for such a course of conduct. I support every Government. Upon the majority of subjects they alone have sufficient information to enable them to decide; and it is safer to cast my lot in with the side of information than with the side of fidgety ignorance.' Where religious considerations supervened, he was inflexible; and his bold denunciations, and biting sarcasms, rendered him a formidable opponent, especially to Utilitarians and Papists, whose subjection to the Jesuits he never ceased to expose and reprobate.

For directness and force, his speeches are all admirable. He goes straight to his point; wasting no time in ceremony or compliment, and never diluting the sense, until it becomes barely distinguishable, as the manner of some is. He has no sentences requiring to be read twice, and even then leaving it questionable whether their meaning is apprehended. When he has finished, he closes, which is another virtue. Several of these speeches are comprised in a page or two; and if honourable members generally had followed his example, we should have had many shorter, and certainly not less productive, sessions.

The student of our institutions will find here notable examples of that 'liberty of speech' which the Speaker claims from the Sovereign, at the opening of every Parliament, as one of its 'ancient and undoubted rights;' and of the fearlessness which becomes a British representative. This is, in fact, the great charm of the book, as it was of the living man. There are those who attribute it, in part, at least, to his wealth, but large possessions are not always found in association with large souls; and his was not a vulgar, purse-proud confidence, but was associated with large information and refined taste. It was the temper of a man who, having made up his mind to what was right, would stand by it at all costs and hazards; and therefore, though his opinions often provoked laughter, his chivalrous honesty secured respect. He stood well with the House; and among his personal friends is said to have exercised an influence little short of fascination.

Of his style we will now give some average specimens. The first from a speech delivered in 1848, on a motion of Mr. Ewart's for leave to bring in a Bill to Abolish the Punishment of Death.

'I am induced to rise solely for the purpose of noticing some extraordinary assertions which have been made in the course of the discussion. With reference to what has fallen from the honourable member who spoke last [Mr. Thompson], it appears to me that in inflicting punishment upon a criminal, we have nothing whatever to do with the consideration of what might be his eternal state. Then, again, I must deny that men ought to be gifted with infallibility before undertaking to pronounce and execute judgment on individuals. The objection would apply equally to any other subject upon which men were called to pronounce an opinion. A conscientious man in every circumstance of life ought to form an opinion to the best of his knowledge and ability. He can do no more. When reference is made to the sanguinary code which existed in former years, it should be borne in mind that the punishment of death was attached to many offences in compliance with the urgent demands of merchants and traders, who were continually pressing their representatives in the House of Commons to afford them protection for their property. It was in that way the code was formed. It is difficult to understand whence all the existing anxiety about the fate of criminals arises. Doubtless there is a charm in an honourable member being able to boast, that year after year he has stood forward as the consistent advocate of the convict. Perhaps also, those who have distinguished themselves as the advocates of freedom of trade are desirous of emancipating ill-doers from all restraints, and leaving them at liberty to exercise their skill in landlord-shooting. Such a result would not be inconsistent with the maudlin humanity of the present day. It will be remembered that Robespierre, when young, was remarkable for the tenderness of his heart. He left his calling of commissary to the Bishop of Arras, because he could not bear the shedding of human blood; but every one knows what a proficient in that line he afterwards became. Whether it be possible to substitute any fear which would be as effectual as the fear of being hanged, I cannot undertake to determine, but my belief is that it is not possible. Those persons who call upon the House to take example by the French code, and to import "extenuating circumstances" into our judicial system, surely cannot be well read in the trials of that country at no very remote period. Take the case of Madam Laffarge, who was tried for poisoning her husband. The lady pleaded, as one of the *circonstances atténuantes* of her case, that her husband had bad teeth. The French jury admitted the validity of the plea, and Madame Laffarge was not executed. The reduction of the amount of corporal punishment in the army and navy has been referred to as an argument in favour of the abolition of the punishment of death; and the House has been reminded of the saying of the Duke of Wellington, that he hoped to live to see the day when no soldier would be flogged, by

which his Grace meant that he hoped to live to see the day when no soldier would deserve flogging. Every military man knows that it is impossible to do without flogging. One honourable member has referred to what he calls the introduction of a theological argument into the present discussion. It is not easy to understand how anything which has been said merits that description. I never knew anybody who could not find a text of Scripture to support anything he pleased. That, however, is not theology; but this I know, that if there is a clear expression to be found in the Scriptures, it is in the words, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." Another clear declaration is, that the civil governor "beareth not the sword in vain." Now, certainly, he would bear it in vain if he were not allowed to use it. These references to scriptural texts remind me of what a Scotch clergyman once said to me, that if a man had not got common sense, it was of no use for him to read the Bible, for the Bible would not give him common sense, it pre-supposed he had it. It is said that the proposition submitted to the House is to be only an experiment. Then, of course, the honourable member will not object to have it tried first in his own district. Let it be proclaimed, that in future no person shall be executed for murders committed in Manchester and Dumfries; and, if the plan shall be found to work well in practice in those places, it may be extended to the whole of the empire. Those who are of opinion that the punishment of death may be abolished, ought, in common fairness, to wear some distinguishing mark, so that murderers might know them. My opinion is that the Queen's subjects have a right to her Majesty's protection. The anti-punishment-by-death-agitation has its origin in a false humanity. Influenced by that, juries, instead of doing their duty in the fear of God, and confining themselves to the single question, "Is this man guilty according to the evidence?" turn themselves into judges and do not keep their oaths. The fact is, that our sympathy is always enlisted on the side of rogues. The honest labourer is not so well fed as the pauper in the union; he, again, is not so well fed as the criminal in the gaol; who, in his turn, is not so well fed as the condemned felon.'—Vol. i., pp. 25-27.

A second, on an entirely different subject, contains some plain truth, which it would be well if all our countrymen were acquainted with. It is on the 'Succession to Real Estate Bill,'—a measure brought forward by Mr. Locke King for providing for the distribution, in cases of intestacy, of real property in the same manner as personal property.

'I apprehend that my honourable friend (Mr. Locke King) who has brought forward this motion, is not quite aware of its full scope and probable effect. Now, my honourable friend knows, and the House will remember, that I have troubled it with various propositions, having for their object to encourage and facilitate the sale and transfer of land; and I am happy to say that Her Majesty's ministers

have been induced to take this subject up, and have issued a commission, which is under the direction of my honourable friend opposite (Mr. Walpole), and whose efforts I have no doubt will terminate in the public being afforded very much greater facilities for the purchase of land than they possess at present. I am opposed to this Bill, believing that it will tend, indirectly if not directly, to the compulsory distribution of landed property. It would be a very great hardship to compel a man to become a mill-owner whether he liked it or not, and it would be equally a grievance to oblige persons who have no taste for agriculture, and who do not possess the knowledge necessary for conducting agricultural operations, to become owners of land. It is, as honourable gentlemen will allow, no great secret that the knowledge necessary for conducting agricultural operations is not one communicated equally to all; just in the same manner every one is not so placed as to have attained that particular sort of knowledge that would fit him to be placed at the head of mill operatives. Would it not then be a very great hardship if every honest, industrious man were obliged to become a mill-owner if he did not wish to be one? And, perhaps, it might be no lesser hardship if every worthy manufacturer were compelled to enter on the possession of land. But honourable gentlemen are not left altogether to speculation upon this matter. We have only to observe calmly what has been done in a neighbouring country, towards which, when it suits their purpose, some honourable members are very fond of directing our eyes, and what has been brought about there, not during one of the revolutionary paroxysms so often experienced in that country, but during the slow process of a long and systematic course of operations. More than two centuries ago it was the policy of the sovereigns of France to break down landed property, because they feared its power against themselves. That end was completely effected during the reign of the Emperor Napoleon. I remember visiting France immediately after the restoration of Louis XVIII., and all those with whom I entered into conversation on the social and political condition of the country, assured me that the compulsory subdivision of the land prevailed to a disastrous extent throughout the country, and that it would be difficult now to get rid of it, because all the mothers were in favour of it. The last time, however, that I saw M. Lafitte—and I remember the occasion particularly well, because my honourable friend the member for Montrose (Mr. Hume) was present, and had been endeavouring, though with indifferent success, to reveal to him the manifold mysteries of the malt tax—he gave it as his opinion that the subdivision of land was the cause of the ruin of France. I am in the habit of going frequently to France, and into the country districts, and have observed with accuracy what takes place in the farms there. I often reside with French farmers, and know their position perfectly. I have seen a farmer with 300 acres of land, parts of it his own, parts belonging to others, but not three of them joined together at any one place. And in consequence of the law being such as it is, a farmer who has four sons and two daughters, knowing very well that at his

death his property must be divided, never builds, and there is no such thing as a homestead or farm-house on the land—a homestead would be too large for the owner of one sixth portion of the land; and therefore it happens, that throughout the north of France homesteads and farm-houses of all kinds have completely disappeared, except, indeed, in cases where the lands, having belonged to hospitals, were excepted from confiscation at the time of the Revolution. In such cases the lands are still held in large allotments, there may still be found good and sufficient homesteads, but nowhere else. I have known this principle of subdivision carried to such an extravagant extent, that a man found himself the possessor of not more than a *sillon* or single furrow. Now the result of the system will be that foretold by Burke—that all the land in the country will fall into the hands of the Crown, because the owners will be obliged to abandon these small holdings, rather than continue to pay the burdensome taxes. At the present moment the Government cannot trust the landed proprietors in France for more than one month's taxes, and the taxes have to be gathered twelve times in the course of the year. But a still stronger argument against the French system came to light during the reign of Louis Philippe. At that time a great complaint was made by a certain commune that the conscription fell more heavily upon them than upon any other place: the fact was, I believe, that upwards of forty per cent. of the population of the district were returned as unfit for service. Now, it is very well known that during the last war the proportion of our population returned as unfit for service was very much less than that of France, the numbers being as about five to eight; and that unfitness was generally ascribable in this country to those accidents to which young men are liable during early life, or while at school. The French government issued a commission to investigate the cause of the extraordinary disproportion, and it then appeared that the people had become rickety, in consequence of the badness of their diet,—that they had wholly ceased from living upon animal food, that they did not even eat cereals, but lived almost entirely upon roots. I may mention another startling fact. Before the Revolution, France not only supplied the horses for her own army, but reared large numbers for exportation; but she has now to purchase them from other countries, at the rate of 30,000 or 40,000 horses a year, for there is no possibility of raising them at home. We have another remarkable proof of the dearth produced in the agricultural districts of France by her legal system, in the total want of stock. There is scarcely any stock kept in any quarter of the country; and though the land is usually more fertile than in England, I do not believe that an acre of land there produces more than one half of what it does in England; so that it is utterly impossible to maintain stock upon it. (Mr. Bright: "No, no.") I will give the honourable gentleman the necessary references, and he may go and ascertain the fact for himself. Well, in addition to all this, our new ally, who is certainly a very clever man—although we chose to laugh at him some time ago, we do not laugh at him now, for he has turned

out to be one of the cleverest men in Europe—has drawn a remarkable parallel on the subject of the division of land between the Frank and Germanic regions of Europe. He has shown that with the Franks territorial transmission is hereditary, whereas in the German States the soil is distributed in small divisions; and he says that there is no such thing as a Germanic nation or body, but that until very lately there had been a French one to some purpose, though it is now being broken up by that subdivision of soil. It is my firm belief, that a community in land means a community in pauperism, and nothing else.'—Vol. i., pp. 288–291.

The next describes the working of Popery on the continent, and advocates non-interference in Italian affairs:—

'I do not rise to prolong this debate by stating any opinions of my own, or by reinforcing the arguments which have been used by others. But I think that scrimp justice has been done to the kingdom of Sardinia, and that this debate has not gone to the root of the question. I will, therefore, refer to a few facts to enable this house to come to a right conclusion. It is very well known that Sardinia is the only country which has attained constitutional government without either revolution or carnage. Towards such a nation, in this House, where we profess to be great admirers of constitutional government, and where we know something of the failures which have attended the attempts to attain it in France and Hungary and other places, we ought to have some leanings, and not show so much anxiety to find fault with the conduct of statesmen who are unused to the difficulties of the position they hold. It is essential to the establishment of freedom that the ecclesiastical should be subjected to the civil power. Without that it is delusion to talk of liberty—liberty is a sham. You can have no liberty while you are the slaves of the priest. There are those in this House who remember, as I do, the return of Louis XVIII. to France, where he found a priest who had been convicted of the crime of cutting his mistress into twenty pieces. (A laugh.) O, yes! I dare say it is a very good joke. But I know this, that with all the power the King possessed, he was prevented for several years,—seven or eight, I think it was,—before he dared to execute righteous judgment on that priest. Now, no sooner had the government of Sardinia put the priestly under the civil power,—that is to say, made the priests amenable to the laws in the same way as civilians,—than every member of the assembly who voted for the Siccardi Law was excommunicated and remains excommunicated to the present day in consequence, and Rossi, the promoter of that law, died without having received the sacraments of the Church; and, however lightly the members of the Protestant Church may treat these things, they alone who are Roman Catholics, or who have lived long in Roman Catholic countries, can be aware of the enormous importance attached to them. Not long after, the Jesuit confessor of the mother of the present Emperor of Austria got

about him at a time when he was slightly wounded, and made him vow that if he recovered he would restore to the Church her rights in Austria, by a Concordat. Mark the words. They were false words used intentionally,—false words conveying a lie. A Concordat was concluded,—a Concordat which gave to the Church in Austria powers which in no part of Germany had she ever possessed before, and put Austria in complete subjection to the decrees of the Council of Trent. By this Concordat the whole youth of the kingdom are placed exclusively under the control of the Jesuit schools. No Protestant of Bohemia or Hungary, or any of the Danubian provinces, can be received into the civil or military service of the empire without a certificate from one of the Jesuit schools; and of course, as the Protestants refuse to send their children to be taught there, they are practically excluded from those services. The Jesuit priests in Lombardy fomented the rebellion of the priests in Sardinia; the Pope backed them both; and it would have been utterly impossible for the country to remain free unless some steps had been taken to control their power. The king, therefore, asked the succour of France, and it was granted. But it was no mere question of territorial aggrandizement. In 1848, and since that time, the Pope—that is to say, the ecclesiastical power—has put forth its influence throughout Europe in a way that it had not dared to do since the French Revolution. There is not, I believe, a single state in Europe where it has not done so. Do not suppose I find fault with the Pope for his conduct in this matter. I say that the declaration he made the other day was an honourable and a manly declaration, that he would rather die than forego the rights of his Church. But I say that those rights are incompatible with the freedom of mankind. At the time the Bishop of Mayence was exciting all the priests in Baden to revolt, the grand duke was placed in a most embarrassing position; for he was governing for his elder brother, who was imbecile. In fact, so difficult was it that he had been obliged to ask the Pope himself to interfere. And there the matter rests. In Prussia the priests claim the right of searching every house in the Rhenish provinces, to see if any books are there which have been put into the "Index," and to ascertain what newspapers are read; in fact, the priests exercise there a self-originated police authority. I might quote many similar examples, but I know that such details are necessarily tedious. What have they done in France? Mark you! You talk here of the freedom of the press. Whatever a newspaper says here the editor alone is responsible for; but when the Emperor prosecuted Montalembert the other day for pronouncing a panegyric on England, he took care to let all the newspaper writers who continually abuse England go free. Does that not show, that, while he represses the one, he wishes to encourage the other? The *Univers* has declared over and over again, that the existence of Protestant England is incompatible with the happiness of the human race; and points it out as a glorious act, and as the destiny of France, to blot England out of existence, as Carthage was blotted out before. But while this is

allowed to the Catholics, M. Coquerel, a Protestant clergyman very well known at Paris, and formerly a member of the Legislative Chamber, has been warned, and forbidden to say anything in his sermons that is offensive to Popery. At La Sarre and other places the sale of the Scriptures has been forbidden, and the persons selling them have been put in prison, and why? Because it is said that Holy Scripture is opposed to the religion of the majority. (Mr. Bowyer: "No, no.") Now, you had better be cautious. Does the honourable member forget how many bulls have been put forth prohibiting the circulation of the Scriptures? He had better be on his guard, for I have got the documents here. Did the honourable member never read the encyclical letter of the Pope to the Bishops of Poland, in which this is said? It is well known that at all times Holy Church has held it to be infinitely perilous for laymen to read the Holy Scriptures. (Mr. Bowyer: "No, no.") I do request the favour of the House to allow me to read the passage; for, as the matter is now put, either I have been telling you a falsehood or somebody else has. The Pope's letter to the bishops runs thus:—

"It is unnecessary to remind you how repeatedly the Church, by the mouth of the Roman pontiffs, has forbidden her children to read the Bible in any vulgar tongue."

(Mr. Bowyer: "There is something else.") Yes—there is something else!

"Pope Clement VIII. has moreover declared that no bishop whatever is at liberty to permit Bibles of the above description to be kept or read."

(Mr. Bowyer: "Of the above description.") That is, "in any vulgar tongue,"—in English, for instance. Why, the fact is notorious. Outside this House there is scarcely a man who will be found to contradict it. Then there is child-stealing. We have all heard of the Mortara case. Child-stealing is going on everywhere. It is practised a little even among ourselves in Ireland. The other day in Maubeuge (France) the Protestant Church was suppressed, and there has been a great deal more of the same sort of thing that I might cite. What I have attempted to show you is, that the power of the Pope is advancing at a greater rate than ever it did, and it is incompatible with freedom. Do not talk of wishing for liberty in Italy, while you continue the power of the Pope. It is downright nonsense; you cannot have any such thing. But then I say to you that England, as a Protestant country, cannot meddle to any good purpose. If the Roman Catholic laity are to be emancipated from ecclesiastical tyranny, they must do it for themselves. Whatever we say or do will be viewed with so much prejudice, that it will be rejected, though they were the maxims of Wisdom herself. Now, taking a broad and general view of the question, I say that this Protestant country ought, as an essential consideration, to keep out of this Congress. It can do no possible good. I know that there are fidgets on all subjects—private fidgets and public fidgets,

family fidgets and political fidgets; and there is a great tendency, on the part of many people, to do what the sailors call "shoving in their oar where there is no rowlock." I think it would be a dangerous thing for this country to meddle in the settlement of a question essentially religious, with which we can have no legitimate concern, which must produce irritation, and one in which our opinions or advice can never be fairly listened to. And this furnishes an additional reason—not that I would argue that the Government of the country should have its hands tied by any resolution of this House—why it would not be a wise or a prudent policy for us to interfere in any way in this Congress."—Vol. i., pp. 448–452.

Our last extract is slightly abridged from a speech on the Second Reading of the 'Newspaper Stamp Duties Bill.' It contains a large amount of undeniable, though to many parties very unwelcome, truth, in regard to what is called 'Journalism, the ascendancy of which Mr. Drummond held to be incompatible with the welfare of the country. Elsewhere he strongly denounces the anonymous character of the English journals, and expresses his preference for the French system, which compels the editors of leading articles to sign them with their names.

'I rise under the painful sensation of holding opinions very different to those I have heard expressed on both sides of the House. I am perfectly conscious of addressing a body of the most devout idolaters, and I am conscious, also, that they would not like to have their idol examined; for, to use the figure of the honourable baronet opposite (Sir B. Lytton) in the course of his eloquent speech, their idol is a ghost which they would not like to have looked at. It is my firm opinion that the press, in its present state, instead of being the greatest glory and advantage to the country, is one of our greatest curses. These speeches, these panegyrics of a free press, would have been very valiant in the days of the Tudors, or even of the Stuarts; but everybody knows that the majority of them are base adulation of a power which the speakers are afraid of and dare not resist; and the writers in the press, who are the best judges themselves, boast and say plainly that they are the true directors of the policy of the country, for that the gentlemen who condescend to sit on the ministerial bench and receive salaries have only been recorders of the decisions of the press. Well, the press ought to know their own business best, and for that reason I believe the *Times* and three or four other newspapers of that kind, when they say that this Bill is a personal attack upon them, and that the standard of the press, such as it is, if this measure is allowed to pass, will be materially lowered. Now, I must confess that I am of that opinion too. People talk of this press as being the means by which the country is instructed. No wonder, then, the country is so ill-instructed. Then it is said that it is from the press we should study history; and I have been told not long ago by honourable members sitting above me, that it is more worth while to read a page

of the *Times* than to read the whole of Thucydides. The truth of the matter is, that this is all cant and nonsense; the press is a mercantile speculation, and nothing else. I want to know why it should not be so. I want to know why Messrs. Walter and their families should not set up a manufactory of gossip just as well as the honourable gentleman next him should set up a manufactory of calico? You must suit your manufactures, in different countries, according to the tastes of the public. In Rome, for instance, people occupy themselves in manufacturing antiquities. Well, nobody cares much for antiquities in this country. In Munich, again, they used to carry on a great manufacture of old medals. That would not do here either, though if somebody were to set up a manufactory of old china, that might turn out a good speculation just now. Upon the whole, however, the taste of the English people is for gossip—political gossip—and political gossip of one sort or another they must have, cost what it may. The *Times* seems to me to carry on its business in this way better than any other paper, and that is the reason, perhaps, why it is now attacked. It is not a very long time since this newspaper was set up. The first person belonging to it whom I remember, was a Mr. Tucker; after him came a great number of very clever men, because, of course, the Walter family could not carry on the whole thing themselves, but there was always a man of that accommodating class, a seven years' barrister, or some one of that stamp, who was ready to take up anything. These people, these barristers, remind me a good deal of what they call on board ship a "handy Billy"—a tackle that comes in upon all occasions whenever it is wanted. There have been since then Barnes, Alsager, Stirling, Delane, Mozley, Lowe, Dasent, and others. Well, why should they not write? Why is it that when you hear these gentlemen speak (and there is one of them in this House whom I am always delighted to hear), they then never frighten or alarm you, but on the contrary you are always excessively amused and instructed; whereas, when they use that dreadful "we," everybody is terrified, and looks upon them as most awful men. The press, in fact, frightens us with its editorial "we." Observe the art of this. These gentlemen are all of different opinions. Now the foolish papers who do not understand the matter, like the *Morning Chronicle*, for instance, take up with some particular party. One is a Peelite, another something else. When the Peelite party is thriving, the paper thrives too; but when the Peelites go down, down goes the paper. It is quite clear these are not men of business. The thing is to get a set of gentlemen of different opinions, and to set them writing. Of course you could accuse no man of inconsistency, he might always have held the same opinions; and so individually these writers are most consistent, while collectively nothing in the world can be more inconsistent. It seems to me that the very perfection of journalism is—individual honesty and collective profligacy, political and literary. There is nevertheless a great advantage in this, and the *Times* newspaper always puts me in mind of a bit of bog I have near a farm of mine. I once thought of draining it,

and asked the opinion of the farmer, who replied, "No, no, don't drain it. In wet weather there's something for the cow, and if there's nothing for the cow there's something for the pig, and if there's nothing for the pig there's something for the goose." So it is with the *Times*; if there is nothing in it for one man, there is sure to be something for another. There is, however, one very great evil, which I do think the House ought to have the manliness to contend with; and that is the present lawless system of libelling. This is carried on to a most outrageous extent, and, so far from thinking the press better than it was, I believe, as far as my experience goes, it is much worse. I never had any acquaintance that I know of with the editor of a newspaper; but I was once obliged to go to the late Mr. Perry, who had it in his power utterly to ruin a friend of mine. Mr. Perry had a letter in his hand which he was to have published the next day, and the publication of which would have been most detrimental to my friend; but upon requesting him not to make it known, Mr. Perry, in the most liberal and gentlemanly way, promised not to publish a single word of it. I therefore always have pleasure in bearing testimony to the kindness of Mr. Perry, and to his behaviour on that occasion. But instances of the libelling to which I refer are without end; they are of daily occurrence, although people do not know all the cases. For example, my honourable friend the member for Launceston (Mr. Percy) brought before the notice of the House the other day a most gross and most circumstantial libel upon a Dr. Meyer, who had been described as a worthless ignorant German, who knew nothing at all, and who was merely put into office because he flattered Prince Albert. This turned out to be a lie from beginning to end. Dr. Meyer was an Englishman, had received a good English education, and had never seen Prince Albert in his life. A circumstance happened with regard to a relation of my own the other day. In the course of Lord Lucan's evidence before the Sebastopol Committee of the House of Commons, he said that the commissariat sent out a parcel of ignorant boys, and on being pressed to give the names, he mentioned the name of Mr. Murray, the son of the Bishop of Rochester. At the end of his evidence he spoke of this same young man, and said how well he behaved, and how well he had filled his duties. Well, the first part of this evidence was inserted next day, but the second never was; and when I sent by Mr. Macdonald a message to the *Times*, saying how unfair it was, they never published a single word of explanation, nor did they give any contradiction until Lord Lucan himself wrote to the newspapers to do so. A letter in my possession speaks of the admirable manner in which this young man had behaved; how, in some cases, he had personally distributed the provisions in order that the men might not be kept waiting; and when remonstrated with for undertaking so menial an office, he replied, that the only way to receive or to impart instruction in the duties of his office was first to perform them himself, and that he was not afraid of degrading himself by showing how the subordinate duties of the office ought to be discharged. The same thing happened with regard to Lord Balgonie, against whom some aspersion

was directed, and the remark was revived that our soldiers were fighting under the "cold shade of the aristocracy," whereas his general said he was one of the best officers he ever had. Then there was the case of a friend of mine, whose trial I attended last year. The *Times* attacked him most shamefully for a long time, and upon the trial his justification came out; but while they published the whole of the first day's proceedings, which aggravated his offence, they never published his justification. These cases are occurring every day. The newspapers are accused of being bribed, but that seems to me one of the most absurd charges that ever was made. Why do they set up shops, except to sell their goods? Of course they take that which happens to be the popular side of the day. They do not want to guide public opinion, they want to follow it; and whatever the cry of the day is, they repeat it. They did this on the trial of Queen Caroline. The *Times* first advocated one side, and then finding that the mob, who were not inclined to argue the merits of the case, took the woman's side, round went the *Times* and took the woman's side also. Well, there was no harm in that. The only harm in it is that people are apt to fancy that this paper is the guide and teacher of the public. At the same time they hate it, and they hate it the more because it is the very best of its kind.....The *Times* the other day remarked, in reference to an observation of the honourable member for Manchester (Mr. Bright):—

"If he means to intimate that, notwithstanding injustice, we are successful, he is certainly right. We are so, and as long as we discharge the duties which the empire and the world expect at our hands, we trust to continue so."

That is all very fine; but they have no "duty" to discharge but to sell their paper, and the empire and the world expect none other at their hands.—Vol. i., pp. 327–331.

Yet with all his objections to the newspapers, he had the true English love of fair play; and when a proposal was made which he deemed unjust to the *Times*, he thus denounced it:—

'I objected the other day to the whole conduct of the press, because it is a system of stabbing in the dark: but I object equally to this House stabbing that establishment; for there can be no question, after the debate which has taken place, that this is an attack upon a single establishment.....You are beginning to indulge private pique. You attack the *Times* under pretence of public virtue; you are afraid of it; but instead of standing up boldly against it, you give it this dirty stab in the dark. You pretend that it is of immense importance to preserve the good and able writing which appears in the *Times*. How is it preserved? It is preserved simply by that newspaper being so very profitable a concern.....I would endeavour to do justice even to an enemy, and I shall therefore vote against what I think is a private attack, under pretence of public virtue, against a single establishment.'—Vol. i., p. 333.

These are fine specimens of plain speech, so free from all burdensome conventionalities, and so unmistakeably honest, but they will not cast much light on the general character of Mr. Drummond's politics. They show that he did not fear the *Times* newspaper,—no small virtue, certainly, in a public man of 1855;—that he saw the mischiefs which would arise from abolishing, or even trenching upon, the law of primogeniture; that he was opposed to the abolition of capital punishments, and understood the mischiefs caused by Jesuit ascendancy in the Church of Rome. Beyond this point, they will not conduct us. Nor will it add much to our stock of information, to find that in Dodd, or Hardwick, he was classed as a Liberal Conservative. He hated both words. 'The faction calling itself Conservative,' he thought 'the most silly and contemptible that the country has ever presented. It does not pretend to have a principle, and it talks of conserving nobody knows what, and nobody knows how.' (Vol. ii., p. 343.) As to the title of Liberal, he observes, (p. 255,) 'My cousin Nicholas asserts that John Bull is particularly felicitous in misnomers: when he calls a man "a soldier of fortune," he means a "soldier with no fortune;" the man who demands payment under a threat of arrest, he terms a "solicitor;" names a cinder-heap in the suburbs "Mount Pleasant;" and calls a well-known piece of water the "Serpentine River," because it is not a river, and because it is not serpentine.' (*Ib.*, p. 256.)

Yet, while renouncing these designations, and styling himself 'A Tory of the Old School,' he founded a Professorship of Political Economy in the University of Oxford; and strenuously advocated the extension of the franchise to all persons possessing property of whatever description; the shortening of Parliaments from seven years to three; the payment of the Romish clergy in Ireland, and the opening of the Universities. He anticipated the first Reform Bill, in proposing to disfranchise all non-resident voters, and to take votes simultaneously in parishes. The ballot he would have left to the option of constituencies, to adopt it, or not, as they pleased, that the country might see how it would work: but, in his opinion, both the good and evil of it were much exaggerated. 'It would,' he says, 'certainly prevent much open intimidation, whether by powerful friends, or by turbulent mobs; it would *not* prevent bribery in the smallest degree; and it would generate less openness and plain dealing in the expression of political opinion.' As the dispassionate deliverance of a man of large experience upon a much discussed topic, his words deserve to be seriously considered.

Up to this time, we have seen in Mr. Drummond only the

politician; and, in truth, only a small portion of him. We have forborne to make extracts on foreign politics, though there are some passages, on foreign questions, which would well repay perusal, exhibiting the same fulness of knowledge, honesty of purpose, and force of expression, which mark his other speeches. We now pass to a subject of higher and more solemn interest, which, however, is closely connected with the former; for Mr. Drummond made his politics a part of his religion; and to understand his character, we must know a good deal more concerning him than was seen in the parliamentary arena. His religious history (so far as we can trace it) presents an instructive study, and may be especially commended to those who, on beginning life, would learn 'what to avoid.'

At what period, or by what means, he was first brought to feel the importance of eternal things, we have no means of knowing; but we have first heard of him as a religious man in connexion with a company of seceders from the Established Church, who were headed by a wealthy clergyman of the name of Baring. The party have (we believe) left no written record of their views and objects; but, if we may judge of them by what we find in the *Life of Mr. Harrington Evans*, they aimed originally at greater separation from the world than they supposed to be practicable in the circle in which they then moved. That they were mistaken, if not in their aim, at least in the means they took to secure it, appears plain from the event; for their leader not only left the Established Church, but dropped all traces of his clerical character, and went into business in Italy; while another prominent member, whose lands are called after his own name, at Kemp Town, near Brighton, after building a chapel, not far from the Chapel Royal there, and preaching in it for some time, became prominent on the turf. In Mr. Drummond's case, too, there was, after some years, as we have been informed, a marked recoil from the asceticism of his early associates. And so, in the nature of things, it must always be. The bow overbent will relax, or break. Our Saviour's command to the rich ruler, to sell all that he had, was never intended for a universal law to His followers; it was the test of His professed disciple's sincerity, as the question, 'Why callest thou Me good?' was the test of his knowledge; and it would be just as wise to argue from the question that we are not to call Him good, or to worship Him as God, as from the precept that we are to have no personal property. To keep our property and use it as stewards; our station, and fill it as strangers and pilgrims; to maintain our rank, and use the influence it brings for our Lord; and mix in society, that we may leaven it with truth and love,—these are

requirements needing a much higher degree of grace for their fulfilment, than that of selling all and leaving all. They involve the taking up the cross daily, and not for a few hours or weeks, at the commencement of our course. 'Ye must needs go out of the world,' is St. Paul's *reductio ad absurdum*; 'They that use the world as not abusing it,' his idea of perfection.

Mr. Evans's life further shows us, that the new sect renounced their baptism received in infancy. That excellent man, on resigning his curacy in Hampshire, was immersed in Mr. Baring's house, near Taunton; and on his coming to London, to collect a congregation, immersed Mr. Drummond, who soon after built a chapel in John Street, Bedford Row, at his sole cost, and presented it to Mr. Evans for his life. It is an odd coincidence, that the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel, who succeeded Mr. Evans in the pulpit, is also a seceding clergyman, and was, if we remember rightly, immersed in the same place. It would have been well, had the Baringites merely changed their views on the subjects and mode of baptism; but the book already quoted shows that one, at least, departed from the faith of the Church in regard to the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. Alas! how many active, well-disposed, inquiring minds have been, if not led into, at least encouraged in, useless speculation respecting the person of our Saviour, by the mistakes of Dr. Watts! Mr. Evans eventually recovered himself out of the snare; and we would fain hope that Mr. Drummond did also; for when we next meet with him, it is in company with men who stood up boldly for the truth as it is in Jesus.

In the city of Geneva, the doctrines of the Gospel had long been discountenanced and denied, when Mr. Robert Haldane was made instrumental in recalling attention to them, and in commencing a gracious revival of religion among the students of divinity, of which both France and Switzerland are reaping the fruit at this day. On his removal, Mr. Drummond was unexpectedly, and in a remarkable manner, led to reside there, and lent his aid freely to the good cause. He encouraged the young converts in the belief and profession of evangelical doctrine, maintained their cause as against their Arian or Socinian adversaries, and in various ways fostered the work which Mr. Haldane was honoured to begin. The history of this probably the most useful period of his life is given, with much detail, in the *Life of the two Brothers Haldane*; but, though the extract is long, our readers will not be disposed to wish it shorter.

'Thus Robert Haldane finished his work at Geneva. "Scarcely," says M. Cheneviere, "scarcely had this champion left the field,

when he was succeeded by another, not so profoundly skilful in his art, but much more impetuous." Mr. Haldane was preparing for his journey, and actually counting the money brought to him from the bankers, when a young Englishman, just thirty years of age, was announced as a visitor. His pleasing manners and aristocratic bearing, his finely-chiselled features and intellectual forehead, bespoke his breeding and intelligence, whilst in his acute and penetrating glance, wit, sarcasm, and the love of drollery, seemed to contend with earnestness, benevolence, and an ever-restless Athenian craving after novelty. The stranger introduced himself as a Scotch connexion of Mr. Haldane's, but they had not before met since the time when Henry Drummond, then a little boy, living at Dunira with his grandfather, the first Viscount Melville, used to make his appearance after dinner. The interview was mutually agreeable, and Mr. Haldane heard with delight of the interest with which Mr. Drummond was then inquiring into the deep things of God, and his eagerness to put forth his energetic powers for the support of the Gospel. The occasion of Mr. Drummond's arrival at Geneva had in it also something providential. Early satiated with the empty frivolities of the fashionable world, and pressed by the address of our Lord to the rich young man, he had at first broken up his hunting establishment, and finally sold his magnificent house and beautiful estate of the Grange, in Hampshire. His plans of usefulness were, however, indistinct, and he was going with Lady Harriet to visit the Holy Land. As the nephew of the First Lord of the Admiralty, he had been accommodated with a passage on board the *Tagus* frigate, whose captain was the now well-known Admiral Deans Dundas, whose pious mother, a sister of the late Lord Amesbury, was a frequent hearer of Mr. J. Haldane, and a member of the Rev. Christopher Anderson's Church, in Edinburgh.

'Standing on the deck beside the captain, just as they were going to dinner, Mr. Drummond's quick eye perceived at a distance a ripple on the waters. He remarked it to Captain Dundas, when in an instant orders were given to take in sail, and trim the ship. The ripple indicated the approach of one of those sudden storms for which the Mediterranean has been famed from the day when the Apostle Paul was caught up in the Euroclydon. In this instance, it was the means of sending Mr. Henry Drummond to Geneva. The ship took refuge in the port of Genoa before nightfall, and Lady Harriet begged with tears that they might land. At Genoa, Mr. Drummond accidentally heard of Mr. Haldane's doings, and of the commotion at Geneva. His resolution was taken. He came to Geneva, and introduced himself to Mr. Haldane two days before he left the city. The biographer of Henri Pyt thus speaks:—

"After him (Robert Haldane) Mr. Henry Drummond came, to add new benedictions to those we already possessed. He had for the blessed Pyt a particular affection, which he himself reciprocated. In his conversations, Mr. Drummond chiefly insisted on the mystical union of Christ and the Church, and its glorious results. He spoke little of sanctification, although his example was sufficient. He was

indefatigable in his zeal for the glory of the Lord. Labours, watchings, fatigues, cost him nothing. His simplicity, his brotherly goodness, and his affability won all hearts. He had not then the peculiar opinions which he has since exhibited."

'M. Guers might have added, that Mr. Drummond's great wealth and boundless liberality made him to the persecuted ministers a wall of defence against the bigoted zeal of the Consistory. Taking up his abode at the beautiful hotel of Sêcheron, near the Lake, but outside the walls of the town, his hospitable apartments were open to all who chose to visit him. The Company had hoped that, in getting rid of Mr. Haldane, they were going to enjoy an easy victory; but the gallant zeal, the untiring energy, the splendid generosity of Mr. Drummond, filled them with despair. They appointed a deputation to go to Sêcheron, and remonstrate. In a recent letter of M. Gausson, he thus writes:—

"I was the occasion, without intending of it, of that visit to Mr. Drummond. Your uncle was on the point of departing, when, at a sitting of the Venerable Company, they were loudly inveighing against him in very injurious language. 'Sirs,' said I, 'Mr. Haldane is not only a man profoundly versed in the Scriptures, he is also a gentleman. Send to him a deputation. State your complaints, and he will reply to you. He never speaks against you personally to the students; he only instructs them in the Holy Scriptures, but the language which is here tolerated against him is beneath the dignity of this assembly.' It was this that occasioned the deputation to go to Mr. Drummond, who arrived the same week in which your uncle left, and seemed to have been expressly sent to replace him. The Consistory had intended M. Ferriere, late pastor in London, to be of the deputation, but, without authority, he caused M. Cheneviere to go as his substitute. Your uncle, during his visit, was chiefly occupied with the students. His apartment was filled with them, and the lectures of the professors were deserted. *Inde ira.*"

'The deputation thus dispatched, consisting of MM. Pictet and Cheneviere, found Mr. Drummond in the garden of the hotel at Sêcheron, in conversation with a friend. M. Cheneviere, with a manner more resembling that of a dancing-master than a professor of divinity, pompously demanded if he were going to teach the same doctrines as Mr. Haldane, and Mr. Drummond, with consummate address, baffled the impertinent inquirer, by requesting an exposition of Mr. Haldane's doctrines. In the sequel, the deputation returned in a rage. A violent letter of remonstrance was met by a reply which added fuel to the flame. In a Genevese newspaper, of the 5th of September, 1817, it is described as a letter in which Mr. Drummond dared to treat the Venerable Company as heretics and blasphemers of the name of Christ. Mr. Drummond was summoned to appear before the Council of State, and after an interview, which was intended to intimidate, and in which he was required to withdraw his letter, he removed his quarters from Sêcheron into the French territory at Ferney Voltaire, where, at a villa called Campagne Pictet, in sight

of the irate Company and their supporters, he remained at a time when his countenance and support were of the greatest consequence to the Christians suffering under their Arian persecutors. Of Mr. Drummond's "Letter to the Pastors," M. Gaussen says, "It was very well done," and displayed the same brilliant talent and manly courage which he has since evinced in his exposure of Cardinal Wiseman and the Jesuits,—qualities which only deepen our regret that they have never been guided by equal stability of purpose, consistency of scriptural doctrine, and right judgment in all things pertaining to the kingdom of God, or intercourse with the world. One of Mr. Drummond's first efforts was to restore Martin's ancient version of the Bible, instead of that which the Arian clergy had corrupted by false translations. The Consistory were filled with alarm, and spread a report that the new sect were about to publish a translation favourable to their own Calvinistic notions. This misrepresentation Mr. Drummond repelled in the newspaper where it appeared. After intimating how easily he could expose the Arianism of the Consistory, and prove that those who deny the Deity of our Lord are blasphemers, he adds, "I fear all new versions, where there have been others long received, and I abhor that of the Arians of Geneva as well as that of the Socinians of England." "In proportion as the Bible is known, the Church is sound, and the people moral. In proportion as the Bible is concealed, the Church is corrupt, and its members perverted."

'If Robert Haldane, after his experience in Scotland, shrank from new discussions on Church polity at Geneva, the more rash and sanguine temperament of Henry Drummond made up for his backwardness. He encouraged the rejected ministers to form themselves into a Church; and seeing that M. Malan was not likely long to hold his place, he was entreated at once and finally to break with the Arian Consistory, and take the oversight of a flock ready to gather round him. At the same time, an annuity, which would have secured the independence of M. Malan and his wife, was declined. The offer was as creditable to the generosity of those who made it, as the refusal to the disinterested integrity of Dr. Malan. He assigned as the reason, that he desired to be dependent on none but God, and to this determination he has adhered. M.M. Mejanel, Gonthier, and Pyt, finally accepted the joint office, "and the Gospel made new converts from week to week;" and it may be added, on the authority of M. Gaussen, that Geneva now contains more true Christians than any city on the Continent.

'On the 21st of September, 1817, just three months after the departure of Mr. Haldane, the Lord's Supper was administered for the first time out of the Arian Church of Geneva:—

"It was at the house of Mr. Drummond," says M. Guers, "and it was Dr. Malan who officiated. It was a meeting of ten, of whom at least seven bear distinguished names. Besides the two just mentioned, may be named Pyt, Mejanel, Gonthier, Guers, and Christopher Burckhardt, the missionary, who, in 1818, died at Aleppo, in the bloom of youth, and in the midst of his usefulness. It reminded us," says M.

Guers, "of another supper, that which, in 1536, another disciple of Jesus, M. Jean Guerin, distributed to some pious souls, assembled in the garden of Stephen Dadaz, at Pré l'Eveque, and which was the first communion of the Protestants of Geneva."—Pp. 426-430.

The interest which Mr. Drummond thus displayed in the religious condition of a continental city, and which was shared by some other excellent persons, led to the formation of the Continental Society, which, for some time, did good service to the cause of religion. Whether it now exists, we do not know; if not, it is pleasant to remember how great an interest is nevertheless felt in the object for which it was formed; the Foreign Aid and the Colonial Church Societies, as well as the Wesleyan Methodists, and the Free Church of Scotland, being all active in promoting religion on the Continent. It is said to have been Mr. Drummond's interest in the Continental Society which brought him into connexion with Edward Irving,—a connexion which, as we apprehend, was fraught with disastrous results to himself, and to multitudes beside.

Since the days of Edward Irving, a generation has almost passed away; but there are yet many on whose memories his image is deeply imprinted, who can never forget the sensation created in London by his ministry. Commencing in Cross Street, Hatton Garden, with a high reputation brought from Glasgow, where he had been assistant to Dr. Chalmers, he became in a little while one of the most notorious celebrities of London. Crowds flocked to his chapel from all parts, and among them might be seen men of letters and of rank, whose appearance in such a place awakened no small surprise. Mr. Canning is reported to have said, that he never saw or heard anything so nearly approaching to his idea of Paul on Mars' Hill, as Irving in that pulpit. Sir James Mackintosh and Brougham were among his admirers; and so were a host of others, whose names, though by no means insignificant, it would be tedious now to recount. There was a perfect rage for places in the 'obscure conventicle;' so that when we were admitted one Sunday evening, after long bruising and crushing, in the narrow passage between the street and the chapel, it was only to find the bulk of the seats occupied by more fortunate persons who were willing to wait from the close of the morning service through the afternoon, or had otherwise obtained the privilege of the *entrée*. The whole service was most striking. The preacher's great stature, his bushy black hair, hanging down in ringlets, his deep voice, his solemn manner, the impressiveness of his action, his broad Scotch dialect, his antiquated yet forcible style, all combined to rivet attention, and

made you feel that you were in the presence of a power. Nor did his matter belie the impression which was thus created. He was bent upon accomplishing the end of the Gospel ministry in saving souls from death; and at the beginning of his course, before the disturbing influences of his position had done their full work upon him, preached with great force and effect. A specimen or two of his manner may not be uninteresting or out of place. The first is a brief hortatory, or rather expostulatory passage:—

‘Now, if you be aroused to think, let us argue together, and bring things to an issue. What hinders you from giving your souls to the Divine institutions? Early habits hinder, the world’s customary fashions hinder, and nature’s leanings the other way hinder, and passion hinders, and a whole insurrectionary host of feelings muster against the change. Well, be it granted that a troop of joys must be put to flight, and a whole host of pleasant feelings be subdued,—then, what is lost? Is fortune lost? Is God’s providence scared away? Hath the world slipped from beneath your feet, and does the air of heaven no longer sustain you? Has life deceased, or are your faculties of happiness foregone? Change,—the dread of change,—that is all; the change of society and habits, with the loss of some few perishable gaieties.

‘Now, let us reason together. Is not that as great a change, when your physician chambers you up, and restricts your company to nurses, and diet to simples? Is not that as great a change, when you leave the dissipated city, outworn with its excitements, and live with solitude and inconvenience in your summer quarters? And is not that a greater change which stern law makes, when it immures up our persons, and gives us outcasts to company with? And where is the festive life of those who sail the wide ocean,—and where the gaieties of the campaigning soldier,—and how does the wandering beggar brook his scanty life? If, for the sake of a pained limb, you will undergo the change, will you not, for the removal of eternal pains of spirit and flesh? If, for a summer of refreshment amongst the green of earth, and the freshness of ocean, ye will undergo the change, will ye not for the rich contents of heaven? And if, at the command of law, ye will,—and if, for gain, the sailor will,—and, for honour, the soldier will,—and, for necessity, the strolling beggar will,—men and brethren, will ye not, to avoid hell,—to reach heaven,—to please the voice of God,—to gain the inheritance of wealth and power, and to feed your spirit’s starved necessities,—O! men, will ye not muster resolution to enterprise the change?’—*Orations*, p. 68.

The next is a strain worthy of Jeremy Taylor, of whom, indeed, he often reminds us:—

‘I wish I had a dwelling-place in every bosom, and could converse with every faculty of man,—that I had an ear to hear their murmurings, their sighings, their groanings, and all their separate griefs,—

and that I had a faculty to understand all the parts and kindly offices of religion, which, in this present age, seemeth to be in bonds and to want enlargement. Then would I draw near to every repining, grieving, hampered faculty of every spirit, and, out of my Spiritual Guide, I would sing over it a soft and soothing strain, sweetly set to its melancholy mood, and aptly fitted to its present infirmity, until each languishing part of human nature should be refreshed, and peace should come, and blushing health should arise, and glowing strength spring up hastily, and, like a strong man from sleep, or a giant refreshed with wine, the whole soul should recover a divine strength, and push onwards to perfection, heartily and happily, with the full consent of all her powers. But no man can get such a faculty of drawing the distressed parts of fallen nature into an acquaintance with the healing, strengthening medicines of the Gospel of peace. Yet there is One to whom this happy function appertaineth—the Holy Spirit of God, whose unction is to the soul what light, and food, and balmy sleep are to the body of man; and whose unspeakable comfort, and unwearied strength, we may every one partake of,—seeing God longeth, loveth to pour it forth more affectionately than a father doth to give bread to his starving child.

‘Then, then arise, arise, ye sons of depression and misfortune, arise from your lowly beds; arise from your sinful conditions; burst asunder the confinements of a narrow lot; cease from brooding griefs, severe complainings, and every disquieting thought; join fellowship with the great Comforter of this afflicted world, even the Spirit of Truth, who, from the lowest pass of misery, will raise you to a height of heavenly temper, and all the universe shall smile in the eye of your recovered joy, and the most discordant adversities of life become full of a divine wisdom and order. What hath the meanest cottager to fear, what the most laborious workman to complain of, when possessed of this Divine Companion, who shall unravel this fitful dream of existence, and show it to be a dispensation of God, full of mercies and of comforts? And the Scriptures, which furnish his cottage, shall be instead of palace ornaments and noble visitants, and furnish a better code to guide him than the formulary of any court; and his joys and sorrows awake as deep an interest in the mind of our common Father as those of royalty; and the incidents, and changes, and catastrophes of his cottage scenes are as well recorded in the book of God’s remembrance as the transactions of an empire; and he hath the faculty of extracting honey from the bitterest weed in his humble field of existence; and though the bed of his distress may be dark, lonely, and unattended, the bosom of his Redeemer is his pillow, and the shadow of His wings his covert; and angels that have not fallen beckon him to the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, where is fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore.’—*Orations*, p. 261, &c.

We are not aware that these passages are above the average of his compositions; and it will easily be imagined how, with all the accessories noted above, the preacher exercised a vast

influence, and received such an amount of applause as has fallen to the lot of no man since his day. By-and-bye a new place of worship was required; the church in Regent Square was built; and Chalmers came to open it. But the fine gold was then becoming dim, and the career of Edward Irving closed under circumstances which should teach us all sobriety and humility. Encouraged by popular applause, he cultivated, rather than repressed, singularity; singularity of manner appeared to prepare for, if it did not invite to, singularity of doctrine; excessive addictedness to the study of unfulfilled prophecy encouraged still further the love of novelty; one novelty made way for another. Then came unhallowed speculations on the person of Christ, and the peccability of His human nature; pretensions to miracles and miraculous gifts among His people; his deposition and expulsion from the Church of Scotland for heresy; and the miserable follies and outrageous fanaticism of his deluded followers, which brought disgrace on all religion, and scarcely left a doubt whether the eminent man, who headed and pleaded for the whole, was in his right mind; and charity was forced to hope he might not be. 'Cease ye from man whose breath is in his nostrils; for wherein is he to be accounted of?'

Mr. Irving's sermon before the Continental Society, which was delivered in Great Queen Street Chapel, in 1825, and, if we remember rightly, occupied three or more hours in the delivery, (like a sermon which he preached about the same time for the London Missionary Society,) gave great offence to some who heard it, by its solemn warnings against the admission of Papists to political power. The friends of what was called 'Catholic Emancipation' were found among the promoters of that Society, as well as in almost every other gathering of Englishmen at that time, and some of them who were present quitted their seats before the preacher had concluded. Their anger, and the importance of his admirers, led to its publication. Early in the next year it came forth,—the longest single discourse, we believe, in the language,—making in all 750 duodecimo pages,—and perhaps the ablest publication of its gifted author. It is an elaborate but successful attempt to popularize Mr. J. H. Frere's* scheme of interpreting the prophecies of Daniel and St. John, and is dedicated to that gentleman, whose pupil Mr.

* This author (now, if alive, of venerable age) has lived to see some of his views, as to the interpretation of prophetic Scripture, remarkably borne out by the facts of history. The subject is too large for a note; but those who wish to pursue it may compare his *Combined View* with the events of the last forty-five years in France, Italy, and the East: or read the second Edition of his *Three Letters*, published about a year ago. Mr. Stanley Faber experienced a similar gratification, as one or two of his later publications show.

Irving frankly confesses himself to have been. Unquestionably, it was one means of promoting the study of those portions of Scripture, and gave a considerable impulse to the feeling which found vent in the Albury Conferences, and in various other ways, and led to the revival of those Præ-Millenarian opinions, which are now so widely diffused. Mr. Drummond's share in this revival was by no means insignificant. His house and his purse were opened wide, and his pen was not idle. With his characteristic ardour, he threw himself into the movement, and is said to have been for a time almost, if not entirely, absorbed in it. His mansion was the scene of many a meeting for conversation and prayer, and for some time the annual gatherings there excited much attention in the religious world. Mr. William (now the venerable Dr.) Marsh; Mr. Simons, of St. Paul's Cray, an excellent man, of whom we catch a glimpse in the *Lives of the Haldanes*; Mr. Vaughan, of Leicester; Canon McNeile, then the rector of the parish; Mr. Dodsworth, then a rising Evangelical clergyman, now a priest of Rome, who has drawn away more than one valuable person after him; and Mr. James Haldane Stewart, then of Percy Chapel, afterwards of Liverpool, were among the clergy whose names have been mentioned as having attended these meetings. Two Dissenting ministers are said to have attended the first, if no more,—neither of them, we should imagine, likely men to take up with novelties, though both well able to sustain a part in intelligent discussion of scriptural subjects,—Dr. Henry Forster Burder, then of Hackney, and Mr. James Stratten, of Paddington. Mr. Frere, and Mr. Cunningham, of Lainshaw, are also named as contributing to make up the number; and perhaps there were no other laymen within the four seas better able to assist the object of the promoter. The series of meetings commenced auspiciously, as the following passage from Mr. Stewart's biography will show:—

'In October, 1826, he made a short journey to Hereford, Gloucester, Worcester, &c., for the Jews' Society; and in the beginning of December, he attended the meetings held at Albury, by the invitation of Mr. Henry Drummond, for the consideration of several questions relating to unfulfilled prophecy.

'Earlier in the year, the future glory of the redeemed had repeatedly engaged his attention, and suggested subjects of prayer.

"On Easter eve," he had written in his diary, "I met, at Mr. Way's, with Mr. Irving, Mr. Frere, and Mr. Hawtrey. We have had three meetings since, and held prayer and conversation on our Lord's kingdom. Blessed be God, my mind seems opening to the subject, though still I see through a glass, darkly."

'Again, August 29:—

"I have been reading the Scriptures still on the subject of

kingdom.I desire to set apart this morning for prayer.....for [the] special aid of the Holy Spirit in understanding the kingdom, [that I may be] directed to such views as shall be really useful..... for all those who are engaged in this subject, that the Lord may grant them the spirit of wisdom, and of power, and of a sound mind."

'The Albury Meeting, however, supplied him with his first opportunity for entering into so lengthened a conference on prophetic subjects, and for communicating with so many students of the prophetic Scriptures. It had been proposed, "in order to endeavour to ascertain the mind of the Spirit, and in the humble hope that the Lord will vouchsafe to reveal His will" [respecting the glorious Epiphany of our Lord from heaven] "to His waiting servants," that like-minded persons should "meet to pray and consult together on the first week of Advent,.....and remain assembled seven complete days;and that in the mean time they should bring the subject daily before the Lord in prayer." Twenty persons were present; many of them distinguished alike for their biblical knowledge and their consistent piety. The subjects discussed were:—The Gentile dispensation; the practical results of the scriptural doctrine respecting it; the prophetic chronology; the present and future dispensations of the Jews; the second Advent of Christ; and the practical application of the truth respecting it. The meetings were always commenced and concluded with prayer, which was also introduced occasionally in the course of the proceedings; and Mr. Stewart was very instrumental in maintaining a devotional feeling at all times. One of the company afterwards wrote, when urging him to appear at a subsequent conference of the same kind:—

"I call to remembrance, with much gratitude to God, the effect which He produced.....by means of your presence. I remember how the spirit of argumentative discussion in some of us was soothed and softened by the Spirit of adoption in you, crying, Abba, Father. I felt most powerfully your seasonable proposals of prayer, which, though many more of the party highly approved of, I question whether an other man of the party would have made. I have good reason know that others.....shared in this feeling with me; and w to persuaded that, in the aggregate of character among us, so hap ere blended, your presence formed an essential element of the union wply so delightfully prevailed.....[We] dearly love and value you, and hich stand so much in need of that very influence, which the Lord grace has made you peculiarly instrumental in communicating."

'He had himself noted in his diary, that the "meetings were conducted in the true spirit of Christian love," and that he "had great cause to bless the Lord for the opportunity."—*Stewart's Life*, pp. 146-148.

A note is appended to this passage, stating that this excellent man 'declined to attend subsequent meetings at Albury, though he continued to make supplication for those who assembled there.' No doubt his sanctified sagacity enabled him to detect the evil which was in the not very distant future; and though

his opinion was swayed, and he afterwards associated much with the Præ-Millennialists, it taught him to hold his views on this subject in subordination to others, in regard to which greater certainty was attainable. How well would it have been had all who met been of the same temper! But the snares and dangers attendant on—we do not say inseparable from—the study of unfulfilled prophecy, were here most sadly exemplified. To trace all the working of the evil which these assemblies fomented, if they did not originate, would require more knowledge than we pretend to, and more space than can be spared. But who that ever heard the uncouth noises, uttered under the name of the gift of tongues, or stood around the bed on which the victim of disease lay, while friends protested that he could not, would not die, or must be restored to life again, or saw, or even heard, of the attempts to work miracles in the name of the Lord, can recall the events of those years without sorrow and shame? Mr. Drummond is said to have attempted to walk on the water, so confident was he in the doctrine of the revival of miracles. We hope he was well drenched; but could never learn the facts definitely, any more than in regard to another rumour, which was at one period so rife as to be publicly alluded to,—namely, that for some time a gold plate was regularly laid at his table, and a chair opposite to it left vacant, as though to be occupied by One who might sit down before the meal was ended. We are quite prepared to believe both reports; because it was in the nature of the man to grudge nothing and to shrink from nothing which he believed to be his duty, and especially because he did not the latter when it was mentioned to his reproach in the House of Commons.

After a time, the tongues were heard no more; nor did any pretend to heal the sick, or work wonders. Some of the deluded ones recovered themselves, and have since shown that they have profited by the sorrowful experience they gained. But others continued in association; and out of the wreck of Irvingism emerged 'the Catholic and Apostolic Church,' with its novel organization of Apostles, Prophets, Evangelists, and Pastors,*

* Beside the argument for a fourfold ministry, founded on Eph. iv. 11, they draw a very curious one from its alleged adaptation to the varying character of men. The passage is worth reading, too, as illustrating at once the *rationale* of worship, and the mystical style of the body.

'In the Instruction on the subject of public worship, and the necessity and true place of the four ministries, for the right conducting thereof, delivered at Albury and in London in July and August, 1842, it was shown that the word of the apostle, or ruler in word and doctrine, is addressed to man, especially as an individual person, and as a rational and moral agent; it is addressed to and embraces the whole man, spirit, soul, and body; and acts upon the will and binds the conscience in the fullest sense and extent of the word, as conscience is the supreme inward judge and determiner of what

all distinct orders, and all permanent, or, as they phrased it, 'abiding ministries.' To these were added Angels or Bishops, Priests and Deacons, all of whom are ordained by the Apostles, or in virtue of their commission. A large hierarchy was thus created, and Mr. Drummond filled a leading place, being invested with the dignity of an Apostle. The theory of government which was adopted, recognised all Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, of whatever communion,—Latin, Greek, or Protestant,—as possessed of Divine right;* and the theology was the highest sacramentalism.† The worship was celebrated, wherever practicable, with great taste, solemnity, and splendour; and this, together with the high doctrines maintained on the subject of Church authority, led some to anticipate that long before now a junction

ought to be done, and what ought not to be done: that the word of the prophet comes to man, rather as he is a spiritual and imaginative being; shines in upon that intuitive perception of God and of our duty, which is clouded and obscured in the corrupt state of man through sin; and enlightens the conscience as it is an intuitive principle, the candle of the Lord: that the word of the evangelist addresses man as a being of understanding and sense, and is applied to the conscience as it is a recording and reminding faculty, bringing sin to remembrance: and that the word of the pastor is addressed to man as he is a being of affections, passions, tastes, and sympathies, lays hold of his confidence, and acts upon the conscience as it is a moral sentiment.

'It will be found that these things exactly consist with, and correspond to, the statements of Scripture and the general apprehension of men concerning these ministries, and that they embrace the several parts of the moral constitution of every man. The variations in the characters of men may also be traced to the preponderance of one or other of the faculties thus analysed. And so it is that, in the conducting of public worship, it falls to the evangelist solemnly to recount before God those sins which are to be subsequently confessed; thus the pastor is the proper minister for expressing the contrition of the people in the general confession of sin; to the prophet should be committed the solemn reading of Holy Scripture; and the truth of Scripture and the Creed of the Church should be pronounced by the elder. Thus, also, the supplications of the people are offered by the pastor, while the more formal prayers (the *preces formales*, as we may call them) are properly presented by the elder.'—*Manual*, pp. 18, 19.

* 'We believe that God hath continued to these days the priests and sacraments of His Church; that all Catholic bishops, and the clergy under them, are to be revered and obeyed, as the appointed ministers of the Word and Sacraments, and as the pastors of the flock; that the sheep of the flock may not separate themselves; nor choose their own pastures, "feeding themselves without fear."—*Manual*, p. 125.

See also Mr. Drummond's *Treatise on Government*, vol. ii., p. 290:—"Truth is one, and proceeds only from God; and men's disputes about Church government, and rites and forms of worship, as well as their debates about monarchies and republics, prove only that they are ignorant of that truth. There is but one holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church; and all its officers, and all its rites, and all its forms, are as incapable of variation or modification as God Himself. So that there is but one form of civil government ordained of God, and this, too, is equally incapable of modification or variation.

† See *Manual*, pp. 8-14; and Mr. Drummond, *ib. sup.*:—"In the Church, which is this body, He has ordained and appointed one only instrument for conferring new and spiritual life, which is the Sacrament of Baptism, which life is conveyed by no other means: and He has appointed one other ordinance for the sustentation of that life,—namely, the Sacrament of the Eucharist, by which men feed on the very flesh and blood of his Son; and which life can be nourished in no other way; and He has ordained out of the mass of the baptized one class of men,—even the priesthood,—by whom alone these blessings can be administered."—P. 302.

with Rome would have been effected. Rumour, indeed, at one time represented Mr. Drummond as having 'gone over;' or, at least, as having gone to the city of the seven hills to negotiate the terms upon which he, and his co-religionists, might be received into communion with the Holy Father. His praise of the Puseyites, and invectives against Evangelicalism as 'the apostasy of the last days,' his sacramental theories and magnificent vestments, would be quite sufficient to give a colour of probability to the report. A writer in the *Record*, to whom we have been more than once indebted, referred a few months ago to interviews which he had with the General of the Order of the Jesuits on matters of faith, in which he was treated *bond fide* as a sincere inquirer after truth; but whatever negotiations may have been carried on, were fruitless as far as his conversion was concerned.

Whether Jesuit influence has been covertly at work in the organization and development of the Catholic and Apostolic Church is another question altogether. Remembering what took place in England under Elizabeth, and again during the Great Rebellion, it seems highly probable; and when we look at the Liturgy, ritual, and architecture, which have been adopted, the probability is largely augmented. We can imagine few things better adapted to familiarize the minds of Englishmen with the mass, than this service with its elaborate ceremonial, nor few places better adapted as training schools for Popery than the churches which have sprung up in London, Liverpool, and elsewhere. There *may* have been no prompting and scheming to bring it about; it *may* be the mere result of independent investigation by minds intent on finding and retaining what is Catholic, as distinct from what is Roman; but when one sees the long procession of persons officiating in so many diverse habits, the confessionals, the chancel set apart for and filled with clergy, the altar dressed with cloths, a cross, and a tabernacle, candles lighted on it, and oil always burning before it, the incense filling the place, the sacrament exposed, venerated, and returned to the tabernacle, before which many obeisances are made; and when you hear the pealing organ and intoned prayers, and pass behind the high altar to a gorgeous 'Lady Chapel,' it is not wonderful to find the visitant insensibly ask himself where he is, or to hear him exclaim, that 'Wiseman is at the bottom of it all, and will have the place some day.'

Mr. Drummond's purse was a long one, and is said to have been unsparingly used for the promotion of his new faith. But he need not have the credit of all that has been done, for other wealthy persons were of the sect; and their system teaches that the payment of tithes and offerings is a religious duty. He

once said in his place in Parliament, that the Almighty claimed from every man the seventh part of his time, and the tenth part of his property. No wonder, therefore, that they are able to expend large sums. If the professors of a sounder faith would stately devote but a tenth of their property to God, and, in addition, make offerings for His service, as grateful or liberal impulses came upon them, how soon would poverty and debt disappear.

We said above, that Mr. Drummond the politician could not be understood apart from the religionist, and the reason is now evident. His theory of the Divine right of all Kings* and priests, and his many sympathies with Rome on questions of church authority, and sacramental efficacy perpetually interfered with his sentiments as a Briton, resolved to assert our national freedom and independence, and hampered all his action. In the 'great council of the realm' he could seldom be of service to its highest interests: either he advocated questionable measures, or, if he spoke well, voted wrong, or not at all; or, if he voted right, diminished the value of his vote by some damaging speech. And consequently he never accomplished anything proportioned to his talents and opportunities. He had no supporters, no 'following,' and failed to do more than excite a temporary and personal interest in the House,—wrathful or mirthful, as the case might be. His various knowledge, strong common sense, keen perception, and resolute purpose, his large possessions, high connexions, and honourable feelings, his sparkling wit, and his genial temper, were most precious gifts of Providence; and had his religious excellencies been at all on a par with them, his course would have been a brilliant one, and his memory blessed. But as the perfume of the apothecary, though choicely compounded, may be marred by the 'dead flies,' so may a single defect mar the character of 'one that is had in reputation for wisdom and honour.' It will be long before this inspired proverb is more aptly illustrated than in the long and eventful career of the late member for West Surrey. We regard him as a beacon-light hung out to apprise professors of religion of the danger of instability; and we shall not deem our labour lost if these pages should serve to enforce, in however small a degree, the apostolic warning against being 'carried about with divers and strange doctrines.'

* 'The King is King under God alone, *jure divino*, and has no man or body of men over him to whom he is responsible. That such is the law every tyro in legal reading knows.' (Vol. ii., p. 289.) 'Kings are not responsible for their conduct to any person, or persons, or thing upon the earth....they cannot be unkinged, nor can a priest be deprived of his orders.' (*Ibid.*, p. 284.) 'God has permitted republics, but He has ordained monarchies.' (P. 281.)

ART. X.—*Italy in Transition : Public Scenes and Private Opinions in the Spring of 1860, illustrated by Official Documents from the Papal Archives of the revolted Legations.* By WILLIAM ARTHUR, A.M. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1860.

NEARLY a century ago, Voltaire wrote in the common-place-book of one of our countrymen passing through Ferney on his way to Rome, 'An Englishman travelling to Italy leaves men to see pictures.' This sarcasm has, in our day, lost its point. Italy has vindicated its manhood. Her people have perseveringly and sacrificially resisted the secular and priestly tyrannies imposed upon them by foreign armies, and have earned by their self-command and magnanimous forbearance in the hour of triumph the respect of all Europe. Mr. Arthur's book is published most opportunely. The testimony of so competent and impartial a witness will have its due weight in English society, where the reaction of feeling consequent upon the failure of the Continental outbreak of 1848, had left in the minds of the most sanguine but little hope in the future of Italy. It had become a fashion to doubt whether the Latin races of Europe could be trained to freedom; and the judgment, if not the sympathies, of our educated classes had ranged itself on the side of the 'legitimate' conservators of 'order.' Our national egotism found some consolation from this almost universality of Continental despotism, in the idea that men of English race alone were capable of sustaining free institutions. From such unworthy gratulations the recent Italian movement has aroused us to wiser and higher views, and has taught us to appreciate more justly the capabilities of the most gifted of European nations.

Englishmen are happily ignorant of gross abuses of power by the Executive; and are, in fact, seldom brought in contact with government restraint or interference of any sort. The newspapers and the income-tax remind us that a government does exist, and here our practical acquaintance and personal contact generally end. As a commercial people, we are averse to wars and revolutions, which interfere with trade, and produce monetary panics. The case against an established government must therefore be clearly made out before the thinking middle classes of England can sympathize with resistance to legitimate authority. If the hatred of the Italians to the Austrian Government had been traceable simply to the sentimental feeling of race, or if the main objection to the government of the Pope had

been the obstacle which it interposed in the way of Italian unity, we might have ranked the Italian revolution with the revolt of Belgium in 1830, which we rather deprecated than approved. But the case against Austria, and its dukedoms, and the Pope, (to say nothing of the King of Naples,) has for years been admitted by the incontestable evidence of the cool-headed diplomatists of the most advanced nations of Europe. The interference of France and Sardinia (although naturally viewed with suspicion by the rest of Europe) had become a necessity. 'The iniquity of the Amorite was full.' It was a choice of evils, between such an interposition of an overwhelming force, ostensibly on the side of progress, or a revolutionary propaganda under the banners of Mazzini. Mr. Arthur visited the chief towns of Northern and Central Italy, associated with all classes, from the salons of the rulers downwards to the workshops and dwellings of the poorest of the population. He tells us what he saw and what he heard: his own remarks and reflections rarely occur, and then only as connecting links in the dialogue or narrative. No dispassionate person can peruse his pages without being convinced of the righteousness of the case of the Italians *versus* the Austrians and the Pope. It is difficult to select extracts where every page is so intensely interesting; and no extracts can give a proper idea of the work itself, any more than a specimen of brick or stone can give an adequate notion of the architecture of a building. This is, however, of little importance, as the volume will no doubt be in the hands of every Protestant who wishes to understand more fully the value of the religious and political liberty of his own favoured land.

We cannot dwell upon the details of Austrian oppression, and of the yet more mean and cruel 'paternal' government of the Pope. The cases given are from documents contained in two large volumes, which were collected by Farini, the temporary Dictator of the *Æmilia*, from the correspondence of legates, governors, military and police authorities, and from judicial records and decrees of synods, Inquisitions, bishops, &c. The facts are undeniable, and the oppressors are convicted by *their own* written testimony. We recommend them to the serious consideration of our ultramontane Irish fellow-subjects. How thoughtful Italians feel, may be gathered from a fact recorded by the author: (p. 216:) 'One of the last men with whom I talked in Bologna, looking out of an eye where consumption gleamed, said, "Sir, the Almighty is tired of Rome."'

Notwithstanding the recent successes of Garibaldi, and the advance of the Sardinian troops into the Papal territories, followed by the defeat and dispersion of Lamoricière's brigands;

we rejoice with fear and trembling. Over the future hangs a dark cloud which no political foresight can pierce. Italy, free and united, would be indeed 'the triumph of hope over experience.' The great difficulty is not, that for fourteen centuries past the peninsula has been divided into distinct and generally unfriendly states, or that the local interests of its provinces are difficult to reconcile; or that the social, intellectual, and religious condition of the major part of the population are unfavourable to the experiment; or that the power of France or Austria, or both, is opposed to this fusion of administrations and peoples. All such hindrances have more or less impeded the consolidation of other European nations, and have one by one yielded to statesmanship, and to that greatest of all revolutionists—time. The real obstacle is the Papacy. So long as the Pope remains in Rome, supported by the great Roman Catholic powers in the exercise of an independent authority, his court will be the centre of active intrigues against the peace of the liberal government of Italy; and so long as Popery maintains its hold upon the intellects and consciences of the uneducated masses of the population, we dare not hope for the consolidation of free institutions. Freedom of religious action is essential to the maintenance of civil liberty, and these are irreconcilable with the claims of an 'infallible' Church. In every Popish country where the experiment of constitutional government has yet been tried, the results have been disheartening. France and Spain have found rest in a practical despotism. Belgium is barely able through the administrative talents of its Monarch to maintain its liberties against the incessant efforts of an active and intriguing priesthood. In our own country 'the Pope's brass band' of Irish members, professedly radical enough in their general politics, instinctively combine to punish a liberal administration which presumes to sympathize with the cause of liberty in Italy. 'And if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?' In Italy there is no check to Popery except in the religious indifference and infidelity which more or less taint the liberalism of the Continent. The leaders of the political movement are tempted to compromise to some extent the principles of religious liberty in order to purchase the seeming and hollow neutrality of the Church. In this they are not greater sinners than our own heads of parties, and much may be said *for them* by way of excuse. But this temporizing, which is a great mistake in England, is ruin to the cause of liberty in Italy. The war in which the constitutional party of that country are engaged is not merely with Austria or Naples, or with the court of Rome, but with the power of a

dominant Church, which by its priesthood keeps in ignorant implicit submission the millions of its population, who are thus unfitted for self-government. To be successful, the contest should be *war to the knife*, carried on in the resolute spirit and temper of Luther. The boldest course is the safest. Touch the nettle gently and it stings, grasp it firmly and you are safe. A government which *on principle* would protect freedom of preaching and printing to religious as well as to political thought might place itself above the fear of Rome; but *Satan* does not 'cast out Satan,' and the tree of liberty planted by an infidel or latitudinarian liberalism is not 'the tree, the leaves of which are for the healing of the nations.' Experience proves the impotence of mere secular teaching or political organization, when opposed to the insidious continued aggressive action of the Romish Church. Antichrist laughs at the manœuvring of worldly statesmen, and scorns the exorcisms of the men of literature and science. 'Jesus I know, and Paul I know; but who are ye?' There is no safety for Italian liberty except in 'No peace with Rome.'

We are, however, far from despairing of the cause of liberty in Italy. Whatever may be the immediate result of the political complication, in which French, Austrian, Russian, and Red Republican partisans will not be wanting, one thing is certain, that Italy can never be thrown back upon the state of spiritual and intellectual 'living death' which preceded the great outbreak of 1848. Seed has been sown in Lombardy, the Duchies, and the Papal States, which *must* spring up and bear fruit. As Englishmen, we desire the union of all Italy under the King of Sardinia, if this be practicable. We have our fears as to the Two Sicilies, which if united to Sardinia will be for generations a drag-chain upon the working of its liberal institutions. So long as the masses of the Southern population of Italy are in so low a state of intellectual cultivation as to be influenced by the juggling trick ascribed to the patron Saint of its chief city, we cannot hope that the union between Naples and Turin would be either a happy or a permanent one, except under concurring favourable circumstances of which we see as yet no signs, and the future existence of which it would be presumption to anticipate.

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

William Grimshaw, Incumbent of Haworth, 1742-63. By R. Spence Hardy, Hon. M.R.A.S. 12mo. John Mason.

A VALUABLE addition to our stock of Christian biography, containing much information which will be new to most of our readers. We give an extract referring to the Brontë family, which will be generally interesting, and is a fair sample of the book:—

‘There are no marble monuments to tell of wealthy families resident in the neighbourhood; but on the right-hand side of the communion table is a mural tablet, erected to the memory of the Brontës.

‘For many years to come, the admirers of genius will visit this tomb, and lament the early death of its tenants. Few families with which we are acquainted by story are invested with greater interest than that of the Brontës. We have the father, an ardent and intelligent Irishman, who had seen the eagle strike its talons into the scared lamb near his own parsonage; the mother, of a respectable Methodist family from Cornwall, a frail flower transplanted to a bleak abode, on her drooping and death succeeded in the management of the house by a maiden sister; the only son, one of the most wilful and misguided beings that ever walked the earth; the daughters, amusing themselves with writing long and numerous works on politics and politicians, whilst yet in the dress of childhood; Tabby, an old servant, who knew folk that had seen the fairies:—there is something about the whole group so strange, so solemn, so unlike the riot and romps of the homes of England where children are found, that if name and locality had not been given, we should conclude that the account was the product of some wild imagination. To estimate the character of the sisters, we must not judge them by the common laws of social usage, or we shall do them wrong. They were ignorant of the world’s ways; and the world sometimes thought they partook of its evil, when they would have shrunk with horror from the conclusions drawn from their

words. From the ravings of their brother they learnt the mad deeds of sin; and from Tabby they heard tales of the halls on the hills that gave them an insight into the manners of the old families on their native moors. There was deep affection in their hearts, which burst forth in grandeur when the ground was arid and the wayfarer athirst; but it did not bubble up in continual ripple, so that whoever came, or at whatever time, might drink of the stream and be refreshed. Towards strangers they were reserved and distant. But they were all remarkable for their love of home. This kept Branwell from being a restless sailor-boy, or perhaps a freebooter; the determined Emily, who would have faced a lion without fear, pined away when absent from the parsonage; and Charlotte, whilst residing at Brussels, after outlining a home-scene with great power and expressiveness, says to her sister,—“How divine are these recollections to me at this moment! I pray with my heart and soul that all may continue well at Haworth; above all, in one grey half-inhabited house. God bless the walls thereof! Safety, health, happiness, and prosperity to you, papa, and Tabby!” In every one of her letters there is some kind word about her venerable father, who still lives in that silent dwelling, the picture of a fine old man; hoary and roseate as the mountain snow when crimsoned by the setting sun.

‘It is an instructive lesson for the romantic young lady, who dreams only of poets and gallant knights, and thinks all household work a drudgery, to find Charlotte, though conscious of her mental power, baking and ironing shirts, and saying, “I am much happier black-leading stoves, making the beds, and sweeping the floors at home, than I should be living like a fine lady anywhere else.” When it was proposed to send away Tabby, who had broken her leg, and would require much nursing, the girls “struck eating,” till she was allowed to remain, and they then watched her as a sister. Nevertheless, from their own defiant spirit, and the untoward character of the circumstances in which they had been placed, the tendency of their works is not genial, nor their character healthy. There are gleams of sunshine in the scenes they present, but they are few, and sometimes lurid; and we more frequently meet with the scathed rock and winter torrent, than with the peaceful valley or the still waters. Yet, in the mind of Charlotte, there were yearnings after a higher state. “I know the treasures of the Bible, and I love and adore them. I can see the well of life, in all its clearness and brightness; but when I stoop down to drink of the pure waters, they fly from my lips as if I were Tantalus.” “I do wish to be better than I am. I pray fervently sometimes to be made so. I have stings of conscience, visitings of remorse, glimpses of holy—of inexpressible things, which formerly I used to be a stranger to. It may all die away, and I may be in utter midnight; but I implore a merciful Redeemer, that if this be the dawn of the Gospel it may brighten to perfect day.” “If I could always live with you,” she writes to a friend, “and daily read the Bible with you,—if your lips and mine could at the same time drink the same draught from the same pure fountain of mercy,—I

hope, I trust, I might one day become better, far better than my evil, wandering thoughts, my corrupt heart, cold to the spirit, and warm to the flesh, will now permit me to be. I often plan the pleasant life which we might lead together, strengthening each other in that power of self-denial, that hallowed and glowing devotion, which the first saints of God often attained to. My eyes fill with tears when I contrast the bliss of such a state, brightened by hopes of the future, with the melancholy state I now live in." Extracts of a similar kind might be multiplied, and in reading them we feel an interest beyond that which her most popular works inspire. The story of her last days, when she was in rapid succession a fair bride, a mother, and pallid clay, has not been told by her biographer; perhaps it was not revealed to her. It would otherwise have been consolatory to know that before her departure the Day-Star had arisen, and that she was guided triumphantly, by light from the cross, to the city of peace.'—*Grimshaw*, pp. 274-279.

Household Prayers in scriptural Language. By a Member of the Church of England. Second Edition. London: Bell and Daldy. 1860.

It speaks well for the growth of practical religion in our land, that few books form a safer speculation in the trade than Forms of Prayer for Family Worship, especially if they are good enough to get a name. The annual sale of such books is very large, and there is great choice. Most of these volumes possess some prominent feature of suitability; yet nearly all fail in some important respect, and some in almost every requisite. Some are elaborate compositions, admitting little of the true spirit of prayer, the '*asking* God for something,' as good Andrew Fuller said to the eloquent young minister who only descanted on the Divine perfections, and seemed lost to the whole design of prayer. Others are stiff, jejune, and cold. Our great objection to the mass of the well-intended helps is their inappropriateness to the occasion of their use: such Forms will be regularly used only by those whose conscience and pleasure prompt them to erect the family altar, but whose lack of gifts, or timidity, prevents their use of extemporaneous prayer. The occasion should be well considered. It is not public prayer, nor the social prayer of educated and experienced Christians; but a more miscellaneous group, the majority being children and servants. If they are to join in these devotions, intelligently and piously, prayer must not be elaborate, theological, philosophical, or deeply experimental, but include only the plainest thoughts, ordinary wants and feelings, and the simplest language. The worshippers are not persons of great religious proficiency, or of superior education; and if they are to join with sincerity in prayer, the terms should be such as are in ordinary use by the worshippers. Conventional religious terms are only understood by a narrow circle; and, by repetition, even with them they soon lose all their force and impressiveness. Prayer being an affair of the heart, only those sentiments which are suitable to heart-

felt devotion ought to be introduced into family worship, which ought to be brief, plain, simple, and earnest. No thoughts, or words and phrases, can be so suitable as those furnished by the Word of God; and there is a majesty, and beauty, and force in Scripture language, which makes it surpass all other in its power over the mind and heart. On all these grounds we greatly approve of the volume before us. These prayers are short, plain, devout, impressive, and scriptural,—free from denominational peculiarities; and we deem the volume a trustworthy help to those who need such helps.

The Atonement: its Nature, Reality, and Efficacy. By D. Dewar, D.D., L.L.D., Principal of Marischal College and University, Aberdeen, and Professor of Church History. Third Edition, enlarged. 8vo. London: J. Nisbet.

AMIDST much that is sound and excellent, we regret to observe that this volume contains much that is exceptionable. We turned to it hoping to find such a discussion of this great question as should be adapted to the wants of the times. But in the contest now going on, we fear it will prove but little, if at all, serviceable. For it upholds the doctrine of a limited atonement, in conjunction with an unlimited offer of mercy; while it fails to explain how such an offer can be made in good faith, and consequently leaves the great stumbling-block still in the way of honest inquirers. The statements and invitations of Scripture are virtually nullified, and an imputation cast upon the truth of its Great Author which no metaphysics can remove. Moderate Calvinism, as it is sometimes called, or the preaching of election without reprobation, was styled by Calvin himself 'puerile and absurd,' and we opine that the lapse of years has not rendered his strong language a whit less applicable. His followers are reluctant to adopt his language,—we hope and believe, because they no longer hold his views. But hitherto all attempts to modify them have been unsuccessful. The question will recur, however changed in phraseology, and man's interest in it is too tremendous to allow him to be put off without a definite answer. Such an answer the sturdy Professor of Geneva gave; and while it satisfied many, it also horrified many, and drove them into infidelity. The answer which Dr. Dewar gives is less repulsive in form, but hardly more satisfactory. The elect must and will be saved,—so much is plain; but what of the non-elect? Are they redeemed, or not? If one of those to whom the offer of life is made is not redeemed, he must be saved without redemption, which is impossible, or remain unsaved. If he must remain unsaved, what is the value of the offer which Dr. Dewar would not merely set before him, but urge upon his acceptance? It is idle to talk of inscrutable mysteries and insoluble difficulties at this stage of the business. That there are such in religion, is freely admitted on both sides; but to introduce them where they have no place, is an effectual method to insure the rejection of them in their proper place.

The Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Romans. Transcribed from the Editio Septima of Tischendorf, and arranged in Paragraphs and Lines, according to the Principles of Logical Analysis: with a Preface, the Heads of the Paragraphs in Greek, and an Exposition of the Argument of the Epistle in English, for the Use of Ministers, Students in Theology, &c. By J. R. Crawford, M.A., Lincoln College, Oxford, Master of Berkhamstead School. 4to. London: Longman. 1860.

THE contents of this work are fully described in the title-page. Its peculiar feature lies in the form in which the Greek text of the Epistle to the Romans has been printed. The author divides and subdivides the clauses of the Apostle's arguments into lines of various lengths, 'in accordance with the principles of logical analysis,' and thus endeavours to render the symmetry and proportion of outward and formal arrangement subservient to the readier understanding of the sense. The plan adopted, though somewhat fanciful in appearance, is nevertheless highly suggestive; and in this is to be found its chief, if not only, value. We do not suppose that the author would recommend that our Greek Testaments should be printed for general use after the same model, but rather that every student in theology should adopt some similar mode of analysing the contents of the several Epistles of St. Paul and the other Apostles, and so delineate for himself the various phases of thought, as they present themselves to his view, both in their individual and correlative aspects. For this purpose, we think the work before us is calculated to serve as a useful guide, especially to those whose minds do not happen to be so logically set as our author's.

Alban: a Narrative Poem. By William Thurston. London: Judd and Glass. 1860.

THIS book might better have been called a tale with a moral; for, except the form of the printing, it has very little title to be called poetry. Even to enumerate its defects would be tedious: every turn of the story is weak, and every detail feebly carried out. It purports to be the life of a young painter, who begins the world with vast and heretical notions of the usefulness of his art, and of his own consequent importance; and 168 pages are occupied with his successes, misfortunes, and various deeds, which are not unlike those of most ordinary men. Of course, there is a love story, as Alban is safely married five chapters before the end of this dreary book; and his feelings, hers, and all connected with the lady, are described, and re-described. The result is, that these passages are full of the unnatural dissection of emotions, totally impossible to one really in love. In these chapters, too, there are so many lame lines, halting metaphors, and over-written descriptions of Alban's poor thoughts, and the fancies of a silly gipsy, that it is strange that some inkling

of its dreariness, or some guide to its many plagiarisms, did not wander into the brain of the author himself. It is to be presumed, from the boyish speeches about glory and fame put into the mouth of Alban's warrior-friend Leonto, that Mr. Thurston is a very young man. If he will take more pains with the mechanism of his verse, he may yet do something better. There is a very pretty little song, towards the end of the book, showing that his thoughts are all the better for being somewhat trammelled in rhyme. The best features in the poem are the descriptions of country scenery, and separate natural objects; but there detail and elaboration can rarely be out of place. Next to the author's facility of observation, we might praise the goodness of intention evident in Alban's life, and the way in which disappointment shows him his own insignificance, and teaches him that being a good artist is not the chief end of any man. But this lesson, however necessary to artists, is not poetical, especially when it is so dully taught. 'The art to blot' should be the author's study for some time, and the results will probably be more beneficial to him than anything else,—except a keener perception of character, to which he may attain by age, though scarcely by study.

Irish Revivals. The Ulster Awakening: its Origin, Progress, and Fruit. With Notes of a Tour of Personal Observation and Inquiry. By the Rev. John Weir, D.D. With a Preface by the Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel, M.A. 12mo. London: Virtue.

To preserve the memory of the Irish Revivals is a duty which we owe to the Great Author of them and to ourselves; and Dr. Weir has done well in collecting and arranging the ample material which has been accumulating in pamphlets and newspaper correspondence, ever since the commencement of the work. We trust that the perusal of the volume will excite expectation and encourage prayer, wherever it goes.

Travels not far from Home: with a Preface which ought to be read. By Aubin St. Helier, M.A. London: J. Blackwood.

We have read the preface, and find that the author declares that the book, although he may have taken some pains in writing it, *has no pretensions*. We have read large portions of the work also, and are quite satisfied that it *ought* to have no pretensions. The author hopes by this avowal to disarm the wrath of the *Saturday Review*, but we hope he will not succeed. If he has nothing to give, why does he ask people to follow him through 350 weary pages? What would he think of a man who opened a shop, and informed the public that he did not pretend to have anything to sell?

The Vision of the Cross: and other Poems. By Edward Andrew Phillips, Esq. (Bengal Army.) London: Hatchards. 1860.

THIS is one of those books that it is a misfortune to publish, and a questionable gain to write, even though it exhibit the amiable qualities of the author's mind, his command of language, and a slight vein of fancy, whose slender yield has been diligently enriched by sacred and poetical reading,—the fruits of which appear on every page a little too transparently. The allegory, said to be contained in the first poem, is evidently a reflected image of the master-piece that is more or less imitated by all writers in this style; and where it ceases to remind the reader of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, it is only to recall some other and better imitations by Adams, Monro, &c., whose materials, along with some of Mrs. Sherwood's, seem to have been freely used. The blank verse in which it is written is very neat, and evidences that pains have been bestowed upon it; but where the author attempts other metres, the confusion and awkwardness that result are the reverse of creditable. The second piece, called 'Thoughts on a New Year's Morning,' is shorter and less ambitious than the *Vision*, and perhaps the best in the volume. The tone of thought is pleasing, the poetry better sustained, and a bright golden thread of piety that runs through every page proves Mr. Phillips to be, if not a poet, at least a sincere Christian. The rest of the Miscellaneous Poems are scarcely above the rank of album verses, and should have been confined to some such orbit, instead of venturing abroad into space, where they will probably be lost in the crowd of stars of small magnitude which will be visible whenever those of the first, second, and third cease to attract attention.

Singing at Sight made easy. By the Rev. Woodville Woodman. 12mo. London: Partridge and Co. 1860.

THIS book is intended for the use and instruction of those who teach large classes of either adults or children to sing; and, if it be used as carefully as it has been written, it will no doubt fulfil its title. The author patronizes and pleads for the Lancashire system of solmi-zation, and gives a thorough course of training in it, particularly adapted for practice by classes in connexion with church choirs, the exercises being agreeably varied every now and then with passages from anthems, psalm-tunes, and other sacred music. For a teacher and class who are prepared to bestow plenty of time on the subject, this work would be an excellent guide, and a pleasant companion. To help the teacher, a list of questions is given at the end of each lesson; and for the scholars, a series of copy-slips, also containing the substance, has been cleverly arranged. Many other details, useful without pretence, combine to render the book worthy of attention, especially as the author, unlike some other popular teachers, is wise enough to admit that the task of superseding the ordinary notation by a *soffeggio* is impossible.

The Magdalen's Friend. J. Nisbet and Co.

A MONTHLY magazine, edited by a clergyman; it is worthy of notice as a proof of the interest excited by the 'social evil.' It seems admirably adapted to the end designed.

Two Hundred and Fifty new Sketches and Skeletons of Sermons.
By Rev. W. G. Barrett. Two Volumes. 12mo. Thomas Jepps.

DOCTRINALLY sound, plain, and calculated to be useful to those who use such helps for the pulpit; and equally so for devotional reading in private.

First Lecture on the People of the West Indies, their Duties to themselves and to others. Delivered, by request, at Antigua, by the Rev. Thomas M. Chambers, M.A. J. W. W. Thompson.

THIS lecture is not merely good in itself, as containing hints and advices of the first importance, but it gives no small insight into the economics of society in our West Indian colonies. It is a fair specimen of 'speaking the truth in love,' on matters respecting which ministerial interference is in danger of being resented by ignorant good people. We wish the able author every success in his endeavours to reform the habits of the Negro and coloured population of our West Indian colonies.

Poems. By Archer Gurney. New and revised Edition. 16mo. Longmans. 1860.

FROM the fact that this volume is 'a new edition,' we infer that the race of good people who like to make presents of pretty little 'poetry books' to their young friends is not extinct, and we hope it will be long before it is. It is a kindly race, and for its purpose this book is as good as many others. The author can write verse, and sometimes with vivacity. The pieces are not long enough to be heavy, and some of them are good enough to be pleasing.

Works of the Rev. John Maclaurin. Edited by W. H. Goold, D.D. Two Volumes. Foolscep 8vo. Edinburgh: John Maclaren.

THIS is the only complete edition of the works of the great divine, best known to English readers by his sermon on *Glorying in the Cross of Christ*. The editor and publisher have done their best; the former by preparatory notes to each treatise, and the latter by the paper and typography, which are all that could be wished. We prognosticate a large sale for this valuable work.

Plain Sermons. By Henry B. Foster, Wesleyan Missionary, Jamaica. 12mo. London: Mason. 1860.

It appears that in Jamaica tropical rains and flooded rivers sometimes interfere with the attendance of families at public worship; and Mr. Foster has often felt a wish to provide families so circumstanced with suitable discourses for domestic use. Twenty-four years' labour in the island has given our author a right to be heard on any question affecting its moral interests: we do not therefore question the necessity or desirableness of such a volume as he has produced; and we hope it will answer the purpose for which it is designed, as fully as it redeems the promise of its title.

A Practical Treatise on Savings'-Banks, containing a Review of their Past and Present Condition, and on Legislation on the Subject: with an Exposition of the Measures required for their complete Re-organization, and for placing them on a sound financial Basis. By Arthur Scratchley, M.A., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law, &c., &c. Two Volumes. 8vo. Longman, Green, and Co.

THE *first* volume contains, 1. Past history and present system of Savings'-Banks. 2. Frauds in Savings'-Banks, their evil consequences and their remedies. 3. Financial defects in the present Savings'-Bank systems. 4. Financial re-organization of Savings'-Banks. 5. The Post-Office Savings'-Bank's plan, and the extension of life assurance and sick benefits among the industrious classes, through the agency of Savings'-Banks. 6. As to non-Government Banks of Deposit, and the audit of public institutions. The *second* volume contains, 1. Treatise on Benefit Building Societies. 2. Treatise on Freehold Land Societies, Tontine Associations, and Emigration Societies. The subjects discussed are of great importance in our very complex condition of society, and the author deserves the thanks of the public for his luminous statements and judicious suggestions. The remarks on the moral urgency of life assurance (vol. ii., pp. 65-72) ought to be seriously perused by our young men, by fathers of families, and, in fact, by all whose family incomes are dependent upon the life and health of an individual. The work will naturally find a place in every actuary's library, and ought also to be found on the shelves of every educational institution and reading-room.

Vice-Royalty: or, Counsels Respecting the Government of the Heart. Addressed especially to Young Men. By Benjamin Smith. 12mo. John Mason.

AN admirable treatise on self-government on Christian principles, principally addressed to young men, but it may be read with great profit by their seniors. It is the most complete treatise of the kind in our language.

Poems: containing 'The City of the Dead.' By John Collett. Second Edition. London: Longmans. 1860.

THIS little book, we are told in the dedication, was patronized by Lord Macaulay, and it has reached a second edition,—two facts which are not accounted for by anything we can find by dipping into its pages. 'The City of the Dead' is a dull poem on one of the finest themes that could be chosen,—Thebes as it is, with all its charms of climate, and inexhaustible treasures of history and art. Let a real poet stand on 'Gornou's Mount,' and surely he will write something very different from this. Still, Mr. Collett deserves credit for selecting such a subject, and also for some of his modes of conception and grouping. Of the smaller pieces, the one that pleases us most is a blank-verse Address to the Portrait of Edgar Poe. It shows vigorous thought, some power of words, and a mind that will firmly distinguish between a man of genius with a holy purpose, and one who drifts aimless to an unlighted goal.

Moses and his Times: The History of Moses, viewed in Connexion with Egyptian Antiquities, and the Customs of the Times in which he lived. By the Rev. Thornley Smith. 12mo. Edinburgh: William Oliphant and Co.; London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

MR. SMITH is well known to the public by his *South Africa Delineated*, which is, for its size, the best work on the subject yet published; and by his *History of Joseph*, which may be regarded as introductory to the present volume. With great industry and sound judgment, he has gathered together all that antiquity furnishes towards the illustration of the life and times of the great inspired law-giver of the Jewish people, and has thus provided for intelligent readers, whether young or old, a book which will well reward the perusal. The typography and pictorial illustrations are most creditable to the publishers.

The Hebrew Language, its History and Characteristics; including improved Renderings of Select Passages in our authorized Translation of the Old Testament. By Henry Craik. 12mo. Bagster and Sons. 1860.

THIS is a modest plea for a new translation or revision of our present version of the Bible, containing, at the same time, some remarks on the excellency of the Hebrew language; specimens of a new version of Genesis xlix., Deuteronomy xxxii., xxxiii., Isaiah liii., and a few other passages; also criticisms on the Vulgate Latin version of Jerome, the standard of the Romish Church. Without agreeing with all the author's views, we may safely commend the work to the attention of biblical students.

Autumnal Leaves: Elegiac and other Poems. By Mrs. Edward Thomas. London: Walker. 1860.

Two extracts from provincial papers, serving for a preface, inform us that the writer is a clergyman's widow recently bereaved of her only son, who was the presumptive heir to large estates, and expecting soon to have been married. Mrs. Thomas appeals to the sympathy of her readers, and places first in her volume no less than six poems written on occasion of her sad bereavement. She is justly entitled to our sympathy, both on the ground of her affliction, and of her having no friend who could prevent her from making her sorrow ridiculous by the publication of these verses.

The Statute Book for England. Collection of Public Statutes passed by the Seventeenth Parliament of the United Kingdom, &c., &c. Edited by James Bigg. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1859.

MR. BIGG, though not a barrister, is satisfied that he can prepare and publish a complete edition of the laws now in force; and that such a work may be constantly adapted to the changes in our legislation, so as to exhibit in an accessible and convenient form the actual 'law of the land' of which we hear so much, and understand so little. His plan, which has been approved by many distinguished persons and legal authorities, is now under the consideration of the Government, upon whose patronage the carrying it into execution must depend; and he complains, not without reason, as it appears to us, that it is in danger of being burked by the Attorney-General, who has been requested to give an official deliverance upon it, and has not done so. Next session, no doubt, that unwilling functionary will be stirred up to the discharge of his duty by Mr. Locke King, or some other staunch law-reformer; and then, perhaps, Mr. Bigg's patience and enterprise may meet its reward. Certainly, as far as unprofessional readers can be supposed to understand the question, his proposals appear to be both feasible in themselves and recommended by considerations of economy.

Religion in the East: or, Sketches, Historical and Doctrinal, of all the Religious Denominations of Syria. Drawn from original Sources. By the Rev. John Wortabet, Missionary of the United Presbyterian Church, Aleppo. London: Nisbet. 1860.

THE preface to this Volume is dated May, 1860. The reader therefore must not expect to find in it any account of the distressing conflicts which have lately attracted so much attention to Syria. But he *will* find highly interesting and valuable information in regard to subjects but little understood; and, we are afraid we must add, little cared for at present. Events, however, are forcing them on our

notice; and those who wish to find a clear and well-digested introduction to the subject of religion in Syria, will do well to give a careful reading to these pages.

Lights and Shadows of Church Life in Australia: including Thoughts on some Things at Home. By T. Binney. To which is added, *Two Hundred Years Ago: Then and Now.* Second Edition. London: Jackson and Walford. 1860.

THIS is a very curious publication, which appears to have been originated by a correspondence between the Bishop of Adelaide and some of his flock, who, as we think, very unadvisedly attempted to obtain for Mr. Binney access to the pulpit of the Established Church in that city. Around this nucleus the book has formed itself. Addresses, Memoranda, Notes, Reflections, Anticipations, Reminiscences, Admonitions, Personal Sketches, Criticisms, Statistics, clustering we scarce know how; and all supplemented by a correspondence between the author and Mr. Maurice. To say that it is highly interesting is in effect to say nothing; for what has the author written that is not? Yet of so very multifarious a volume we can scarcely trust ourselves to say more at present.

The Friends of Jesus directed and encouraged

Is the title under which the Rev. William Reid republishes a part of a former work entitled *Streams from Lebanon*. In this small volume are contained some five-and-twenty truly pious and edifying letters, which young Calvinists may read with advantage. We wish we could say as much for another little work by the same author, which bears the not very attractive or reverent title of *The Blood of Jesus*, by the Rev. William Reid, M.A., and is published by the same publishers (Nisbet and Co.). The preface to this little volume contains some very rash statements, which show that the zeal of the author is not 'according to knowledge,' and that he has much to learn as to the 'true grace of God.' The commands and threatenings of the Gospel are as much of the essence of it as the promises; and religion has not, in the long run, gained anything by the attempt to separate them from it.